HANDBOUND
AT THE

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George Dawe Pinxit R.A. 1814. W. Skelton Sculpsit.

REV.D SAMUEL PARR, L.L.D.

From an original Picture in the Possession of

James Wyatt, Esq.r at Alscot.

Autograph.

Published Jan.y 1 1828, by John Bohn, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

MEMOIRS

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

SAMUEL PARR, LL.D.

PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, CURATE OF HATTON, &c.

BY

JOHN JOHNSTONE, M.D.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY, AND OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF LONDON, &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Wadenhoe—H. Homer—Var. Horace—Dr. Combe.

About this time, Parr exchanged the curacy of Hatton for the rectory of Wadenhoe, with Dr. Bridges, bargaining to retain the house at Hatton, and to do the duty there. The real motives of this exchange were kindness to Dr. Bridges, who could not hold the preferment he then possessed, with Wadenhoe: certainly there was no real gain to Parr in it, of a pecuniary kind. At Hatton he still received pupils into his house, and still laboured incessantly in his calling, as a parish priest. Hatton indeed was no less the seat of the Muses, than of hospitality, during the whole of Parr's abode there. His table was well replenished with simple fare, his cellar was amply stored; and he was no churl, or economist in his bounteous giving. Not only his own friends, but the friends of his friends, were welcome, especially if they were Foxites, or Whigs; nor was the well-behaved Pittite or Tory, unwelcome, if they could bear with composure, certain tirades on their leader and their politics.

There could be no higher treat than to witness his manner of conversing with those he loved or reverenced, whatsoever were their differences in opinion—with Bishop Bennet's soft and graceful tone of thinking and speaking, and with that mild, calm,

evening lustre, which sheds such a charm over Dr. Routh's society. I have seen him with these illustrious men, separately, playful and grave, lively and solemn; but in every state of mind happy, and elevated to a higher flight of intellectual expression, if I may so say, by the genial atmosphere that breathed around. Whether the three ever conversed freely and unreservedly together, unembarrassed by any restraining troublesome companion, I know not. Such a communion of high and holy spirits this earth does not often witness. When both had lived more than threescore years and ten, I was admitted by Parr to enjoy his and Bennet's society alone; they addressed each other in the affectionate language of Bill and Sam, and they were as cheerful as when they used the names sixty years before at Harrow. The last evening I spent with Bishop Bennet, he sat up with me more than half the night, relating anecdotes of his friend; and to him I am indebted for the authentication of some facts belonging to Parr's early life.

Henry Homer died early in the summer of 1791. What Parr has written in the Statement is Homer's best character; and what I have inserted, as illustrating the publication of Bellendenus and the Warburtonian Tracts, the best evidence of the near and cordial intimacy that subsisted between them. Bishop Bennet had been Homer's friend from his first becoming a member of Emanuel College, and when from scruples of conscience he was about to resign his Fellowship, the Bishop not only felt warmly for his situation, but showed an anxious desire to serve him. He had been suspected,

indeed, of lukewarmness on this occasion; but the Bishop's letter of explanation, which is preserved in this collection, places the fact in the clearest colours, and displays the warmth of his friendly zeal: and Parr was finally convinced of his sincerity, and has coupled their names together in a masterly panegyric. The death of Homer is recorded in the following interesting letter from Bishop Bennet to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Dublin Castle, May*, 16, 1791.

—— The seasons, as they fly,
Steal from us in their course, year after year,
Some fond connection, some endearing tie;
The parent, ever honoured, ever dear,
Claims from the filial breast the grateful sigh;
A brother's urn demands the kindred tear,
And pious sorrows gush from friendship's eye.

So says Emily; and the death of poor Homer has brought the reflection strong upon my mind. I knew nothing of his illness; I looked forward with eagerness to the time when I should again see and embrace him; and I have now only to lament (as so many have done before me) esse nescio quam quæ spes nostras decerpat invidiam. I am led, by a connection natural enough to the subject, to inform you that our friend the Bishop of Waterford preached the other day at his cathedral, on the probability of our knowing each other after death. *The Bishop has too much sense and too many virtues to be perfectly decisive in maintaining a system on which the Scriptures say so little, and the imagination is apt to say so much.* His Dean, a pert and bigoted ecclesiastic, took offence, and preached the next Sunday against the Bishop with great asperity. Newcome sees the impropriety of a contest, which he never meant to provoke, and hardly knows how to avoid; I should advise him to publish his sermon, and leave it before the world, without taking any notice of his adversary.

Did I ever tell you the handsome and eloquent manner in which Grattan introduced the characters of Bishop Newcome

and the Primate, in the midst of a violent invective against the clergy. He paused, in a description of episcopal pride and extortion:—"I speak of many, not all; for there are among them some whom I love, and some whom I revere. Such is one whom I do not name, because he is present; mild, learned, pious, and benevolent; a follower of the gospel, and a friend to man. Such is another, whom I may name because he is not present. He has the first dignity in the land, and holds it by the strongest claim, by the claim of his virtue. I see every where hospitals that he has founded, villages that he has built, a country that he has civilized; as to the man, I know him not, or know him as we know superior beings, only by his works."

Your conjecture concerning my sight is too well founded. I am an heteropthalmist, and I am not an heteropthalmist; this Athanasian statement of my eyes is perfectly correct; for though to outward appearance I have lost the sight of my left eye, it is still so far useful as to enable me, if I shut the other, to walk about my room with convenience, and even the streets with safety; and this recovery has been gradual, so as not to leave me without hope that it may yet substantially improve.

You complain I write little Greek, but you should recollect I have no books, scarce any leisure hours, much to say and much to do on very important subjects, often on the life and death of unfortunate individuals, sometimes on the welfare of a nation held to England by most complicated and delicate ties. Remember, that of the four millions of inhabitants this country is said to contain, three millions at least are interested to overthrow the present constitution. Pitt and Fox are out of the question. They want Barnave and Mirabeau. Yours, most affectionately, WM. CORK.

But it is necessary that I dwell longer on the name of Homer, from the virulent attack made on Parr (in consequence of his strictures on the Variorum Horace) by Dr. Combe after Homer's death. This edition was designed as early as 1787.

I will write more about Horace (Homer says to Parr, June

28, 1787; and at Christmas, in the same year) as to Horace matters may stand thus, I have been once to the Library (the King's,) the types are not even yet cast for it. I have not studied the selection of a single note: have scarce peeped into what you pencilled out; the essential part of the index was finished, I believe, certainly before you talked of reprinting. Combe and I, at our leisure, and for the sake of an evening, have since compared with the Delphin, but this NEVER till your work was despatched by the post.*

Nov. 14, 1788.

I am obliged to you for your emendations. Alphabeticum I did not think of at the time, but dare to say there is no such word in Latin; utriusque, I see fully, was wrong. H. H.

Thus anxious was Homer to convince Parr this new work did not interfere with the publication of the Warburton Tracts.

Nov. 17, 1788.

I send Janus, who is only marked for our use to Ode 20. Combe and I have been long on the look out for a complete set of Janus's Horace to send to you.

Dec. 6, 1788.

I did not receive any of yours till to-day, since the Horace proofs.

So of course the Horace was now printing, and, indeed, there is direct evidence of it in a letter dated Nov. 29, 1788:

Upon looking at some letters to-day, I see the post-mark is Nov. 10, when you received the last proof of Horace. I hope you will not grudge revising what I enclose at this distance. I told Combe I would send nothing till I had despatched something for yourself; so that ours has been printed some days.

I have left a space for any note respecting *iracunda classis*,

* This letter contains a ludicrous account of a game of forfeits at Cambridge, and of the crawling about of one of the heads of College.

but there is no note, as you thought, in Lambin, nor yet in Torrentius, on these words, &c. &c. Combe has a vast objection. What say you?

In all his letters to Homer during the months of November and December, 1788, Parr takes some notice of the Horace, though the anxious business is always the preface, the dedication, the poignant remark, or the sly cut at Hurd.

After correcting Horace, &c. I will give up a fortnight to Bentley's Horace, to mark the passages which should be inserted, &c. Davy was ordered to leave his Gesner's Horace with you. I am sure nothing will be done in Horace unless you are here. Shall I write your Livy preface?

Again,

You see I am punctual with your Horace.

In Dec. 1788, he writes,

The same post brings me a huge parcel of Latin from Glasse to be revised immediately, and your queries, &c. to be answered immediately. I growl at both, and will despatch both. I tell you that you are not yet at home in your business. Nothing can be done without consulting Bentley and Cunningham upon every reading in every line. Every, every, every. With all his absurdities, Bentley is still the first critic; and yet you give no one note from him. Good God, you ought to know all his criticisms, and have them ad unguem, right or wrong. For whichever they be, they are instructive: but how to use them is the question. I tell you you must follow your own judgment; you know I offered to examine my own Bentley, and mark it. In short, you are vastly learned about typography and paper, and so on, which is all very well; and I am disposed to flog you both for every thing else. To leave out Bentley, and to let that French Sanadon in, who understood very little more Latin than Bishop Hurd, and was as great a coxcomb! My dear Harry, everybody reads Horace for his sense, and may get some of it. But as to his

Latin, very few understand it indeed. In short, I am all over wrath with you, and this *gentleman* idea will ruin you; for I shall say of you, as the King of Prussia did of the English in the American war, "for scholars too little, and for gentlemen too much." Now mind, yours is a Variorum Edition; your judgment in one respect is, and in another is not, decided. It is decided, so far as you collect what appear to you the best readings, and the best notes. It is not decided, unless you choose to make it so, when the notes you produce are at variance with each other. This is plain, and this is true. Now I come to advice; and if it is not followed I will not look at one more syllable. Get Bentley's Horace upon every various reading which he states; collect as well as you can how many editions, or MSS. or critics, read this way or that; compare him also upon every passage with Cunningham. You must abridge even to dwarfishness every giant note; but give what Bentley says in substance; and moreover, where you assent to his interpretation, or at least think it plausible, then produce it concisely. Now, for instance, upon the 7th line of Ode 1, I should quote Bentley's note from mobilium down to scholastes; then I should draw a line and quote his interpretation and authorities from *ἐπίθετο* down to vulgus. Again (and pray, dear Harry, mind what I am saying), it is often worth while, even where you don't immediately quote any part of a note, yet to mark some curious canon, and introduce under the passages which he quotes in some other Ode. Now, I will give you two instances: you do not read with Bentley, nobilis evehere, and you are right. No, but you will, by and by, come to impotens sperare, in the 37th Ode; and then I should quote what Bentley has written in this note, beginning Non loquendi genus, and ending at status. Again, you ask about rubente; nor is it too late for you to print anything in vindication of this spelling. But Bentley, in a note upon another verse of this Ode, says, Horace is fond of te in preference to ti, where the verse admits, and though his note be upon verse 31, I should have quoted it from illud, leaving out deinde down to the first reference; and I tell you once for all, that your edition may be made valuable by collecting and abridging the readings noticed and the phraseologies explained by this great man. All I can say

is, that if you command me I will instantly look through my Horace, and bring it up with me. Moreover, at almost every line I read I panted, and was ready to burst, to make some remark of my own. I have marked with a pencil several various Greek passages, produced by none of the critics, which you also might have produced. This being work of the head, would employ me every day, and I cannot do so. I am afraid of your using Davy's (Gesner) book till I have seen it. Again, shall I from my philological books collect, before I come to town, conjectural readings upon Horace, scattered in my book? This alone will require more leisure than I have before Easter. The note Linn. upon Hedera I don't understand. Again, upon me or te Bishop Hare has written; and I want to detect Hare, whom all the Etonians quote, in having pillaged almost every one of his emendations in his famous Letter to Dr. Bland, that is, famous among the Etonians. Again, Klotzius understands dominos terrarum in opposition with Deos, and so do I with your reading and punctuation. But my own opinion of the passage is different; and I am sure few people will be the wiser for the notes on this passage. Now, you see Baxter says, nobiles evehere is duriusculum. Pray look at three passages, which Bentley quotes perfectly analogous. Yet you have left Baxter's nonsense uncontradicted. I could say fifty things more, but have said enough to frighten any reasonable man. I proceed to your spelling. Mæcenas is right—quicquid is right—nunquam is right—permistus is right—I prefer hederæ, always spell it diis—rubente, right—literæ, with a single t—Etrusci without the H—sæculum with a diphthong letter. Whatever spelling you adopt, be uniform; and, in adopting it, you must use your own judgment, or apply to me. I do not see justice done to the old reading of nobilium, though I do not admit it. In the text you must follow Gesner always. But you ought to have quoted Cunningham for Olympium beyond the mere various section. And again, though I think with Gesner about Columbus, yet I should have said a little more for palumbis. Different interpretations are not only not inconsistent with, but actually implied in, a good Variorum Edition. In giving Gesner's note you must omit nothing. The reader is to decide. Never mutilate Gesner. Receive Greek imitations and notice Grecisms.

In the Dedication there should be no stop at sæculi; and nusquam should be nunquam; and, for the sake of common sense, let there be some nominative case to the verb. What you mean by notes about syntax, I don't know. As to the double letter, it was written in a great hurry, and sent express to Stratford to catch the post. I say, finally, reprint the Corrigenda, and paste them on. Whether you do or do not cancel the obnoxious page I know not from your letter. But upon one thing I insist, that, in reprinting for the purchasers of Bellenden, you print the passage softened. I also require of you to reprint the Proem for them, and to add what I have there proposed to be added about Hastings; and I have two or three more alterations, which I mean to make in the Proem, as fervebat for laborabat, p. 1; ex rumoribus for a rumore, p. 2; and to omit lectorum after turba; and in the addendum to print, at all events, committam rather than efficiam; and I now wish, having got rid of efficiam, to put effutiam instead of effundam; and several other things; for you will certainly take care to print nihil attinet disputare, and est quædam similitudo, and moreover, in the new matter about Burke, I prefer operam dederit to se dedit, though both are equally Latin.—To return to Horace. There are no prior marks, and every thing marked must be printed.—To return to Bellenden. If you think it worth while to re-print the last page of the Proem, insert what I write about Hastings; if you do not, then do not make that long addendum in the list of corrigenda. But, in the corrigenda, remember cadit pati; and moreover, when the whole of the Proem is re-printed, I repeat my injunction for the insertion of the passage about Hastings, as well as for the softened passage about Novius, who, with all his impudence, would, I think, be afraid of owning to a Court that himself is the man meant, an ugly, bullying, old master. Be this as it may, I love safety, and I love decorum, and because I do so, I wish the leaf cancelled; first, we get rid of some errata; secondly, we can supply the corrigenda last, with fervebat for laborabat, and with cadit pati for cadere solent, which cadere solent must, must, must be corrected, but not noticed, or it may be noticed in the new list of corrigenda; and mind, Harry,

two things, which belong to me and not to you. First, I understand Latinity; and secondly, I am answerable for it.—To return to Horace. The first note from Cruq. is nonsense, for ut qui refers to Horace, who is never mentioned in the note. Secondly, Varietas et Poetica I barely understand. Thirdly, sit, in Lambin's note, p. 7, should be est, if Lambin did not himself blunder; however, do you print est. Torrentius is a good scholar, and his notes in my hands might be turned to account. But beware of that rascal Sanadon, and be sure to quote what Klotzius says of him, and I say too. But why do you go on without Janus? Burney will lend you the edition. There ought to be a mark at all the unmarked notes. If Baxter, put Bax. or B., but I prefer Bax. to distinguish him from Bentley.—Send Gibbon a copy in my name, with my respects, thus: from the Author, though unknown to Mr. Gibbon, with his best respects. One or two copies will serve me. I like the idea of pasting the errata, if you do not re-print the last page of the Proem; but if you do, there will be no occasion. My other letters have all been in a great hurry, but this is not so. Saturday morning.

In March, 1788, Parr announces to Homer his intention of being in town at Easter, and says,

Do not send any books to me. I shall bring up Pulmannus, Markland, Bentley, Wadelius, and some extracts from Bishop Hare. Much of this will be new matter to your edition; and while I am in London, I will mark the whole of Bentley's Horace for you. Trust me, this is the true way of elucidating the mere text. As to mythology, the less of it the better. Only let me first observe, in Spence's Polymetis there are two or three exceeding good illustrations, the pages of which I will look out before I come; the book you can get in London.

P.S. We shall go on well in Horace *after we talk.*

Again,

I cannot command my health, and my time wears away, like my spirits, unprofitably, and in cares for others. This week I must employ in writing the Assize Sermon for Jack S———, but this is a secret. Then, and not before then, I look at Horace. I have been ill and confined, and not a moment have I any rest."

Again, near the same period.

My head is so confused I scare know what I write. I cannot help Combe's eagerness, nor do I understand why my business is to stand still for this other business, which was subservient, and requires no other expedition, but what is occasioned by the precipitation of its managers. It was for others to feel, as I do, for their own literary credit; and whatever there is of serious earnestness and friendly indignation in such words, I desire you will understand from me one thing at one time, Harry; and consider, that ours has both a prior and superior claim.

At another time,

I shall send Cunningham marked as well as Klotzius, and of Klotzius, which is scarce, half the volume is marked; it will be so nearly with Cunningham; to these you will add the best notes of Bentley and Torrentius, a few *Editorial*, something from Janus and Hurd and Colman, and I wish you were here to select from my Philosophical books of detached emendations, &c. This must be done, and I have nobody to do it but yourself, therefore, let there be a second volume for such notes.

Janus and the Glosses were sent to town by Mr. Legge, Dec. 15th, 1788. He had previously marked Janus.

The book will be a Christmas pie, at least a new year's gift to Dr. C. I hope.

There are many other notices of a like kind in the Correspondence, and critical remarks on Horace: but these are enough to prove that Parr was not inattentive to the wishes of Homer, who seems much less eager than Combe. The Correspondence now to be inserted, goes down to the mark, and will prove that Parr was not very zealous, and perhaps

even unfriendly to the progress of the work, in the manner in which it was conducted:

You must go on with the Horace, though I certainly think it a bad business, a very bad one. I shall soon glean a few readings which have escaped Janus.—Parr to Homer, 1790.

The two last letters of Homer to Parr are in the same tone of thinking and expression as the others I have transcribed. One is fretful; the other was written when the angel of death was about to arrest the hand of the writer, and expresses the sentiment—"my greatest consolation will be to see you."

The Rev. H. Homer to Dr. Parr.

Eleven o'clock, Wednesday,
Dec. 15, 1790.

DEAR DOCTOR,

General Adeane has just been here, and though I am provided from him of a frank to you on Saturday, yet I shall not delay answering yours, which I have this moment received. As it was morally impossible for me to comply with your request of coming to Hatton, I thought it useless to trouble you with a letter in Warwickshire, and since my return here I have been so harassed for two or three months, as not to have had a mind at leisure to write merely for writing sake, (and you have often cautioned me about unnecessary letters, and requested me to get franks). Before I left London I had finished a large *merely typographical work*, for I affect not any other distinction, and immediately upon my return had nearly £300 to pay upon it; it was completely ready for sale (as far as my part went), but I have been deceived by an artist for two months. This you would think hard, especially when one person upon the finishing had agreed to take the whole impression. I have had other very expensive concerns and difficulties to struggle with, such as if you had I should feel for you; add to this, I have never received any pecuniary favours but what I have somehow or other paid for, often very dearly,

I should have written on the subject of business, but it is very lately that I have had a final settlement with Payne, in whose account are many articles I bought for you, and I only lament that I have not been able to prepare a full statement of our accounts, as I promised, though I assure you I have paid very largely on your account, and till I see the turn of Christmas, my conscience is little at ease on that score, as I can safely say that by the Preface I am at present at least £40 out of pocket, so well have our Foxite friends supported it. Reed I have not seen these four months, and for the same reason that I have not written to you, so I can give you no account of Dilly. Your commissions have, I hope, been always punctually executed by me, if not instantly, and I shall do these very readily. I have been waiting some time in hopes of sending you a small packet of books, handsomely done up, (how far acceptable they may be I know not,) but have been prevented by others. What common friend you allude to I know not. I should hardly think him a friend of mine, but I am not afraid to avow any thing, if true, conscious that I have said nothing which you ought to take wrong. My health is never good, as I never expect it will be, and on that account I am chiefly alone; I always suffer if I mix much in company, and two nights ago I had three not small pieces of calculi come from me.

I am sorry yours has been the same, and sincerely wish a journey to Bath may restore you. Dr. Farmer told me that Wilkes had said in his company that Burke's book was the best written of any he knew, but the greatest libel upon the English constitution he ever saw. The sale has been wonderful, *i. e.* about 13,000. Lord Lansdowne has made the most violent speech against Pitt I ever saw, upon the subject of the convention, new taxes, porter, rum, sugar, and cottons, insurrections—exit the same as other ministers. Taxo vitam exanimavit will, I trust, ere long be said of Billy. With compliments to Mrs. and Miss Parrs, Mr. Porson, and your family, I remain, dear Doctor, yours sincerely,

HENRY HOMER.

MY GOOD FRIEND, *Burdingbury, May 4th*, 1791.

I thank you much for your kind letter, which it is impossible for me to answer on account of my very infirm state; for a month I have not ate an ounce of meat. I am wonderfully reduced, and shall be particularly happy to see you, if but for one half hour. I was in hopes you had heard of me before. My father and mother will be very happy to see you.

I live upon snail custard, and other mucilages, but I think I want support with stronger things. You are a physician, and I should be glad to hear what you say. My mother mentions that your man has some verbal message about my father's coming to Hatton. I am sure he would cheerfully obey your summons, but I don't see any thing of it distinctly in your letter. My greatest consolation will be to see you.

I have not looked at a book or proof these six weeks.

With the united compliments of our family to yourself, Mrs. Parr, and family, I am dear Doctor, yours with the greatest sincerity and esteem, H. HOMER, jun.

The following letter from Mr. Homer, senior, enclosed his son's, and on it Dr. Parr wrote, "enclosed is the last letter I ever received from my beloved friend Harry Homer, received May 4th, 1791."

DEAR SIR,

Your servant says you wish to see me at Hatton; but I have no inclination to leave home in the present state of my son's health, which is by far worse than you suspect, and such as leaves us very little reason to flatter ourselves with hopes of his recovery. He will be very happy to see you, but when you see him, you will be sensible that he is not able to hold any long conversation with you, how much soever his inclinations might lead him to it. We are much distressed for him, but still it is a comfort that we have got him to Birbury, where he has friends who will make a point to attend to him, and administer every relief which is in their power.—I am your most obedient humble servant, HENRY HOMER.

Mr. Homer in his last illness,

Says Parr (in his Remarks on the Statement of Dr. Charles Combe, vide 33 to 50), had been for three or four weeks with his father in Warwickshire, before I knew that he was ill. I heard, indeed, in a promiscuous conversation, that a son of Mr. Homer's was ill at his house, and I supposed it to be another son. But in the very day after the evening I had found *that* son to be *my friend*, I sent a special messenger with a letter full of anxious and affectionate inquiry. I received an answer which I clasped to my bosom, and which I, at this moment, keep deposited among the most precious records of friendship. In a day or two I hastened in person to the father's house. With anguish of soul I found Harry pale, emaciated, and sunk beyond the power of recovery. I talked to him with all the tenderness which the sight of such a friend, in such a situation, could have excited in the most virtuous breast. I came away with a drooping head, and with spirits quite darkened by the gloom of despair. Again I hastened to see him, while the lamp of life should not be wholly gone out; and again I did see him on the evening before his eyes were closed in death. With tears, not easily stifled, and with an aching heart, I accompanied his sad remains to the grave; and in many a pensive mood have I since reflected upon the melancholy scene. Many a look of fondness have I cast upon his countenance, which meets me in an excellent engraving as I enter my study each revolving day. Many an earnest wish have I formed, that my own last end may be like his, a season of calm resignation, of humble hope, and of devotion, at once rational, fervent, and sincere.

After Henry Homer's death there are five letters from Mr. Homer, sen. settling the accounts of his son, one dated May 24th 1791, in which is the following sentence:

Dr. Combe was much disappointed in finding you had made no progress in marking the Horace.

Another, dated May 30th, 1791, in reply to Dr. Parr's answer to the above, in which is the following notable sentence:

I am sorry that you had the trouble of writing so long an answer to my letter. Your undertaking in the business of Horace was certainly voluntary and disinterested, &c. &c.

I shall, moreover, insert letters of Parr and Bennet, which will settle the question for ever; nor let me be blamed for thus entering at length, and inserting so many vouchers on this painful and mortifying subject; painful as it touched him on his friendship for Homer in particular, and the permanency of his attachments in general; mortifying as it impeached his honour on a miserable score of money:

From the Bishop of Cloyne to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Dublin, Feb. 9th*, 1796.

The Primate sent me your pamphlet; it is wretchedly printed, and almost blinded me, for my curiosity was much stronger than my eyes. I am glad, for the satisfaction of others, that the money part is cleared up so satisfactorily; there cannot be a suspicion on the subject. I am not less pleased with the general civility to Combe, though I less expected it. Upon the part that regards myself I have already told you I feel the utmost sensibility and gratitude.—Yours, &c. &c.

WM. CLOYNE.

The letters of Mr. Homer, sen. do equal justice to Parr's honour in this, and every other particular, and I shall retain them as satisfactory documents for Dr. Parr's posterity, and to be published in series, if hereafter the babble of malignity shall be heard traducing him on this subject. For against malignity, even the "Murus Aheneus" is no security; es-

pecially in the metropolis, against him who lives retired and in seclusion. THERE, in the centre of all that is great, and polished, and learned, the facilities of communication, lubricated by every possible art of refinement, give increased power to that which is put in motion, whatever it be. Narrative, whether true or false—learning, whether real or spurious—defamation in the shape of information—malignity in the form of warning—pharisaical blame, or hypocritical praise—the dulcet murmurs of cant, or the faint whispers of insinuation: by the learned gossips of the bookseller's shop—by the story tellers, and tale bearers of the drawing-room—by the levee hunters of the great—by the stripling in his first flirtation with letters in magazines—by the hireling of party in newspaper paragraphs—by the envenomed bigot—and lastly, by the leech which fills its famine at your table, only that he may disgorge and defile. From these, and a thousand other invisible sources "per umbram stridens," is rumour circulated, and reputation often destroyed; nor can prudence ever be too watchful in laying by the materials and instruments of defence, when she has to do with that world which so frequently smiles only to betray. "The great prerogatives of innocence," "the dread of no eye, and the fear of no tongue," uphold the conscience, and will uphold it at the hour of death, and at the day of judgment, but they restrain not the tongue or the sting of the maligner.

Thus far it is clear that Dr. Parr had been engaged as Mr. Homer's friend, to give assistance in the Variorum edition of Horace. That he was

sometimes less eager to communicate than Homer wished, but that Homer always considered the help gratuitous—that there was no breach or discontinuance of friendship on account of Parr's delays, or paucity of communication—that Parr actually did communicate much—and finally, that Henry Homer died in peace with him, declaring almost at his last breath "my greatest consolation will be to see you." Yet scarcely was he settled in his grave, ere Parr had occasion to write the following letter to the Rev. Mr. Homer, of Birbury, in consequence of receiving the letter which precedes it from Dr. Combe:

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *London, July 13th*, 1791.

You begin your last letter to me in so strange a manner, that I shall, without any comment on it, begin mine with a justification of poor Homer, who was certainly at times very angry on account of delays. Bentley was *twice* kept at Hatton near *seven months*, a time more than sufficient to have printed one volume. Now, if you consider the eagerness, accuracy, and dispatch with which he executed all your commissions, the natural friendly warmth of his temper, his irritability, and impatience at whatever had the appearance of cold neglect, and this increased by having expended 18 or £1,900 in printing, &c. The returns slow, and more money wanted. Put, my dear Doctor, this together, and your good heart, for a very good one I know you have, will pity his anger, and shed a silent tear in recollecting the anguish of his mind, (which certainly shortened his stay here,) and wish that seven months had never exceeded seven days; and you must remember that it was your encouragement and promise of assistance that made us undertake it.

I shall put the introduction together soon, and send it for your friendly correction. To this, if you approve it, I shall add the life of Horace, by Suetonius Tranquillus, an account of the different editions from Janus, and subjoin Aldus Manu-

tius on the metres of Horace. I have now sent the two first sheets of the Epodes for your examination, but I dread the delay that must naturally ensue from sending the whole. I did put the notes together, in order that you might have the part you complain of as being all confusion; you would have instantly seen that the latter part of the note was in my hurry parted on the wrong side. As to sending the remainder of the sheets I shall obey your next letter. I don't mind expence, and would in general rather pay than ask for a frank, therefore all expence of postage I will repay you. You may direct mine to the Earl of Mansfield, Lincoln's-inn-fields, only remember to write *Combe* plain on the back of the letter in the place where you will see that I have wrote *Parr*, that I may know them. Note to l. 69, Ep. 2, you have put, then add all the references, the quantity would so entirely spoil the look of the page, and the quotations as far as you have marked them, seem so satisfactory, that if you think it will do, the page shall stand as it is, or it shall be altered if necessary. Mr. Reed is much obliged to you for the offer of some account of poor Homer, and shall be very glad to have it for the European Magazine. I am, my good Doctor, yours most sincerely,

C. COMBE.

DEAR SIR,

I am very sincerely concerned to inform you, that in consequence of a letter received last night from Dr. Combe, on my return from Oxford, I shall continue to revise and assist in the Epodes, but shall decline all further concern, either with the preface to the first volume, or the contents of the second. I have, with much inconvenience to myself (and I am going to-morrow into Shropshire, and have only one day to settle all my own business) revised two sheets this morning. It does not quite suit my feelings to be lectured as a hireling; and as to the energies of zealous and disinterested friendship, my time and talents have never been spared for the aid of others. But I say no more. You will hear from Dr. Combe my determination.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Homer, and all your family, and I am, dear Sir, your very obedient servant,

Saturday, July 16th. S. PARR.

It appears from Dr. Combe's letter that the Odes had been printed, for it is not probable that the Epodes would have been sent to Parr for examination first. In his letter to Mr. Homer, he declares that he will assist no farther, and proudly protests against being considered as an hireling, and somewhat boasts even, "that the energies of zealous and disinterested friendship had never been spared by him for the aid of others." Truly might he proclaim, and proudly might he boast of this fact. It would be an interesting dissertation to show the influence of those energies on the cause of learning during his active life. Even at this very period White had decked himself in plumes borrowed from him. Homer himself was adorning his classical productions with Parr's taste, and enriching them with his learning. Many a cathedral had resounded with the eloquent effusions of his pen, though not of his voice. On many public occasions his literary aid was sought for and obtained by other friends and neighbours beside John S——. His house was the refuge of distressed poets—of ambitious scholars —of disappointed politicians and of bewildered metaphysicians. Any person endowed with any degree of intellect, supported with speciousness, had at least audience of him; and it was the fiend-like remark of one who eat bread daily at his board, that every one professing infidel principles and demagogue practices, was welcome at Hatton. I will

not venture to use the expression of an English Judge, that the assertion was false as hell. The Searcher of Hearts knows it was not true; and yet Mr. Godwin, who has ventured to write the following sentence—"and independently of Dr. Parr's sanction, which is too easily gained, and too easily forfeited for me to lay much stress upon it," was twice an inmate at Hatton Parsonage in my recollection, and the unhappy and mistaken Joseph Gerrald, when a convict and in bonds, was protected by the active benevolence, and the fervent prayers of his master.

But to return. Homer died May 1791. Dr. Combe's letter is dated July 1791, and Parr's letter to Homer's father, declaring that he will not engage any further in Horace Var. than the Epodes, is dated July 16th, 1791. So far Parr is exonerated from responsibility. There was no written engagement, no verbal engagement has been hinted at. That Parr gave his assistance only as a friend, appears from the letters, and Henry Homer does not complain of his want of friendship in withholding help, but frets at his detaining one or two books too long. In 1791 Parr says to Combe, "After the Epodes I will do no more," and Combe does not complain of his doing no more. He goes on by himself and edits the Horace.

But Parr declares he has written no notes in the Horace, and publishes this declaration in the British Critic. Hinc illæ lachrymæ! And then Combe sends forth his threats of "*A Statement of Facts*," &c. &c. &c. with a formidable appendage "of False-

hood and malignity of Dr. Parr's attack in the British Critic on the character of Dr. Combe."

So from July 16th, 1791, when Parr makes the declaration he will give no further assistance than the Epodes, till December 1793, after the publication of the notice, Combe is silent; thus proving that the statement is rather an answer to the notice of the British Critic than to Parr's previous behaviour either to Dr. Combe, or to Mr. Homer.

When Dr. Combe did write, before he did publish, Dr. Parr supposed him to receive assistance from a gentleman of great celebrity among wits and scholars, and this supposition furnished Mr. Richardson with the plea of defending himself, and of proposing his mediation of peace in the following letter:

DEAR SIR,

I take the liberty of following you into your country retreat, because for more reasons than one, I have taken an interest in the subject on which I am about to speak, and because I do not think it wholly unimportant to yourself. The points which have personally touched me in this affair are these, that I like to obviate an undeserved, and, I think I might add an unkind suspicion conceived about myself, and that I like still more to do my best to keep two men, for both of whom I entertain a sincere esteem, from the perilous frivolity of a pamphlet war. But let us get *in medias res*. A day or two before you left town, Dr. Combe called upon me, under a professional call to one of my family, and in the course of conversation your name having been mentioned, related to me a recent discussion that had sprung up between you. He read to me a correspondence which had passed between you while you were in town. Here I must interrupt my narrative, to say a word or two about myself. Towards the beginning of your second letter to Dr. Combe you threw in a few sentences which it was impossible

for me to misunderstand, as being applicable to myself. If there be an appearance of vanity in this supposition, I have only to say, that I am not apt to be much flattered by an insinuated compliment to my abilities at the expence of a direct attack upon the simplicity and fair play of my conduct. I assure you, upon my honour, I had not even seen Dr. C. for, I believe, three months before the morning on which he read me the letters to which I allude, nor was I in the smallest degree aware that any ground of enmity had been laid between you. But I cannot content myself with this assurance only. I must endeavour, at least, to establish myself upon a broader principle, for this is not the first time in which I have been suspected with equal levity in its foundation of clandestine hostilities towards you. Indeed, Dr. Parr, you do no justice to any part of my character, by indulging yourself in these suppositions. I am sure you are unjust to the plainness, I think I may add to the honour, and to the spirit, or, if you like it better, to the conceit of my nature, by entertaining any such notions, notwithstanding the many splendid examples that might be quoted for hiring one-self out as the cold-blooded mercenary abettor of unjust enmity; I beg to assure you, I am nothing such. I have no Swiss or Hessian words to let out, to mangle the credit of an unprovoking foe. If ever the deprecated day should arrive when any hostile sentiments are to prevail between Dr. Parr and myself, he may rely on seeing me descend into the *arena* in my own proper person, equally with the means, the disposition, or the possibility of indirect injury or foul conquest. I hope this declaration will secure me in future against the painful injustice of these humiliating suspicions: with which hope, and with a sincere remission on my part of every thing that is past, I dismiss myself.

About a week after Dr. Combe had read to me the correspondence to which I have above alluded, and in which I took no part one way or another, he called upon me again, and brought with him a pamphlet in MS. into which this correspondence had been incorporated, and in the course of which there are, undoubtedly, many warm and sharp expressions, such as the irritation of offended literature seldom fails to produce. The use which I made of this communication was, to

request Dr. Combe's permission for me to wait upon you, as from him, to institute a negociation, which I flattered myself would end in peace. I called at your lodgings, but finding you gone out of town, I have been led from the same motive by which I was originally governed, to trouble you with this. And now, Sir, having as other great men have done, obtained my own leave to appoint myself to a high and proud employment, I mean that of a mediator, I shall endeavour to acquit myself with all the dignity belonging to my new function. But, as true dignity is not a little dependent upon plain dealing, I shall avoid the little shabby policy by which gentlemen exercising this important trust are sometimes actuated, and by which the object of mediation is often defeated, and the office itself degraded. I mean the crafty selfishness of administering flattery to both parties, and telling the honest truth to neither; by which means they are confirmed in their enmity, and the mediator receives the disingenuous recompence of an unwearied affection, at least for a little time, from both. And now, Sir, to act up to the threat of dignity with which I have just alarmed you, I demand to have it admitted, that there are some requisites for the formation of a right and sound judgment in the case between you and Dr. C., which I possess in a superior degree to yourself. In the first place, I am a bystander. In the next, living, and having long lived in London, I am a better judge of the whims and caprices of the bouncing braggadocio, called *the Town*, than any pastoral Aristotle in all England. And, Sir, having sifted this fellow's character to the bottom, I do declare it to be one of his confirmed distates, to see the same individual too frequently presented before his eyes in the attitude of literary pugilism. Another discovery, which my profound and indefatigable researches into the very heart and marrow of this imperious demagogue has enabled me to make, is this: that it is always dangerous, so far as his opinions are concerned (and with all his faults, no wise man will wholly despise it), to have his curiosity too strongly excited by the charm of a great name, where that name is neither connected with, nor sustained by an adequate subject. In that case, his curiosity is apt to dwindle, his natural ingratitude begins to work, he feels a base but vio-

lent inclination to forget the delight and instruction he has experienced from former exertions of the same person, and though he cannot always succeed, as in the present instance, in preventing the individual from holding a prominent rank in his recollection, he is always sure to regard him with a certain degree of comparative indifference. The above are general truths in the character of that gigantic fribble, *the Town*.

Another peculiarity of his is brought to my recollection by the particular circumstances of your case with Dr. C.; for, though he (the Town) is only apt to be a little drowsy when the most brilliant performer presses himself too much upon his observation, yet, when a point of moral character comes under his judgment, he is sure to atone for his inertness in the former instance. He works in such matters double tides. He despatches such a cause with "wicked speed," and with a sort of summary impartiality of ill nature, is very prone to conclude that each party is equally guilty. Now this is precisely the situation of things in this menaced dispute between you and Dr. C.; for though the quarrel has its foundation in a subject of literature, yet the issue to be finally decided is a mere point of personal veracity.

Having satisfied my magisterial stomach by asserting and demonstrating my peremptory claims to superiority in the above points, I now let myself down to a much humbler style of character, my natural self. Indeed, Dr. Parr, personal disputes, unless when coupled with subjects in which the public take an interest, are not only an useless expenditure of valuable ammunition, but have a wasting influence upon the general fund of a man's literary estimation. Garrick would have added nothing to his character by the most happy performance of his best part, if given at Astley's; Fox or Sheridan would gain no accession of opinion by even exceeding themselves in speeches, delivered at Coachmaker's Hall. I by no means wish to insinuate by this that Dr. C. is an unworthy combatant for any man to contend with; I am only anxious to establish the principle, that where the *subjecta materia* is below a man's reputation, there is no felicity in the execution, that can rescue him from hazard in the mixing with it. I have argued this matter upon general principles, because, to have discussed the particular

case would have been to have made myself an advocate, where, under the impartial nomination of my own authority, I was acting the part of a judge. It is now pretty nearly time that I should tell you what Dr. C. expects. He says that you struck the first blow by the criticism which appeared in the British Critic respecting his Horace. Some mistake was alleged to have been made in that criticism as to the part he (Dr. C.) had in the original planning of the work, and the subsequent execution of it. You will consider how the tale will tell. Dr. C. was till very lately your friend. He brings out a work of labour, and you are the confessed author of a criticism, calculated to undervalue, if not the reputation of the book, the quantum of individual merit ascribable to the man who brings it out. All he wishes in order to set all things to rights again, is, that you will acknowledge, not in your own person, but in the same way in which the original criticism first appeared, that there were some mistakes in the supposition concerning what hand the united editors had in the first formation, and further progress of the work. This seems to me a cheap propitiation, and which I cannot help taking the liberty to recommend, but, at all events, as I have no motive for interfering, but good-will to both parties, I shall in no way mix with the dispute, but after this long fire, close my batteries for ever upon the contest. As Dr. C. proposes bringing out his pamphlet by Monday next, I shall be very happy to receive a peaceful answer from you to this unreasonably long letter, which is not an habitual sin of mine, before that day. I am, dear Sir, very sincerely yours,

Jos. Richardson.

Essex-street, Strand, Feb. 24th, 1794.

This mediation was of no avail; Dr. Combe published his statement in the spring of 1794, and Dr. Parr's remarks in 1795 were published in answer.

Some other of Dr. Parr's friends were extremely unwilling that the peace should be broken, but all thought that the pecuniary accounts required expla-

nations after Dr. Combe's charge. The following letter contains the opinion of Sir James Mackintosh:

MY DEAR SIR,

I have been so very much hurried these few days past, that I have not had a moment at my command. To-morrow, however, I shall certainly go to Beloe, read the papers, and write you my unbiassed and deliberate opinion upon the propriety of answering Combe. I am at present divided between a solicitude not to suffer the smallest imputation on you to pass in silence, and a dislike at seeing the dignity of your character degraded by petty altercations. I hope from the efforts which I have made that you will hear to-day, or to-morrow, from Lord Lauderdale; if not, I beg that you may put off, at least till the beginning of the week, any decisive step, as I shall answer for your hearing satisfactorily before that time. I ever am, dear Sir, most truly yours, JAMES MACKINTOSH.

Poor Gerrald I have seen in Newgate. He is in pretty good spirits.

The letters and extracts now published fill up the chasms left in this angry controversy; very angry on the part of Combe, generally moderate on Parr's side; always potent in statement and rejoinder, but less sarcastic and bitter than might have been expected from him, considering the abominable allusion to politics, and the baseless attack upon his honour. In the directions for the disposal of his papers and printed works, a notice has been found declaratory of his intentions with regard to the future publication of these remarks, and of his sentiments in regard to Dr. Combe, which does him no less honour as a man of correct judgment, than of Christian and forgiving temper:

I will myself make, or rather mark in my book, extracts from my letter to Dr. Combe. He injured my honour most

cruelly, but he is a worthy man, and has many intellectual attainments, and I therefore wish our controversy quite forgotten. The extracts shall be merely critical, or political, or characters of illustrious men.

Those who knew Dr. Parr must have been always aware that the quickness of his resentments were accompanied by an amiable placability. And those who have had access to the real feelings of his heart will hear, without surprise, that he has frequently visited one of the gentlemen who formerly gave him offence, and spoke with esteem and kindness of the other. As the critique on the Var. Horace in the British Critic is intimately connected with, and, in fact, did spring out of the help given to Homer whilst he was employed in this work, it will be necessary to take some notice of Parr's reasons for so hostile a denunciation of a work in which he had been much engaged, for such the papers in the British Critic manifestly were. The Var. Horace had been announced, or advertised, as to be enriched with notes by Dr. Parr. To set this matter right, Dr. Parr authorised Mr. Nares, one of the editors, to inform the readers, "that the edition in quarto of Horace, which we announced in No. 3 of the British Critic, does not contain any notes written by himself." This notice sounded the alarm to Dr. Combe, and begat his angry pamphlet, if not his angry feelings. Whether any statement of Mr. Beloe has been published in the British Critic I know not. But the letters, both of Mr. Beloe*

* The letters of Beloe commence with his resignation of Norwich School in December, 1783, when he submits the

and Mr. Nares, will furnish abundant evidence of the eagerness of these Reviewers to take advantage of Dr. Parr's learned contributions to their Review. How far Dr. Parr was justified in criticising this particular edition of Horace, considering his acquaintance with Combe, his friendship for Homer, and what he had promised, and what he had actually done to help them, may be a matter of doubt. To classical learning these essays are important acquisitions, and are hailed as such by the commendation and gratitude of scholars.* Their publication *just at this period* may be perhaps lamented as not quite consistent with delicacy. This is Combe's

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mode of resignation to Parr, and parts with him on friendly terms. It recommences in 1787, when he is thinking of his translation of Aulus Gellius; is thick at the end of the year 1793, and the beginning of the year 1794, when Aulus Gellius, Wakefield, Horace, the British Critic, and Combe are the interesting topics. The correspondence with Mr. Nares begins with the close of the year 1793, is continued through 1794, all through concerning Horace and Combe; is commenced again about the collation of Manuscripts in the British Museum, and is carried on in the years 1813 and 1817, in asking for and acknowledging kindnesses for Beloe and his family. In this respect the correspondence of Nares exhibits a rare curiosity. He asks Parr, during the life of Beloe, to get some of the money subscribed for Porson transferred to Beloe, and after Beloe's death there is the acknowledgment of a subscription to Mrs. Beloe, half as large again as that which Parr had generously promised to the relict of him who wrote the Memoirs of a Sexagenarian. His publication was printed during Beloe's life, and published after his death. I have taken occasion to speak of it under the head of attacks on Dr. Parr.

* One of the special merits is the notation of spurious passages in Horace.

only justification. The rest was either assumption, misconception, or malice. It was not a fact, that Henry Homer's health was destroyed by Parr's neglect. Henry's constitution concealed at this very time the seeds of mortal disease. He was consumptive—he was embarrassed too in his circumstances, not from printing alone. In the money matters Dr. Combe was evidently mistaken—in his political charges and insinuations he was malicious. Nor is Parr quite exonerated from blame in one respect. He more than once hints at Combe's insufficiency, as the editor of Horace, and yet he suffered him to go on in this capacity as Homer's colleague without protest or declaration against it. This was a main error. He ought to have uttered his opinions in plain terms, and not to have suffered even the pretence of a literary co-partnership to be pleaded, unless, indeed, he had intended to support his medical friend as a sleeping partner in the concern, but actually to do the business himself. Such a master of scholars could not hold communion of intelligence with the under workmen of literature. He might command—he might instruct his labourers—he could not receive instruction from them, and in this instance we must blame him for sparing explicit declaration, and his usual loud and manly NO. On the other hand, it cannot be deemed an unworthy compliance to be the assistant of those who have intellectual attainments—of whom one can speak with esteem and kindness. Such men have more than the claims of good nature upon us, and so upon any proper occasion Dr. Combe had claims

on Dr. Parr. They were school-fellows at Harrow —they had passed through life in intimate acquaintance, and upon all common occasions were called upon to give cordial assistance to each other. The task of editing the Var. Horace was no common occasion. Dr. Combe was not fitted for suck a work, and it was weakness in Parr to encourage him in it, if ever he did, whatsoever might have been his private encouragements to Henry Homer. But Parr was a prodigal in literature, who threw away thousands and tens of thousands, and in the case of Dr. Combe we see how he was recompensed.

CHAPTER IX.

Politics—Frend—Gerrald, &c.

It was my plan not to mingle politics of any kind in this piece of biography, when I commenced the work: but it must have been already remarked that such a plan would have narrowed my scheme, and deprived it of many of its most essential and useful qualities. The preface to Bellendenus, though a specimen of Latinity, which marked the period of its publication as a kind of classical era, was full of party allusions, and of the delineations of the characters of party men, and could not therefore be treated of without some allusion to the politics of the day. After this publication Parr himself became a political character by profession, connected with the Whigs in opinion, and almost enthusiastic in supporting their cause on every public occasion. Of the Right Honourable Charles James Fox he was the devoted partisan to the end of that statesman's life; and to the end of his own his enthusiastic admirer. He was zealous in defending the characters, and promoting the interests of all good

Foxites, the Cokes, the Russells, the Spencers, and all other distinguished persons who held the same sentiments. He obtained votes in several places merely to serve their cause, and instantly obeyed the call to every election in every place where he had a vote. He paid no attention to distance of place, length of time, trouble, or expense; though his friends were neither in power, nor had any chance of being so, he adhered to them with the same ardour, and same fidelity, as other men do to Ministers, from whom they have received preferment, or expect to receive it.

About the elections at Warwick, he was ever most anxious, and there remain many documents proving his desire to serve the candidates of the representation of that borough who opposed the interest of the Castle. Mr. Greville, Mr. Ladbroke, Mr. Knight, Mr. Greatheed, all appear to have received his most zealous support, and I find by the following letter that Mr. Charles Mills began his political career under the same banner:

DEAR SIR, *Warwick, 27th June*, 1802.

I am sure it will give you sincere pleasure to hear that the cause of freedom is likely to prevail, owing to the great and generous exertions of my friends belonging to this borough. Mr. Gaussen having, upon a vigorous canvas, been unable to make any considerable impression upon the voters in our interest left the town yesterday morning, first signifying to me his determination to relinquish the contest. Amongst those who have come forward to support my cause, and that of independence, I know no person to whom I have greater obligations than yourself. I have the honour to remain, dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant, CHAS. MILLS.

Though in his general habits of thinking as he professed,

He did actually dread all extremes under all pretences, and was not very forward in recommending sudden and strong experiments; though he did look with dismay and with horror on the poisonous maxims which have been broached in a neighbouring country, yet he felt no obligations to speak smooth things upon all that is passing at home.*

In politics, from the end of 1792, he thought there was, as Warburton said of those in 1756, "neither end, nor measure, nor sense, nor honesty."† The nation ran stark mad into the French war, goaded on by a Minister, of whom, in the notes on Rapin in 1783, he spoke with applause. He looked forward, perhaps, to an association of his rising talents, and his *then* professed principles, as auxiliary in future to the establishment of his own party, and of his own political opinions. But when that party had been routed by the stripling, he could not hold in the reins of his anger: ὁ δεῖνα has been pourtrayed in unfading colours: he disdained to use common terms ψυχρά τε καὶ ἀνωφελῆ ὀνόματα καὶ ἀνοήτων ἀνδρων φιλοτιμήματα: he could not laugh him to scorn: he collected the whole armoury of his eloquence, and hurled the sharpest weapons at the hateful foe. And the Preface to Bellendenus‡ will be hereafter studied as a catalogue of the chief errors of Pitt, dressed up in the most classical and eloquent terms that the fancy of the Editor could devise.

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* Remarks on Combe's Statement.

† Letters to Hurd, p. 373.

‡ Bellendenus de Statu, wozu dieses Herausgebers Vorrede wegen ihres echten Lateins so hochberühmt ist, &c. &c. F. A. Wolf, Lit. An. iv. 554—1820.

But the year 1792 was to him, as well as all his contemporaries, the era of promise* and disappointment—that proud era in our history, when holding, as we did, the destiny of the world in our hands, we suffered it to slip from our grasp, and thus involved ourselves in trouble, greater at the moment than he who was not conversant with the transactions of the time can well conceive, and so pregnant with consequences, that it is impossible to look through the long vista of futurity without the most awful apprehensions.

Great in arms, in arts, and science; refined above all other nations, perhaps virtuous above them all; industrious, active, enterprising, brave, our empire stretching on either side of the globe, our language, our habits establishing themselves in the east and in the west; with a polite literature equalling the most vaunted compositions of Athens or of Rome, and with science and philosophy far exceeding all that the known earth had hitherto produced, the year 1792 beheld us emerging from the difficulties of an unprosperous war, our resources increasing, our wounds healing, and the form and feature of our constitution regaining all its pristine beauty. At this very period France had broken her bonds asunder, and like a froward and wanton youth, wasted her strength, and frolicked in every abomination of restraint thrown off, and freedom newly acquired. It was the part of wisdom to watch the temper and disposition of our neighbours, whilst this tendency

* See Mr. Pitt's speech, displaying the resources of the empire, in a blaze of eloquence seldom paralleled.

to insubordination and delirium lasted. To stand on guard, not to assail, even to protect rather than annoy. Our insular situation gave us sufficient arms for defence, even if our greatness had not placed us out of the reach of our enemies.

The time had come, too, when our national riches offered at least the hope of paying off our national incumbrances. Our repose was in some measure insured by the disturbances of France, and the dissolution of credit occasioned by those disturbances, made the commerce of the world safely our own. In fine, the pinnacle of our greatness seemed placed on a base which nothing but our own folly could undermine. Our power made us the arbiters of nations, and even France herself might have been restrained in her madness, and half her enormities prevented, had we been wise. At this crisis, had Mr. Fox been the confidential Minister of Great Britain, I agree with Dr. French Lawrence in his letter to Mr. Burke, it would have been well for us, and for our posterity. Perhaps he was the fittest individual of the human race to be made mediator of the world's debate; and though the storm of dissension and discussion ran too high to be at once lulled and assuaged by human power, yet might his influence have prevented the pouring out of more bitter waters, and at length restored the calm. But at this crisis peace no longer continued to govern the counsels of our rulers, they held up their heads proudly against a system which they were determined to crush, but did not attempt to modify or control. The passions were roused, the

voice of reason was silenced, and, with more than infatuation, the British nation was hurried into a war against a people frantic with all the licentiousness of newly acquired liberty. The events of that war are scarcely yet digested into historical order; but some of the opinions of Parr and his friends shall be recorded in his language and their own. I insert two letters, one from Mr. J. Tweddell, and one from Bishop Bennet, and several others will be found in the Appendix:

Mr. J. Tweddell, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *London, May* 1792.

You hope our Club is not too violent. There is no danger of that. At the same time it will never have the concurrence of "the Duke of Portland, and those *temperate Whigs*." Do not, my dear Sir, call these men *Whigs*; they are Tories to the bone. What do you think of a man who could be absurd enough to profess himself an enemy to all innovation, to all change, all reform? This did the Duke of Portland at Burlington-House, no longer ago than five weeks. I had it from one who dined with him. Mr. Fox told his Grace that, on subjects of reform they held no principle in common—that he heartily agreed in principle with Lord L. and Mr. Grey—that a thorough reform was wanting, though not quite so immediate as they wished. Lord L. said he did indeed wish for a thorough change, and the sooner it took place the better. Lord Guildford joined in sentiment with the Duke of Portland. Are these men Whigs? Yes, for why? They are, an please you, *members of the Whig Club;* which Club consists at present of Tories under the name of Whigs. They black-balled Mackintosh twice; there appeared almost as many black-balls as white ones. I heard Mr. Sheridan complain of this outrageous expression of Toryism. This instance, among many others of their late conduct, has convinced every one that they are not the men they profess to be, and you will soon see that society deserted by every respectable man in it. Mr. Fox was much

enraged when they black-balled Mackintosh. After what I have told you of the Duke of Portland's sentiments on the subject of reform, I am sure you cannot say that he is one of "those temperate Whigs with whom you would act." Your opinions are directly opposite. He is against reform, and you are for it. A society of the kind newly instituted, is one of those trials which are sure to separate the sheep from the goats. The Duke of Portland is, I believe, a very good man (*τίς γὰρ αὐτὸν ψέγει*) in private life. But, though he has professed himself a friend to liberty, now that a measure of that kind is actually brought forward, he takes the alarm of aristocracy, and trembles for the downfal of Mr. Burke's pillar. He is in my opinion a rash Tory. As for poor Edmund,* he is mad, and something is to be said in behalf of a lunatic. Besides, I could praise him on another account: he serves the good cause by showing the bad cause in the worst light. But what bad enough can be said of *ὁ δεῖνα* a driveller, who has had the presumption to domineer for nine calamitous years over these insulted kingdoms, in contempt of right reason, in defiance of common sense, in violation of justice, and in mockery of legislation? Wheresoever is he virtuous, but in nothing? Wheresoever is he . . . . but in all things? I am glad, however, that he is alarmed; I should be sorry if a man reputed *by his friends* to be so wise, should have no ground for his apprehension. On Monday you shall receive the last sheet. Believe me, dear Sir, with all possible respect, yours most faithfully,

JOHN TWEDDELL.

An Extract from a letter of Bishop Bennet, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . . But what ought to give you more satisfaction, is your success in having made a subject of little importance in itself the vehicle of so much good writing, such fair appreciation of different authors, and so much political good sense, while Sir William Jones, with a bigotry that astonishes and offends me, declares he never has read, and never will read, a

* See Mr. Fox's letter about Burke, in Ap.

line of Burke's book, which, however, without having read it, he pronounces a weak and a wicked one. Your truest commendation of his merit, and your public censures of his faults, explained and sanctioned by very strong reasons for both, do you far more honour, in my eyes, as a scholar and a man; and this I repeat, though I have a veneration for Jones's abilities and integrity approaching nearly to enthusiasm. I need not express how much pleasure I felt on finding your opinions concerning the French Revolution in the 57th and 58th pages agree so nearly with my own; or rather, were my own reflected back upon me with the utmost precision. Even on a much nearer point, the topics of reformation in our own country, I see very small shades of difference, except that I do not apprehend much danger from the rotten boroughs allowing people in the monied interest a fair door to enter Parliament; that I would destroy the Ecclesiastical Courts (absit verbo invidia) without mercy; and that I fear severity in the excise laws is, in some degree, necessary in a commercial country, at least, if revenue is expected from commerce.

Perhaps the correspondence already quoted is more than enough to prove that his pen had never been employed upon any political topic for inflammatory purposes, not to facilitate, but to prevent the introduction of Gallic extravagances.

But while I look with dismay (says Parr) and with horror on the poisonous maxims which have been broached in a neighbouring country, I feel no obligation to speak smooth things upon all that is passing at home. I do not confound the French people with the French government. I distinguish between the instruments and the principles of the war. I hold that the complicated, momentous, and comprehensive questions arising from it are not to be scanned by the hireling retailers of temporary events, or the shallow dupes of imposture, for the moment popular and triumphant.

It is true, he was not inclined to speak smooth things; but it is false that he was either a distinguished proficient in Jacobin logic, or a luke-

warm enemy to Jacobin cruelty. He took a wide survey of the heavings of the troubled ocean; but his passions were excited only against cruelty, and against those fiends who had shut the gate of mercy on mankind. The two following letters of Dr. Parr to the Rev. Mr. Willes,* of Newbold Comyn, glow with the feeling which burst from his bosom, and that of every other Englishman I am acquainted with, on the execution of Louis XVI.

London, Jan. 23d, 1793.

The deed of hell is done. On Sunday morn the final sentence passed for death. Execution was fixed for twelve on Monday, on the Place de Greve. His appeal to the people was dreaded, and on Sunday evening this most unfortunate of princes, and most injured of men, was beheaded in the Temple. May the righteous wrath of Heaven overtake his barbarous murderers. A general massacre is expected, as Marat's legion of fiends are in full force. May God bless you, and preserve this country.

DEAR SIR, *Thursday, Jan. 24th,* 1793.

He *was not* murdered in the Temple, but at the Place de Greve. Yesterday I dined where Horne Tooke was, and my toast was "Destruction to the destroyers of Louis Capet."

God bless you. All reports are in favour of the firmness and courage of this injured prince. There is great ferment, but the general sentiment is nobly on the side of humanity.

After the death of the French King, Ministers drew the sword, and threw away the scabbard; and the nation went hand in hand with them. On every side the fiend of persecution reared his head, and

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* I am favoured by Edward Willes, Esq., the worthy and only son of Mr. Willes, of Newbold Comyn, with the sight of these letters.

sought to fasten his envenomed fangs on opposition of every description, whether religious or political.

At Cambridge, Mr. Frend, of Jesus College was ejected from his fellowship for sentiments deemed unstatutable, and the University sanctioned the sentence. Parr zealously espoused the cause of Frend, and the following letters of Dr. Farmer, Master of Emanuel College, will display the spirit of the writer:

Dr. Farmer, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Amen Corner, June 12th*, 1793.

. . . . I suppose you hear that poor *Charles Fox* is fallen into the pity of his enemies. Dr. Brocklesby assures me he lost £40,000 at Ascot Races, and his friends are putting *about the hat* for him. Much money is talked of, but I wish it proves not *assignats* only. Dear Sir, yours sincerely,

R. FARMER.

DEAR SIR, *St. Paul's, June 20th*, 1793.

I am greatly obliged to you for a long letter of instruction and entertainment, and perhaps I might have thanked you for a while in silence, had not my *hasty writing*, or *your* hasty *reading*, led you into what we had used to call a non sequitur. Mr. Fox could not lose forty, or any other number of thousands, at *Ascott* races, *because* the subscription for him was heard of in *February*, but the races which I believe *began* and *ended last week* were not meant. The old Doctor's information, whether true or not, was long *before*, and referred to races a *year old* or more, for aught I know.

With respect to the Cambridge business, it was begun whilst I was last in residence, and all my concern in it has been as *an assessor in conjunction with* the rest of my brethren, where, perhaps, I was instrumental in the mildness of the sentence, which, in truth, added nothing to the College rustication. The pamphlet is a poor business, and certainly would not have been noticed at any other time, but the *damned iteration* (as Master

Falstaff says) of appendix upon appendix, to call up the mob, was intolerable. If any individual among us has misbehaved, let them be, as *Seale* says, perstringed. Let no man even presume to kick the *alma mater* herself without feeling his toes as sore afterwards as if he had kicked the Monument itself.

Yours sincerely and affectionately, R. FARMER.

MY DEAR SIR, *Emanuel, Oct. 7th*, 1793.

Put me down two guineas for *the window*, and thank *yourself in my name* for the opportunity. I would give twenty to cure your prejudices about *Frend*. This poor man still hovers about the *University*, and now and then attempts to break into the College. He cries out for persecution like his brother *Jack* in the *Tale of the Tub*, and wishes to enlist with the *army of martyrs*. Indeed, as matters have gone lately, it may prove a *profitable* corps. Yours sincerely, R. FARMER.

Calamo rapidissimo.

The desertion of the Portland party, and their union with Mr. Pitt, was the signal for proscribing all opposition to the government; Mr. Burke had now thrown down his dagger on the floor of the House of Commons; the minds of partisans were infuriated against each other; the still small voice of reason was no longer heard, and but for the handful of patriots who, true to their political principles, and to the rightful cause of liberty, still remained firm at their post, the rashness and madness of alarm might have shipwrecked even the constitution itself.

Among the proscribed, the unhappy Joseph Gerrald was a prominent character, and as his history

will illustrate the kindly, humane, and Christian feelings of Dr. Parr, I shall consume a few pages in recording it.

Joseph Gerrald, a West Indian of some property, was sent to England after his father's death for education. I believe by the advice of Mr. Bromfield, the surgeon, his guardians placed him at Stanmore, under the tuition of Dr. Parr; and much was he distinguished by his talents for a time, but was at length expelled for extreme indiscretion and sent home. On his return from the West Indies in 1788, where he had resided several years, and from the United States, where he became a Barrister, he was anxious to renew his acquaintance with Parr, and in consequence addressed the following letter to him:

DEAR AND RESPECTED SIR,

I take the liberty of acquainting you, that after a residence of some years in different parts of the West Indies, and on the Continent of America, I am now arrived in England. I have the happiness to add, that after having experienced much adversity, my prospects in life are considerably brightened; and that, by a train of incidents as fortunate as they were unexpected, I am likely to obtain a solid and comfortable independence. My conduct, as a member of society, has of late years been such as to procure the esteem of my friends, and the approbation of my fellow-citizens, and to wear out those unfavourable impressions which my former indiscretions, I must with regret confess, gave them too just reason to entertain.

Whatever may be my future portion of reputation or prosperity, I shall ever, Sir, principally attribute it to those early admonitions which, with a tenderness truly paternal, were so frequently poured forth upon me by my esteemed benefactor; admonitions which, however restrained in their intended operation by the wild impetuosity of my passions, could not fail ultimately to produce a serious influence on my conduct, and

which no change of place in any trying vicissitude of fortune, nor a lapse of thirteen years, have been able to eradicate from my mind.

There are many letters of Gerrald to Dr. Parr, and he appears from them to have been a man of very strong feeling, a true child of the sun, and extremely imprudent in his conduct. Parr had dissuaded him, in the most solemn manner, from joining political societies; and particularly the British Convention, which assembled in Edinburgh the latter end of the year 1793. For attending this meeting he was unanimously found guilty of sedition by a Scotch Jury in March 1794, and was sentenced by the Court to fourteen years transportation. He might easily have escaped, even after he was accused, had he listened to the advice of Parr, and had he yielded to the suggestions of other friends, who entreated him to absent himself till the storm had passed by; but he was eager to become a martyr in the cause of liberty, and rushed forward to destruction against every warning. After conviction all his acquaintance succoured him with generous eagerness; and when actually embarked on board the vessel destined to transport him, a considerable sum of money was collected to give him all the possible comforts which a man of education, under such degrading and horrible circumstances, could receive.

Parr was foremost in the cause; not only did he use every effort to raise money for his unhappy pupil, but he endeavoured to enlist a higher and greater power, if not in the cause of Gerrald, at

least in the cause of humanity. He wrote the following letter to Mr. Windham, then in office:

DEAR SIR, *Hatton, 8th May*, 1795.

You will excuse me for trespassing so far on your remembrance of past events as to believe that you will not refuse what I am going to ask to one who has never been disposed to refuse you greater things. Yesterday I was struck down with horror and dismay, upon hearing that an order for going on shipboard had been suddenly given to Mr. Joseph Gerrald, a scholar of mine, whom Mr. Pitt, furnished as he is with inferior learning, endowed with talents certainly not superior, and actuated by a spirit more adapted to the coarseness of a Convention than to the gravity of a Parliament, has once, or more than once, called Gerrald. Though I most widely differ from Mr. Gerrald's fantastic opinions—though I entirely disapprove of his impetuous behaviour—though I have often warned him of danger, and often endeavoured to preserve him from guilt, yet I must, in common with many wise and good men, reprobate his sentence as wholly unwarrantable by sound law, and ever shall I deplore that ungracious and most inauspicious policy which is now on the point of carrying that sentence into plenary execution. From the relation which I bore to Mr. Gerrald in his happier and better days—from the admiration I feel for his mighty talents—from the opportunities I have had for tracing many of his misfortunes, and much of his misconduct to their earliest sources, I cannot think of his present or his future condition, without the keenest anguish of pity, mingled with indignation. To you, dear Sir, I say this without disguise, for you are a man of letters; and without apology, for you are a man of honour. Yes, with genius such as is rarely to be found at the bar or in the senate, Mr. Gerrald after a few hours notice, and in the dreary silence of night, was hurried away from his prison in Scotland, and now scarcely with a change of apparel, and without books to console him amidst the sorrows he is doomed to suffer, on a spot where solitude itself would be a blessing, he has been summoned very suddenly from his confinement, and thrown into the transport.

The rapidity of the former measure may, for what I know,

be justified by the circumstances of the moment, but the severity of the latter is most wanton indeed.

What I have to request from you is, that you would prevent for a few days his being sent from England, till, by the kindness of his friends, he is furnished with some clothes and a few books. I have the honour to be, with great respect, dear Sir, your very obedient faithful servant, S. PARR.

The following is the answer:

SIR, *Hill-street, 11th May*, 1795.

I am directed by Mr. Windham, who is prevented from want of time from writing himself, to send you the enclosed extract of a letter from the keeper of Newgate, which contains all the information which he at present possesses respecting the subject of your letter, except that orders are given that any packet, addressed to Mr. Gerrald, shall be sent after him, and received on board the vessel. The name of the vessel will be seen in the extract.

Mr. Windham does not know the time fixed for her sailing, but considers it as impossible to send any orders to detain a vessel destined for so long a voyage, and having so many persons on board. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient humble servant, ROBERT LUKIN.

The Keeper of Newgate's letter:

I wont say that Mr. Gerrald had notice of the moment of his being sent off; but be assured he had sufficient intimation, and more than a month ago, of his departure, and that suddenly.

Having thus failed in his application to Mr. Windham, and left to his own resources, he showed how full his heart was of every sentiment that can honour man's nature, in the defence of his forlorn and degraded scholar. The moment that he heard of his being shipped suddenly without notice, and without necessaries, he wrote him the following letter, labelled with his own hand—"Copy of my let-

ter to Mr. Gerrald, written in the summer of 1795, and sent to Mr. Mackintosh the next day:"

DEAR JOSEPH,

I hear with indignation and horror, that the severe sentence passed upon you in Scotland is shortly to be carried into execution; and, remembering that I was once your master, that I have long been your friend, that I am your fellow-creature, made so by the hand of God; and that, by every law of that religion, in the belief of which I hope to live and die, I ought to be your comforter, now, dear Joseph, I am *for the last time* writing to you. Oh! my friend, at this moment my heart sinks within me, and with a wish to say ten thousand things, I am hardly able to say one. But you shall not leave this land without one affectionate, one sincere, one solemn farewell. Joseph, before we meet again, that bosom which now throbs for you, that tongue which dictates, will be laid in the cold grave. Be it so. Yet, my dear friend, I must cherish the hope that death is not the end of such a being as man. No, Joseph, no, there is a moral government going on, and in the course of it our afflictions will cease, and compensation will be made us, I trust, for all our unmerited sufferings.

There is another world, and a better; and in that world I pray to God that I may meet your face again. Bear up, I beseech you, against the hard and cruel oppression which the evil spirit of these days, and your own want of discretion, have brought upon you. Mackintosh has informed me of that which is about to happen, and I have done all that I can in your favour. Let me conjure you, dear Joseph, to conduct yourself not only with firmness, but with calmness. Do not, do not, by turbulence in conversation, or action, give your enemies occasion to make the cup of misery more bitter. Reflect seriously on your past life, and review many of those opinions which you have unfortunately taken up; and which, as you know from experience, have little tended to make you a happier or a better man. I do not mean, Joseph, to reproach you; no, such an intention at such a crisis, is, and ought to be, very far from my heart; but I do mean to advise you, and excite you to such a use of your talents, as may console you under the sorrows of

this life, and prepare you effectually for what is to follow. I will send you a few books in addition to other matters; they will cheer you in the dreary hours you have to pass upon that forlorn spot to which the inhuman governors of this land are about to send you.

Some time ago I saw your dear boy, and depend upon it that, for his sake, and your own, I will show him every kindness in my power. I shall often think of you; yes, Joseph, and there are moments too, in which I shall pray for you. Farewell, dear Joseph Gerrald, and believe me your most unfeigned and afflicted friend, S. PARR.

Pray write to me. God Almighty bless you!—Joseph! Farewell!

Gerrald bore his afflictions with magnanimity; his mind was even elevated by his sufferings, he felt as a martyr to a cause always feels, a satisfaction even in the wrongs that were inflicted upon him. That such was the enthusiastic tone of his mind might appear from his own letters, and from the evidence of those who witnessed his brave and manly bearing. Whether he suffered justly or not I do not pronounce, though history will; but whatever may be our opinions, his fortitude must ever command admiration. I shall copy only a part of one letter to William Phillips, Esq. when on board the Sovereign:

MY DEAR MR. PHILLIPS, *Spithead, May 16th*, 1795.

.....I have repeatedly attempted to write to my ever honoured and loved friend and father, Dr. Parr, but it is impossible. The tender and filial affection which I bear to him, the recollection of the many endearing scenes which we have passed together, the sacred relation that subsists between Joseph Gerrald, and that Samuel Parr who poured into my untutored mind the elements of all, either of learning or morals, which is valuable about me; whose great instructions planted

in my bosom the seeds of that magnanimity which I trust I now display, and at which persecution itself must stand abashed; —all these, my friend, rush at once upon my mind, and form a conflict of feelings, an awful confusion I cannot describe, but which he who is the cause I know can feel, and can feel in their most full and virtuous extent.

To the greater part of my friends *I have* written, but to Dr. Parr I have *not* written. But to *his* heart my silence speaks. The painter, who could not express the excessive grief, covered with a veil the face of Agamemnon. Tell him, then, my dear Mr. Phillips, that if ever I have spoken peevishly of his supposed neglect of me, he must, nay I know he will, attribute it to its real cause. A love vehement and jealous; and which in the growth of a temper like Gerrald's, lights its torch at the fire of the furies; and when my tongue uttered any harshness of expression, even at that very period my heart would have bled for him, and the compunction of the next moment inflicted a punishment far more than adequate to the guilt of the preceding one. Tell him to estimate my situation not by the tenderness of his feelings, but by the firmness of mine. That if my destiny is *apparently* rigorous, the unconquerable firmness of my mind breaks the blow which it cannot avert; and that, enlisted as I am to the cause of truth and virtue, I bear about me a patient integrity which no blandishments can corrupt, and a heart which no dangers can daunt. Tell him in a word, that as I have hitherto lived, let the hour of dissolution come when it may, I shall die the pupil of Samuel Parr. Once more then, my dear friend, adieu! I am convinced that no long period will elapse before I shall see you. In the mean time I shall prepare to govern my conduct by that stern, but virtuous inflexibility, of which, upon all great and trying occasions, I feel myself capable, and which, upon such occasions, it is the duty of every moral being to practice, whether he be called upon to act or to suffer. Your sincere and affectionate friend,

JOSEPH GERRALD.

There are other letters from Gerrald during the course of his voyage, all written in the same spirit. The following letter from Governor Hunter closes the scene:

Sydney, New South Wales, 25th April 1796.

MY DEAR COOPER,

Having, by the Sovereign store-ship, received a letter from you, which was committed to the care of Mr. Gerrald, a person who had by his mistaken political opinions, and probably too much violence of disposition on subjects of such a nature, brought himself into the situation in which I found him on board the above ship. When he arrived in the harbour he appeared in a very ill state of health; he had a few acquaintance here who accommodated him for a time, when application was made to me for permission for his purchasing a small house and garden in this neighbourhood; but in so quiet and retired a situation as would suit the weakly habit he seemed to be in. To this he received my consent, and the Surgeon of the settlement, or any other he might desire, was directed to attend him. He was soon pronounced to be in a confirmed and rapid decline. Of this truth every day convinced us by the changes which took place. I have therefore only now to inform you, that he departed this life on the 16th of March, and was decently interred in his own garden, agreeable to his wishes, as signified a day or two before he expired. Soon after Mr. Gerrald's death, a Mr. Skirving, who had come to this country under similar circumstances, and who had purchased a little farm already cleared, was industrious and indefatigable in his attention to it, and was in a fair way of doing well, was, after the labour of the last harvest, seized with a severe dysentery, of which he died 19th March. The others who came out in the same ship, under the same situation or circumstances, are living in this town and in health, except Mr. Muir, who made his escape from hence in an American ship about two months ago. Let me hear from you, and you'll oblige, my dear Cooper, yours affectionately, JOHN HUNTER.

After Gerrald's death, Parr did not fail in his promise of protecting his son. The letters of Dr. Rayne, to Dr. Parr, and Mr. Jones, in the Appendix, will relate the conduct pursued in the management of his education, and will be an example of

the uprightness and firmness of him who protected the fatherless, not only by professions, but in deed and in truth. At the close of the year 1800, Joseph Gerrald, the only son of his unfortunate father, was sent to Cambridge to be entered at Trinity College.

CHAPTER X.

French Revolution—Pursuits of Literature—Persecutions on account of Politics—Death of Sir William Jones—Bishop of Cloyne.

LIKE his friend Sir William Jones,

Of the French Revolution, *in its commencement*, he entertained a favourable opinion; and, in common with many wise and good men who had not yet discovered the foul principle from which it sprang, wished success to the struggles of that nation for the establishment of a free constitution.*

His sentiments on this most important question will be best understood from his own words. He thought

That the maladies of France had reached almost the last stages of malignity, and threatened a speedy dissolution of all government, it were folly to controvert. † To the mighty decision of experience (he again says, Sequel, p. 60) I leave the ultimate event: not, indeed, without a fearful sense of the uncertainty which impends over all the judgments and all the affairs of men; nor yet without a high and animating affiance, that partial evils will at last work together for the general good; that the noblest powers of the human mind will be called into action; and that the public stock of human happiness will be secured and enlarged.

We have seen the sturdy Tory, Dr. Farmer, ap-

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* Lord Teignmouth's Life, vol. ii. p. 289.

† Sequel, p. 63.

proving of Parr's opinions on the French Revolution. The moderation of those opinions was, indeed, applauded by all sober and reflecting men. Nor was Parr's sensibility less excited than Lord Teignmouth's, or Mr. Burke's, at the enormities, "the deeds that blotted out the sun," which sprung out of the Revolution. His disgust, nevertheless, was not unspeakable; he vented his wrath in the language of heartfelt indignation on the murder of Louis XVI.; and looked with dismay and with horror on the poisonous maxims of a Marat, a Danton, and a Robespierre, whose dogmas he reprobated, and whose outrages he detested. He had viewed with admiration the monarchy of France, flourishing in the field. For many of the French noblesse "who worshipped," as Mr. Burke most beautifully says, "their country in the person of their king;" and "whose blood," as Shakspeare says not less beautifully, "is fetched from fathers of war-proof," he had a sincere veneration. But against the despots who threatened to invade France under the pretence of re-establishing her monarchy, he thus declaimed,

If, indeed, the threatened crusade of ruffian despots should be attempted, it will, in my opinion, be an outrageous infringement upon the laws of nations; it will be a savage conspiracy against the written and the unwritten rights of mankind; and, *therefore*, in the sincerity of my soul, I pray the righteous Governor of the Universe, the Creator of Men, and the King of Kings, I pray HIM to abate the pride, to assuage the malice, and to confound all the devices, of ALL the parties, directly or indirectly leagued in this complicated scene of guilt and horror! this insult upon the dignity of human nature itself!

this treason against the majesty of God's own image, rational and immortal man.—Sequel, p. 63.

The rabble of barbarous nations* did enter the field, and did give to spoil the innocent and labouring soul, did empty the cities of the world of their ancient inhabitants, and filled them again with many and variable sorts of sorrow; but, in the event, a conqueror arose with the port and bearing of an ancient, who avenged his country, and bowed the dynasties of Europe beneath his sword. During the progress of the awful events above alluded to, Parr was called upon by two attacks to vindicate his character. We have already seen how he answered the charge of Dr. Combe:

I pronounce *him* an atrocious slanderer who would torture any undisguised scruples as to the irresistible necessity of an Anti-Gallican war, into a proof of the *slightest* propensities towards Gallican theories, Gallican extravagancies, or Gallican enormities.—Remarks, p. 65.

The other attack in the Pursuits of Literature I shall consider at greater length. It is now generally acknowledged, that the Pursuits of Literature was a book of proscription, I do not say the book, for it was only one of many in which the names of the intended victims of a cruel policy were inserted. In Anti-Jacobin reviews and magazines, in daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly pamphlets, political rancour emitted its deadly venom; writers sprang up, who raked together the private incidents of life to extract noxious matter wherewith to taint the reputation of all those who went not with the ruling

* See Raleigh's Hist. of the World—ad finem.

party in opinion; and who assembled in a body all the authors, and all the distinguished persons suspected of favouring the Revolutionary system, to destroy them at a blow. Thus, in effect, imitating the savage cruelty of the Maratists in France, in their massacres, whether by noyade, fusillade, or guillotine. In the Marian, the Syllan, or the Triumvirate proscriptions, the blow instantly followed, or mercy was conceded. But in this Anti-Jacobin proscription, the favour of speedy liberation, either by death or respite, was not granted; the victims were dragged before the public, and not dismissed by a merciful extinction; their good name was exposed to every possible reproach, and the maxim of Caligula was adopted in the prolongation of their torments, "Ita feri ut se mori sentiant."

This atrocious principle of wreaking political vengeance by sullying a man's good name, by accusing him of republican principles if he does not support your political idol, or of a tendency to Socinianism if he does not explain the true doctrines of the church exactly according to your own notions, though very greatly abated since the days of Mr. Pitt, yet is not wholly extinct. The favour with which some odious journalists have been received, and the proscription under which some most excellent men are known to labour, even at the present day, are melancholy proofs of what I am asserting.

In May 1794, Dialogue the first of the Pursuits of Literature, a political poem, was published. In

this poem Dr. Parr is called "a puny whipster," and is accused of using "unbridled license of language, and of indecent conduct, unmeaning vanity, and silly cruelty." The reader then is referred "to the third part, in which the Doctor makes a more distinguished and public entry." The literary rack thus anticipated and promised was not threatened in vain. The third Dialogue of the Pursuits of Literature was published in 1796, when every preparation had been made for public vengeance against all the victims of political animosity. I copy the following lines:

Nares rising paus'd; then gave (the contest done)
To Weston, Taylor's hymns and Alciphron;
To Tew, Parr's sermon, and the game of goose,
And Rochester's address to lemans loose;
Who now reads Parr? whose title now shall give?
Doctor sententious, hight, or positive?
From Greeek, or French, or any Roman ground,
In mazy progress and eternal round,
Quotations dance, and wonder at their place,
Buz through his wig, and give the bush more grace.
But on the mitred oath that Tucker swore
Parr wisely ponder'd, and his oath forbore.
He prints a sermon; Hurd with judging eye
Reads, and rejects with critic dignity:
Words upon words, and most against their will,
And honied globules dribble through his quill.
Mawkish, and thick; earth scarce the tropes supplies,
Heav'n lends her moon and clouded galaxies:
Polemic frenzy, and irreverent rage,
And dotard impotence deform the page,
Let him but wrangle, and in any shape
Not insignificance itself can 'scape:
Horace and Combe go forth, a gentle pair,
Splendid and silly, to unequal war;

But while the midwife to Lucina prays,
The Gorgon glares, and blasts the Critic's bays,
Parr prints a paper; well in all things equal,
Sense, taste, wit, judgment; but pray read the Sequel.
Sequel to what? the Doctor only knows,
Morsels of politics, most chosen prose,
Of nobles, Priestley, Plato, democrats,
Pitt, Plutarch, Curtis, Burke, and Rous, and Rats;
The scene? 'tis Birmingham, renown'd afar
At once for half-pence, and for Doctor Parr.

But not only in the text is Parr traduced for "polemic frenzy," and "dotard impotence;" in the notes the attack is followed up with redoubled malice:

I really think (says the author) it is impossible to point out any man of learning and ability (and Dr. Parr has both), who has *hitherto* wasted his powers and attainments in such a desultory, unmeaning, wild, unconnected, and useless manner, as Dr. Parr. In nullum reipublicæ usum ambitiosa loquela inclaruit. I have done with him.

No! the beast of prey never loses his victim till he has torn him to pieces; and of all monsters the polemical or political bigot is the most cruel. Lo! in the year 1797 this, "I have done with him" has an adjunct:

It would be ridiculous indeed to compare the *Birmingham Doctor* with Dr. Samuel Johnson . . . . What has Dr. Parr written? A sermon or two, rather long; a Latin Preface to Bellendenus, (rather long too,) consisting of a cento of Latin and Greek expressions applied to political subjects; another Preface to some English Tracts, and two or three English Pamphlets about his own private quarrels; and this is the man to be compared with Dr. Samuel Johnson!!! Why am I *forced* into a confirmation of my opinion stronger and stronger.

Pursuits of Literature, 7th edition revised. Note to the 3d Dialogue additional, p. 219.

That Mr. Mathias was the author of this libel has been asserted; but has never been proved, and I agree with the opinion of Bishop Bennet, in the letter annexed, that he was not the man. He might have aided in furnishing some of the learning; but his subsequent correspondence with Dr. Parr exculpates him from the charge of being the libeller. The note in P. L. including the quotations from the Wasps of Aristophanes, and that from Rabelais, might have been contributed by him; but the scorpion sting, and the lethal venom proceeded from another quarter;* from a quarter which will not for ever be shrouded by the immunities of invisibility.

It may be regretted that, with such powers and such means of gathering information from every quarter, Dr. Parr did not produce some great work, on some great subject. That, like Clarendon, he did not give the history of the awful period of which he saw the spring-tide, and in part the issue; or, like Burnet, that he did not relate, in a familiar manner, the transactions of the period in which he lived; or like Tacitus paint in caustic and living colours the atrocities of some of which he was a witness, and deliver, as an everlasting memorial to posterity, the characters of those who bore a part in them. But

* There are two venerable personages still living who could tell something of the matter. Let me whisper the name of Boscawen in the ears of one of them; the other was always cold and wary.

though he did not this, some of the most rewarded and preferred of his contemporaries did still less. What did Archbishop Markham? What did Dean Cyril Jackson? Both, I grant, knew the tact of the world better, and presided with dignity and ability in their high stations. But what have they composed that will make their names known twenty years hence? They were wise in their generation—they were men of honour, of learning, and of virtue; but though they have published little, and that little is not likely to be quoted hereafter, it would be the height of injustice to say that they wasted their powers and attainments. They employed those powers as teachers and preceptors, and so did Parr, but with a very different fortune. The Works that are now published will prove how false was the assertion that "HE had wasted his powers (even then) in a desultory, unmeaning, wild, unconnected, and useless manner." These Works will show that he did not succumb to wealth or power—that his intellectual efforts were not damped by discouragement or distress—that of all learned men of character who sought his assistance, he was the adviser, the patron, and the friend—and that, to a late old age, he continued the studious promoter and encourager of learning, though he never received any of its national rewards. In one sense, indeed, his powers and attainments had been wasted in the daily labours and duties of a schoolmaster for the space of more than thirty years. And what is the natural inquiry? Why was he not called to the discharge of those more elevated duties for which

his learning and talents so pre-eminently qualified him? Whatsoever may be the answer to this question, and whatsoever may have been the causes of his failure, I will venture to pronounce, that it was neither *his* fault nor *his* disgrace.

With Birmingham, unfortunately for that important and prosperous town, he was not at all connected, except by his friendship for him who writes this Memoir, and some few others. Had it been otherwise, it could neither be derogatory from his honour or the credit of the town. For Birmingham has produced men who have conferred benefits upon their country and their kind—who have advanced the arts of civilization, and assisted in diffusing them among the nations. The names of the eldest Taylor, and of the elder Boulton can never be forgotten in the arts; and science will long cherish the recollection of the virtues of some professional men, inhabitants of this town, with gratitude and respect.

To a centre of commerce and of arts, enriched with so great a population as Birmingham, what might have been the influence of such a character as that of Dr. Parr, had he resided within it, cannot now be estimated; but I rebut with scorn the imputations that have been thrown upon him, and assert with the greatest confidence, that had he been a *Birmingham Doctor*, Samuel Johnson might in some respects have yielded to him in comparison; and that men * of accomplishment and genius have had that appellation there, whom libellers alone would venture to malign.

* Dr. Ash, Smith, Withering, cum multis aliis.

Sir William Jones died in Bengal April 1794. His noble biographer has done ample justice to his purity and his piety; but it must be lamented for ever that Parr was not employed the eternal form of mind to emblazon: for with a pencil dipt in light, he has traced some outlines of the character of his school-fellow, and who was his friend, when in station and power, as I am happy to prove by the following letter, dated

Chrishna-nagar, Bengal,
Sept. 28, 1787.

MY DEAR PARR,

You, who are an honester man than Cicero, never write a recommendatory letter without expecting that attention should be shewn to it; and I, who have known and esteemed you above thirty years, am too honest to delude you by pretensions to interest which I neither have, nor (as a magistrate) ought to have. Your first letter was to recommend a Mr. Keating, who is high in the Company's service, has a larger income, and far more power than myself, and consequently would have no need of my assistance, even if I could give him any. Next you recommend two barristers, to whom I have shown, and will continue to show, all possible attention; but the Court has nothing to give that a barrister in good business can accept, and if they expect that I should solicit favours for them (which is generally meant by the word *introduction*), they will be disappointed. Urbanity and hospitality they will ever receive at my house, both for their sake and for yours. After a severe seasoning, as it is called, my constitution has overcome the climate, and I have been for two years in perfect health; could I say the same of my beloved wife I should be the happiest man alive. I heard with pleasure of your retirement in Warwickshire. You will now have leisure to *adorn* your *Sparta*, which is philology; and I hope you will write of the Greek authors as Tully (who understood Greek tolerably well for the age in which he lived) wrote of them, or at least as Politian wrote after the revival of literature. It is wonderful that, with such models before them, our scholars should compose such bar-

barous works as their commentaries and notes. You will be an excellent pastor if you feed your sheep with practical instruction. Have you seen Price's Sermons? Send instantly for the book if you have not yet seen it: the good old man has left a precious legacy to all believers in the Gospel. The duties of my station occupy me nine months in twelve; but I generally have three months to myself, and pass them in a charming cottage near an ancient university of Brahmans, with whom I begin to converse fluently in Sanscrit. Farewell, my dear Parr; to know that you and yours are happy will ever give real pleasure to your faithful and affectionate, W. Jones.

P.S. It was said by a Roman poet, when he imagined that Cæsar would not approve some of his verses, "Ego ne pilo quidem minus me amabo;" so I can assure you, that, whatever may be your opinion of mine, I shall not think a jot the worse either of you or of them. It is natural for men to feel and taste differently, and our friendship suffered no shock when you published your Political Sermon, though part of it I did not understand, and what I did understand I did not like: yet "ne pilo quidem minus te amabis." I like this country so well that I shall continue in it, if I can, ten years longer. The pleasure of conversing with those sages, with whom Plato, Solon, and Pythagoras could not converse without interpreters, is too great to be abandoned without reluctance, especially as their ancient language is clearly a sister of the Greek and Latin, and equal to either of them in precision and harmony. Farewell!

The following letters of Dr. Bennet also touch on the subject of Sir W. Jones's death, as well as his own probable advancement:

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin, March* 4, 1795.

I thank you for conveying Halhed's * book; he is stark mad in my opinion. The Primate says no; he is only an unbe-

* Nathaniel Brassey Halhed was one of the scholars of Harrow, and on intimate terms with Parr. His Gentoo Code gave him a favourable reputation among the students of Indian anti-

liever, and every word is in ridicule of the scripture and prophecy. I cannot think so.

I am to subscribe a guinea for something more about your church, but I am now at a loss to convey it, and it appears to me as the best mode for you to take that sum from Archdale,

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quities and customs, but his subsequent publications and conduct impressed people in general with the opinion expressed by Bishop Bennet as follows. As a public man, and a man of letters, his character is so well known that I shall only insert the following memorials of his connexion and correspondence with Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Calcutta, Nov. 5, 1773.*

Although, after a silence of two years, I cannot suppose myself to hold a very considerable place in your memory, yet I cannot give up my own consequence so entirely as to imagine you have altogether forgotten me. Indeed I do not think the flame of friendship needs quite so much of the fuel of correspondence as some of my scribbling acquaintances exact, especially when there is no particular information to be given on either side, no business to be transacted, and no regular intercourse immediately necessary. Could I at any past period have written you a single circumstance of utility or amusement, I should certainly have done it; but my life hitherto has been conducted by set forms so much, that even a voyage from England, and a year's residence in Bengal, has scarce afforded the least novelty. Now, indeed, that my life is likely to take a more romantic turn, that I am going to launch into the stream of adventure, I take the earliest opportunity of preparing yourself, and the very few I call friends, for strange and unaccountable recitals.

Give me then leave to inform you that India (the wealthy, the luxurious, and the lucrative,) is so exceedingly ruined and exhausted, that I am not able by any means, not with the assistance of my education in England, and the exertion of all my abilities here, to procure even a decent subsistence. I have studied the Persian language with the utmost application in vain; I have courted employment without effect; and, after having suffered much from the heat of the climate, spent what-

or Alexander, or any Irish friend of mine who may visit you, and I will repay him on demand; though I still propose sleeping a night under your roof in the course of this summer.

The folly and rashness of the governors you have sent us,

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ever money I brought into the country, and seen the impossibility of providing for myself for some years to come, I have taken the resolution of quitting so disagreeable a spot, before the necessity of running deeply into debt confines me here for years (perhaps for life). You are not ignorant, though your good-nature might never have hinted it, yet you are not ignorant that my own extravagant behaviour was one great cause of my leaving England; indeed, I found bad habits rooted so deeply in me, and bad connexions linked so closely to me, that I really felt no less than a distance of half the globe could separate me from them thoroughly. Thank God, I had fortitude sufficient to bear me through the trial, and as I at once quitted all my infamous acquaintances on leaving England, so I gradually acquired strength of mind and firmness of reason sufficient to see the important errors of my own conduct, and to correct them. But, granting my own labours insufficient for this end, I have had the best of all instructors, necessity, for my teacher. Without that, I am thoroughly convinced, I should never have learned any economy, and must have continued the slave of every ridiculous whim that my pocket or my credit enabled me by any method to gratify. But here I have learned that lesson by dear and daily experience, and I hope it will in some measure compensate for the time I have unavoidably lost in quitting England. You must grant, as my postulate, that Bengal is beyond conception exhausted. I say you must grant it, because, although I have fully sufficient reasons to urge, and proofs to bring, (many of which I have already laid before my father) yet in this place I have neither time nor room to explain them. I say, therefore, that as Bengal is so much altered for the worse that I find it impossible to get my bread, I have formed the plan of leaving it before my health and constitution be totally debilitated. I have written to my father in the strongest terms for his permission to quit it; but as it would be two years ere I could possibly receive his answer, that time

and the instability of English counsels, have hastened the event I have so long dreaded, and I fear very much we are at the eve of a civil war. By well-judged concessions we had succeeded in putting off the evil day, by rash ones it is accelerated. But

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is much too precious to be spent here, and also it would involve me in difficulties from which seven years of hard labour might not relieve me. My plan is to go to some other part of Europe for the present, and endeavour to procure my own living. What part of the world I have chosen for my residence, or may choose, and what plan of conduct I mean to pursue, shall hereafter be the subject of a letter from another spot; but I mean immediately on my arrival at my port of destination to write to my father. I have already requested him to permit me to take orders; I do not wish to be a burthen upon him, as I think my education, with the assistance of holy orders, and the recommendation of having been abroad, will enable me, without vanity, to get a decent subsistence by the tuition of a single pupil, or the joint instruction of many. My views, if ever they were higher, are now sufficiently humbled for any employment that can possibly be reconciled to gentility; and if a cacoethes of wealth had not dissipated all my thoughts, I should have pursued at first, with ease, the path which I am now taking infinite pains to strike into. But I have in several letters promised my father that I will not return to England without his consent; therefore, till I obtain that, I am determined to remain abroad; and though I am now fully old enough to see the ruin that awaits me if I stay here, yet I shall not break my promise in surprising him with a visit before his permission gives him room to expect me. I hear of your health and of your success by Mr. Pleydell's family, whose son I am very glad to find is with you. I live almost entirely in Mr. P.'s family, and they beg to be remembered to my quondam school-fellow. I am, my dear Sir, with much sincerity, your affectionate friend, NATHANIEL BRASSEY HALHED.

DEAR SAM, *London, i. e. Pall-Mall, No.* 16.

As you express so tender a concern for the state of my soul, and, in the true spirit of the Christianity of the tenth century,

things are far more serious than you have any idea of, but we are in the hands and under the direction of Providence, and I hope I shall have no occasion to complain, with our favourite orator, of the violence of those tempests, "Quæ per nos a communi peste repulsæ, in nosmet ipsos redundarunt."

Your friend, Dr. Routh, has not sent the fac-simile. I received from you the first melancholy news of the death of our invaluable friend in India; an event I shall not easily cease to deplore. For, independent of the personal obligations my youth has to him, how few men would be so great a public loss, in point either of ability or integrity. A tendency to

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are content to absolve me of the crime of voting for the war, on my giving up to you the full direction of my conscience in voting for a Warwickshire canal, I shall snatch, like a true dying devotee, at the proffered commutation, and give up to my ghostly guide the entire application of my parliamentary independence to the holy purposes of Mother Church; and also, in the genuine ardour of proselytism, disseminate the *new faith* among as many as I can of my brothers in iniquity. I am ever, dear Sam, yours most sincerely, N. B. HALHED.

Mark, I live in Pall-Mall.

DEAR PARR, *Pall-Mall, Feb.* 11, 1795.

I wrote you some time ago that I should certainly vote with the minority on the question for peace. Of course I fully intended it; but I have each time been prevented by indisposition. That you may, however, be perfectly satisfied of the sincerity of my resolution, I have sent you, by the coach of this day, a pamphlet, to the perusal of which I owe my determinate attachment to the cause of peace, together with another pamphlet, written by myself, that my constituents and the people at large may see my conduct in its true light, and judge it accordingly. I have only to add, that I beg you will not be deterred by grammatical minutiæ from giving the first pamphlet, a fair perusal, and *that*, previously to any inspection of *mine*, which is of infinitely less importance. I am ever, dear Parr, yours most sincerely, N. B. HALHED.

very free principles in religion, and in government, was the only blot in his great character; perhaps he would have corrected it as he grew older. The Dean of St. Asaph has sent to me, and undoubtedly to you, a circular letter, begging to have any of our friend's letters that may be in our possession delivered to him; and adds, he believes Sir William himself would have had no objection to such a proceeding. Perhaps not; but I am the guardian of my friend's honour; and though I shall have no scruple in giving the Dean every information in my power, concerning his relations, youthful habits, and pursuits, I do not think myself justified in sending letters; and I have some of a late date, containing bold opinions about men and manners. "Quàm multa enim joca solent esse in epistolis, quæ, prolata si sint, inepta esse videantur; quàm multa seria, neque tamen ullo modo divulganda."

I have no longer the power of franking, but I enjoy liberty, to which I have been for five years a stranger; and it is some compliment to my industry, that Lord Fitzwilliam keeps *three* gentlemen to fill the station I had, though he sees people * twice a week, and Lord W. saw every man at every hour. In consequence, as the information received or request made is

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* It is scarcely necessary for me to state that, when I am recording the sentiments of Dr. Parr and his correspondents, I am not always expressing my own. Still less must I be supposed to approve the remarks made by Bishop Bennet, as a political partizan, upon that most amiable and respectable nobleman, Earl Fitzwilliam. Indeed, in such veneration do I hold his character, in common I believe with every one who wishes to be thought wise or good, that I hesitated about publishing these letters of the Bishop of Cloyne till they were shown to the noble Lord. He made no objection whatever to the publication, but wished that the following note should be inserted upon his authority:

"Dr. Bennet is not mistaken in asserting that Lord Fitzwilliam *saw people twice a week*, because he saw them twice a week, and at all other times: the Bishop is therefore strictly exact in his assertion, though the manner in which he makes it may possibly lead to an unfounded inference."

always committed to the private secretary, my business was incessant. The sensation I now feel is very like that of taking my first degree at Cambridge, when I quitted the study of the mathematics, and directed my course to amusement or to improvement, as either suited the fancy of the moment.

I honour Lord F. for the Primate he has given us; I am also very much pleased, and so will you be, to learn Bishop Law goes to Elphin, a very good bishopric, in a more civilized country, with a good estate likely to fall in after a few months. His hopes and his fears, which are both excessive on this occasion, delight me much; but I have encouraged him, amidst all the uncertainty and instability of public counsels, and this morning he tells me he is safe.

I would write to you at length on the present delicate state of the Catholics in Ireland, but you now pay for my letters, and I must check my hand. I shall, however, get this franked if I can. You have never sent me your opinion of Paley's Evidences, which I think a most capital work. I am, my dear friend, yours, very sincerely, W. Cloyne.

From the same to the same.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin, April 3*, 1795.

I shall, in consequence of your advice, return Shipley a guarded answer. I do not know him, so you need not fear I shall receive any harm from the intercourse we may have on this subject. I send you Lord Fitzwilliam's defence, observing only, that, though he left this a distracted country, he did not find it one; and also, that a man who can believe, as he does, that the parliament gave him the supplies out of regard to his personal character, can believe any thing. He was a worthy well-meaning man, in the hands of violent and ambitious ones; whether he was well or ill used by the British Cabinet I care not. I know they may thank themselves for whatever consequences may arise by sending him here, for they did it with their eyes open. A large body of men here look, first, for Catholic emancipation; secondly, reform of parliament; and, thirdly, separation from England. Lord F. has rashly, and I can pawn my honour to you that he has needlessly, brought

forward the first question. By thus committing the two countries he has staggered me in my politics, for, I protest to you, I know not whether it were wiser at this moment to concede or resist; I know whichever is done should be done decidedly; but peace, my dear friend, I have often said to you, peace alone can save us.

When you have read the letters over, if you find any difficulty, ask me. On his publication of the private despatches we must be of the same opinion, and I could point out many instances of deplorable ignorance, some of unfair statement, in his whole defence. Your party has, however, now gained him decidedly, so I believe you must defend him. But why did not Pitt, if he must coalesce, join with Fox? I believe he could. I am sure, if he could, he ought. Now I will tell you a secret. The Primacy was offered to Sutton, and, if he had accepted it, I was to have gone to Norwich. Just as I thought my ground there firm it gave way under me. It was, perhaps, the fairest opportunity that could be held out to me of quitting a country rushing ignorantly and idly into a collision with Britain. I know it too intimately not to wish to leave it, but personally I have no reason for dislike. No man has been better treated than I have been by the natives, both in and out of office.

Now I am in habits of confidence, though not like . . . . . of revealing private letters, I will bring you acquainted with another curious fact. Every government, you know, has spies, (men, often, of great character in their party,) who give information of important points, by which we, I am sure, were enabled once or twice to steer clear of very dangerous rocks. When Lord F. dismissed the two head clerks, he cut off the thread of this intelligence. He does not appear to me to have even suspected any such thing. With Grattan* and, particu-

* The following notes were added by one of Lord Fitzwilliam's particular friends:

"When Dr. Bennet boasted that his informers *would hold no communication with Grattan*, he little anticipated the justice which would be done in subsequent times to the character and conduct of that great man."

larly, with Curran (the counsellor of every democrat) our informers would hold no communication. With us, from habit, they continued it. So that we,* who were out of office, were acquainted with every secret plan agitated by the Catholics and Republicans, while the Ministers of the Castle were totally ignorant of them; of which they gave in their public conduct many proofs, some of a very serious and some of a very ludicrous nature. Indeed, one of the most entertaining consequences of having been concerned in the interior of a government, is to see the odd mistakes made by persons not in the secret.

I have but one objection to preach at Hatton, and that is, my having no sermon. I have made none but Charity or Easter ones. That I know is, with you, no objection at all. If our Parliament breaks up when it ought, I hope to spend a day at Hatton before June is ended, and to assure you how sincerely I am, my dear Parr, your faithful friend,

WILLIAM CLOYNE.

It seems, from these letters, that Parr had desired the Bishop to be very careful in his communications with Dean Shipley; and, indeed, there is some reason to believe that he had himself expected to be the biographer of Sir William Jones. When Jones was about to set out for Paris, he writes thus to Parr:

MY DEAR PARR, *Sept.* 17, 1780.

To-morrow I set out for Paris, in dangerous times, and at a dangerous season. I hope to return in a month; but if it should please the Author of my being to put an end to my existence on earth, I request you and Bennet, my oldest friends,

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* "If the Bishop and his friends were acquainted with all these *secret plans*, their conduct approached very nearly to misprision of treason; but in all probability he was only making a little display of his own importance, and was as guilty of *ignorance* as the ministers whom he accuses of it."

to examine all my papers and letters, which you will find in my chamber, and to compose an account of my life, studies, and opinions (as far as you know them); but to take care that no unfinished work of mine shall see the light, much less any idle thing that you may meet with in my drawers.

I hope you are restored to health and strength. I would write more, but am very much engaged. Farewell, and believe me wholly yours, W. JONES.

After Sir William Jones's death, his papers were placed in the hands of Lord Teignmouth by his widow, and have been published, with ample illustration, and with great ability and fidelity. We have seen the reason why so little of the correspondence of Dr. Parr, or with Bishop Bennet, his two most intimate friends, is inserted. But it is not easy to conjecture why *their* letters to him between 1768 and 1783, the period when the Biographer declared his information less complete, should be omitted. It may be hoped that, as the delicacies of personal consideration are extinguished by time, many documents illustrative of the character of this wonderful man will be published. Those I have given from the stores of Dr. Parr in this work are of some importance; but there are others, perhaps, in the repositories of the great and the learned, which would complete the history of his mind—of a mind whose irradiations illuminated both hemispheres of the globe, and whose intellectual powers have founded a new dynasty of learning in the colleges of Brahmah, and by a surer though slower method than that of conquest, will finally overturn the superstition of Islam, and the idolatries of the Vedas.

I owe to the kindness of His Royal Highness

the Duke of Sussex the following sarcastic character of Parr, by Sir William Jones:

Ἔστι δέ τις ὃν καλῶς διορίζεσθαι οὐκ εὐμαρές· ἅπασιν γὰρ τοῖς ἄλλοις ἀνόμοιος ὢν, αὐτὸς αὐτῷ ἀνομοιότατα καὶ λέγων καὶ ποιῶν φανερός ἐστιν. Ἀμέλει τοιοῦτος ἐστί τις οἷος σώφρων καὶ μέτριός περ ὢν, ὅμως χλιδῇ παντοδαπῇ καὶ τρυφῇ ἐξαιρέτος ἀγάλλεσθαι, καὶ τῶν οἴνων πιεῖν, ὅσα εἴδη τιμαλφέστατα, καὶ τῶν πλακούντων φάγειν, ὅσους ἡδίστους, καὶ καθεύδειν μαλθακῶς, καὶ λέχος κοκκινοβαφὲς ἀντὶ τοῦ ἀβάπτου προαιρεῖσθαι, καὶ δύω ἄνθ' ἑνός. Καὶ πρᾶος μὲν ἤθει ἐρεσχελεῖν καὶ φιλονείκως ἔχειν καὶ ἐρίζειν, τὰς δὲ ἐρίδας ἀγαθὴν κοινωνίαν ὀνομάζειν, καὶ λέγειν ὡς χρὴ τοὺς βαρβάρους ἅπαντας, ὥσπερ φαλάγγια σαρώθρῳ ἀπωθεῖσθαι καὶ ἐξ ἀνθρώπων ἀφανισθῆναι, καὶ ὡς δεῖ ἅπαξ τῶν πέντε ἐτῶν τὸν ἐν πολιτείᾳ πρωτεύοντα πελικίζεσθαι, οὐχ ὡς πονηρὸν ὄντα ἀλλ' ὅτι πρωτεύει· ἤδη δὲ καὶ πλείους ἢ τετταράκοντα ἄνδρας μνημονεύειν οὓς ἀποπνίγεσθαι φησὶ δεῖν, καὶ τοῦ ἐπιτρίπτου τίνος δενδρῶνα ἑστηκὼς συνθεωρεῖν, καὶ λογίζεσθαι πρὸς ἑαυτὸν, ἐκ τίνος ἂν δένδρου ὁ κεκτημένος εὐσχημονεστάτως κρέμασθαι, καὶ τὸν βρόχον φάναι πάντων νοσημάτων ἴασιν πορεῖσθαι, καὶ τὴν τοῦ δημοκοίνου τέχνην ἀκριβεστάτως ἐπίστασθαι, καὶ περὶ τῶν πεπελεκισμένων καὶ κεκρεμασμένων ὀνομαστὶ μέμνησθαι, καὶ τοῦ αὐτοῦ δημίου ἀπομνημόνευμα συχνάχις ἀναγινώσκειν, καὶ δίκην ὠφληκὼς τὸν δικαστὴν βούλεσθαι κρεμαννύειν· καὶ περὶ τοῦς λόγους δεινὸς ὢν τραγικόν τι τῇ δεξίᾳ κροτεῖν καὶ σοβαρὸν λαλεῖν, καὶ μεταξὺ ἱππαζόμενος διαγωνίζεσθαι καὶ διαμφισβητεῖν, ἵππῳ τῷ τεταλαιπωρημένῳ διὰ τὴν ἐν τῷ λέγειν δεινότητα πληγὰς ἐκτίνειν, καὶ τὸ ὅλον κωδωνίζειν δυνατὸς, καὶ παρονομάζειν, καὶ δισκεύειν, καὶ ταυροκοπεῖν, καὶ τραγηματίζεσθαι, καὶ αἴλουρον θρέψαι, καὶ τρίγγισμον τριγγίζειν, καὶ ἑαυτὸν λανθάνειν τῶν ἄλλων διαφέρων.

Dr. Bennet, Lord Bishop of Cloyne, naturally comes next to Sir William Jones as the friend of Dr. Parr; indeed, he far exceeded him in warmth and length of attachment. I cannot select, therefore, a fitter place, or a better time to speak of him than the present, although much of his correspondence, from its length, must be transferred to the

Appendix. That correspondence began in childhood, and, with the exception of two or three years at the beginning of the present century, continued with unabated affection till the Bishop's death, in July 1820, when his friend followed him to the grave at Plumstead, in Kent. In the latter part of Lord Westmoreland's Administration, he had been flattered with hopes of advancement in England, which he ardently aspired after; and had Dr. Sutton been elevated to the Primacy, Bennet was to succeed him in the See of Norwich. When this scheme failed, he was actually nominated to the Provostship of Trinity College, Dublin; and most eminently qualified was he for that high office by his former habits, as a teacher of youth; by his unrivalled learning (unrivalled at least in Ireland), by his exquisite taste, by his solid judgment, by his firm but placid temper, and his unsullied purity of life and conversation. Yet, notwithstanding all these accomplishments, he was thus fiercely attacked by Mr. Burke:

I wrote to Grattan to exert himself to prevent that seminary of the Church of Ireland from becoming a matter of state accommodation or private patronage. I wrote to the Duke of Portland a long letter to the same effect. I wrote and spoke my mind fully to him against this radical job which struck at the rising generation, and poisoned public principle in its first stamen, and when I heard that one Dr. Bennet, not content with his bishopric, was so greedy and so frantic at this time, when the church labours under so much odium for avarice, as to wish to rob the members of its seminary, men of the first characters in learning and morals, of their legal rights, and by dispensation to grapple to himself, a stranger, and wholly unacquainted with the body, its lucrative Provostship as a com-

mendam.—See Epistolary Correspondence with the Right Honourable Edmund Burke and Dr. Lawrence, page 307.

Of this transaction the Bishop gives an account in the following letter to Dr. Parr:

DEAR DOCTOR,

..... The Duke of Portland having acted as Lord Lieutenant ever since he came into office, has set aside my recommendation to the Provostship, for which I know not whether to blame or to thank him.

I did not answer the College address argumentatively, but gave them back their own words; that I should, both for their sakes and my own, "weigh maturely the reasons for my determination," &c. I hear they were astonished at the politeness of their reception, so conclude they were conscious of the malice concealed in their address, and expected to be kicked down stairs.

Burke and the Ponsonbys govern Ireland; and I fear you will see in the next session the fruits of the high-flown imagination of the first, and the ignorant impetuosity of the others. It gives me pleasure that the departure of Lord Weymouth, under every foolish insult the party can heap upon him, is attended by general civility here, addresses from cities and counties, and marks of popular esteem which few falling ministers experience. He leaves us at a most fortunate moment for his own character, and England will receive him back matured by five years passed in managing points of the most delicate and important nature, cool, decisive, industrious, and intelligent. I see with pleasure the hour of my liberty approach, and am not without hopes of paying you a visit next summer. Yours very sincerely, WILLIAM CLOYNE.

It was at the end of the year 1798 Bishop Bennet cut off his epistolary correspondence with Parr for a season. Without ceasing to love and respect him, he dreaded his violence of temper and strong expressions on subjects of such intense public interest, and probably even felt some alarm lest he himself

should be implicated in the sentiments or conduct of his correspondent. It appears that he had suspended the correspondence occasionally after 1796. From 1798 to 1802 there was a complete suspension of all intercourse, and the two following are the last and the first letters on the discontinuance and resumption of the correspondence.

DEAR DOCTOR, *Dublin, July* 10, 1798.

.... As to more serious matters. What can you mean by wrongs and insults? It is not my nature to insult any one; and indeed I can say, as in the presence of God, that, to the best of my knowledge and recollection, I never did knowingly insult any human creature; and if this were not my disposition, I cannot imagine upon what grounds I could insult you. I may have wronged you, that is, I may have attributed to you sentiments which you do not entertain. For I thought, and still think, I have proof, that you have given every encouragement in your power to ....., and others, who are enemies to all the prospects of happiness I have in this world. But even with this impression on my mind, I did not accuse or upbraid you. You have a right to think as you please; and I am convinced, whatever misery you may occasion, you do it without malevolent intention. But with a French army within thirty-five miles of my house, and a band of assassins about my doors, if, in the bitterness of that moment, I suspended my correspondence with you, as the friend of men who had invited the one and encouraged the other, I cannot but think my offence was a very venial one. I took the step to avoid, not to accumulate insults. It was always my design, if I am happy enough to outlive the dangers which still threaten every thing that is dear to me, and to see peace once more, to write to you and make my apology; for, as the suspension originated with me, it was my business to solicit your pardon for the interruption. I do not therefore admit your quotation of *πανυσατον δη*.

If you feel any interest in my private affairs, I would tell you that the whole of my property, in spite of my utmost effort, is still entangled in this miserable country, except £1000

which, with great difficulty, I have remitted to England. My bishopric has paid little or nothing for these two years; and is in arrears to me full £7000, the whole of which probably, and a great part (being tithes) will certainly be lost. I have for some time let my house, dismissed my servants, and endeavoured to contract my establishment within the small circle of my remaining income.

I have also had a severe attack of the gout in my right foot, which exerted all its force and went through all its forms. It was a very unexpected and painful guest to me,

> ———Parcus qui cultor ad aras,
> Aut Bacchi aut Veneris.

May God protect you, and grant all your wishes, and may you retain some affectionate regard for one who, though your silent, is still your sincere friend, WILLIAM CLOYNE.

DEAR PARR, *Dublin, April* 12, 1802.

The war being at last ended, I hasten, as I promised, to solicit the renewal of our correspondence; and to explain the motives which influenced me to interrupt it. I have reason, indeed, to fear that this measure, which I considered as the only way to preserve our friendship, has been looked upon by you as the destruction of it; and that either the resolution itself, or the words in which it was conveyed, made me appear in your eyes, both unjust and insolent. From these charges my heart acquits me. So far from insulting, I had not an idea of offending you; and I am therefore, in justice to myself, anxious to explain upon what reasons I wished for a temporary suspension of our writing, and why I accused you of unfriendly conduct towards me.

We had very early taken different sides in the parties that divided our country. I presume you were willing to allow me, what you certainly exercised yourself, the right to form an opinion; and on my side, I felt no diminution of regard for you, because you chose to form your own. The breach grew wider; and in Ireland it was no longer a question between Fox and Pitt, but between the Protestant and the Papist; between decided republicans on one side, and those, whom you termed in

your letters to me stupid loyalists, on the other: and it involved in it the loss or the preservation of our properties and lives.

Such is the justification of my conduct, which I promised to send you, if I lived to the conclusion of the war. We are both old enough, and I hope wise enough, to be sincere with each other. I, for my part, shall be really happy to hear your conduct fairly explained, or, if convinced of any impropriety in my own, to make an apology for it. I am ready to forgive, or to be forgiven; and if I see you, when I attend Parliament the year after next, you will find no trace of any unpleasant feeling in the mind of your sincere friend, WM. CLOYNE.

Bishop Bennet was born on the 4th of March 1746, in the Tower of London, and was sent to Harrow at a very early age. We have already noticed the juvenile, we might almost term it the friendship from infancy of the three illustrious scholars, Will. Bill. and Sam. and I could easily have added much more from the papers in my possession. He was entered of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, became one of the fellows and tutors of the college, and took his Doctor's degree in 1789, having been appointed private secretary to Lord Westmoreland, and successively Bishop of Cork and Cloyne, in 1790 and 1794. In these high stations, it was natural enough for Parr to have some feelings of jealousy on the comparison of his own condition with that of the Bishop, and accordingly the correspondence exhibits him exacting more than ordinary attention from his exalted friend. Parr's mind was nevertheless full of affection and confidence. He has not left Bennet's character to be pourtrayed by a feeble hand; he has done it himself in the "Remarks on the Statement of Dr.

Combe;" and his own words will probably deliver to posterity the merits of his friend.

Among the Fellows of Emmanuel College who endeavoured to shake Mr. Homer's resolution, and preserve for him his academical rank, there was one man, whom I cannot remember without feeling that all my inclination to commend, and all my talents for commendation, are disproportionate to his merit. From habits, not only of close intimacy but of early and uninterrupted friendship, I can say, that there is scarcely one Greek or Roman author of eminence in verse or prose, whose writings are not familiar to him. He is equally successful in combating the difficulties of the most obscure, and catching at a glance the beauties of the most elegant. Though I could mention two or three persons who have made a greater proficiency than my friend in philological learning, yet, after surveying all the intellectual endowments of all my literary acquaintance, I cannot name the man, whose taste seems to be more correct and more pure; or whose judgment upon any composition in Greek, Latin, or English, would carry with it higher authority to my mind.

To those discourses which, when delivered before an academical audience, captivated the young, and interested the old, which were argumentative without formality, and brilliant without gaudiness, and in which the happiest selection of topics was united with the most luminous arrangement of matter, it cannot be unsafe for me to pay the tribute of my praise, because every hearer was an admirer, and every admirer will be a witness. As a tutor he was unwearied in the instruction, liberal in the government, and anxious for the welfare of all who were entrusted to his care. The brilliancy of his conversation, and the suavity of his manners, were the most endearing, because they were united with qualities of a higher order, because in morals he was correct without moroseness, and because in religion he was serious without bigotry. From the retirement of a College he stepped at once into the circle of a Court. But he has not been dazzled by its glare, nor tainted by its corruptions. As a prelate, he does honour to the grati-

tude of a patron who was once his pupil, and to the dignity of a station where, in his wise and honest judgments upon things, great duties are connected with great emoluments. If, from general description, I were permitted to descend to particular detail, I should say, that in one instance he exhibited a noble proof of generosity, by refusing to accept the legal and customary profits of his office from a peasantry bending down under the weight of indigence and exaction. I should say, that, upon another occasion, he did not suffer himself to be irritated by perverse and audacious opposition; but blending mercy with justice, spared a misguided father for the sake of a distressed dependent family, and provided at the same time for the instruction of a large and populous parish, without pushing to extremes his episcopal rights when invaded, and his episcopal power when defied. While the English Universities produce such scholars, they will indeed deserve to be considered as the nurseries of learning and virtue. While the Church of Ireland is adorned by such prelates, it cannot have much to fear from that spirit of restless discontent and excessive refinement which has lately gone abroad. It will be instrumental to the best purposes by the best means. It will gain fresh security and fresh lustre from the support of wise and good men. It will promote the noblest interests of society, and uphold, in this day of peril, the sacred cause of true religion.

Sweet is the refreshment afforded to my soul by the remembrance of such a scholar, such a man, and such a friend as Dr. William Bennet, Bishop of Cork; and happy am I that, before my return to the variorum Editor, my best feelings will have the most exquisite gratification from another fact, which I am now preparing to lay before the reader.

In one of his last letters to Dr. Parr, dated Montague-square, February 15, 1820, he speaks of a friendship which had lasted for more than sixty years. Another in the following April.

I am not among the worldlings who blame you for your behaviour to your tenantry; your heart is always not merely

right, it is of the highest degree of excellence, and I rejoice most heartily at this and every opportunity you have of shewing it. We have both of us much to be thankful for, but the difference is, you have deserved it, I have not. I am, with my best regards to Mrs. Parr, your very sincere friend,

WILLIAM CLOYNE.

And in his last letter:

MY DEAR PARR, *Montague-square, May* 11, 1820.

I have delayed for some time sending an answer to your letter in expectation that your friend, the President of Magdalen, would have enclosed one for you before this time. My health will not allow me to run about, as I used to do, and get a sight, at least, if I could not make myself master of such works of literary curiosity as you recommend me to read, and which never disappoint me. But since the last attack of my gout I am subject to shortness of breath and a pain in my left side when I venture either to walk or drive out, and I have not yet even been able to go down to the House to take my seat, and leave my proxy, for I dare not encounter the long nights of the approaching session. I agree with you as to hating, and as to not fearing the radicals. Go on with your catalogue, and let the foreign scholars know what a library you have had the taste and spirit to form. I shall not fail to get a sight of Lowth's Assize Sermon if it is at Lambeth, but I have not yet been there, or even seen the Archbishop. I am refreshed with the recollection of your returning health and increasing opulence. God bless you. If Bartlam is with you give my kindest wishes to him, and, though unknown, the same to Mrs. Parr. Ever yours,

WILLIAM CLOYNE.

The following letters of Archdeacon Leman will relate the progress of decline, and the close of Bishop Bennet's life:

From Archdeacon Leman, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Crescent, 13th Feb.* 1820.

I have the great satisfaction of being able to contradict the cruel report of the death of my beloved friend the Bishop of

Cloyne; for at the very time the account of his loss appeared in the public papers, I received a letter from him on the morning *of the 9th instant*, and as you are equally interested with myself in his welfare, I send you *his own account* of his situation at that time.

" The gout (he says) has been more tedious, as well as more severe this winter than I ever experienced. It is now ten weeks since I have ventured to cross the threshold, once excepted, when I drove out in the carriage, and was so much shaken that it did me more harm than good; and these constant attacks of pain depriving me of sleep and exercise, and coming upon me when I was beginning to recover a little my loss of appetite, and of flesh, has been very hard upon me. I literally do not think that I could have stood it if my niece had not been with me; and women, I have always agreed with you, are so careful and tender, and such excellent nurses, and so anxious to amuse one, as well as capable of doing it, that one of them is worth a host of male creatures."

Such, my dear Sir, is the private and confidential account I have received from my dearest friend, and although it still leaves me *greatly uneasy about him*, yet I hope that the change of air, and a milder climate, may thereby restore him to his former health. As soon as he can travel with comfort to himself, I shall press upon him his coming down to this place, where I know that he will have every comfort and attention which I can give him.

It is with great pain that I read the unpleasant account you give of yourself; and the *influenza* which has been laying waste all around me, has fallen upon me also with a very heavy hand; for I have been almost confined for nearly three weeks; I hope, however, I shall get over it, and nothing would give me greater pleasure than to have the satisfaction of *seeing you quite well* at Bath. I scarce know what I write, but I remain very faithfully your very obedient humble servant,

THOMAS LEMAN.

MY DEAR SIR, *Crescent, Bath, July* 18, 1820.

The loss of my dearest friend has so overpowered me that I can scarce see to write to you. By a letter I have this moment received from his excellent niece, I find he has appointed me his sole executor in England, which will oblige me to be in town the beginning of next week. This painful office, which millions would not have tempted me to accept, he pressed upon me so urgently when I last saw him, that I could not refuse him. He is to be buried in Plumstead Church, somewhere near London. Should you like to attend the funeral, you have nothing to do but to send word to Montague-square. I trust to your friendship to mention his death in the public papers. Alas! *I* am incapable of doing any thing but to lament the irreparable loss I have sustained. Yours most truly, THOMAS LEMAN.

MY DEAR SIR, *Crescent, Dec.* 1, 1820.

Being now able to read your letter, I can return you specific answers to all your queries. The monument, or tablet, is directed in his will; and in a private paper, left to me as his executor, he adds, "I hope the Master and Fellows of Emanuel College will let my monnment be (after the design, and with the inscription affixed to my will) placed at the north end of the cloisters." As to any alterations that you may think necessary, I leave them entirely to your pure taste and sound critical judgment; and I add only, that I shall readily pay any expense relative to the having it written by your schoolmaster. I never saw Mr. Shout, nor do I know any thing of him; but I suppose, of course, that he will rigidly follow any orders you are so good as to give him.

You cannot conceive what a weight you have taken off my mind by employing an amanuensis; for since I received the stone from Rosetta, and the brick from Babel, I have never been so completely puzzled. Your writing certainly is more mysterious than the former, and more inexplicable than the latter.

Sir William Scott has written to me to inquire if I had found among my friend's papers some letters relating to the late Dr.

Goldsmith, and which had passed between him and Burke, and Johnson and Marley, and were supposed to be in the Bishop's possession. There are none such in England, and I do not recollect ever having heard of such having been in his possession. Can you, who lived in such intimacy with the Bishop, recollect any thing about them?

I do hope, and even entreat you to pay some attention to your health, and not to neglect the *trifling complaint in your leg*; for your life is of consequence to the world, and more particularly to your friends. I remain, with great respect, my dear Sir, yours very faithfully, THOMAS LEMAN.

CHAPTER XI.

Irish Politics,—the Alexanders,—Annuity,—Warwick Meetings.

Irish politics are so much the topics of Bishop Bennet's correspondence, that under this head Dr. Parr's Irish friends will be properly associated. The Alexanders, now ennobled under the title of Earl of Caledon, became Parr's friends at Stanmore, and he has left a notice of the commencement of his acquaintance.

The writer of the enclosed, William Alexander, was not only a very sensible man, but the best mannered man I ever saw on the east side of Temple-bar. He lived in Cateaton-street, where I often visited him: he married a very sensible woman, daughter of the very odd, but ingenious and scientific physician, Dr. Monsey.* After his death she lived at Acton, Middlesex. He was uncle to Harry Alexander, M. P., and to Nathaniel Alexander, Bishop of Down. He was father of Monsey Alexander, who removed from Harrow to my school at Stanmore. He was an excellent scholar, and his recitation and tones were exquisite. He was an acute reasoner; he, by my advice, was made pupil of Sir William Scott, tutor of University College; and at lectures, whether in logic or classics, he was selected by Sir William Scott as the cleverest youth in the lecture-room; he was the friend also of the ingenious Tom Maurice. He went into Ireland, and took a country living. William, the father, died of an apoplexy: he had been sorely afflicted by the

* Mrs. Montague compared Dr. Monsey's mind to the wrong side of a piece of embroidery. With great oddities he had considerable scholarship, and he was a frequent guest in Portman-square.

gout, and went into the extreme of abstinence in food and wine. He was a truly respectable man and my friend.

Henry Alexander, Esq. M. P. and the Right Hon. and Right Rev. Nathaniel Alexander, D. D. Lord Bishop of Meath, were Dr. Parr's pupils at Stanmore, and continued his friends ever after. On one part of the politics of Ireland the following letters will display Mr. Alexander's opinions; and those letters of the Bishop, which are copied in the Appendix, will amply testify his Lordship's affectionate attachment to his old master.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Jan.* 8, 1799.

Laudari à laudato viro ea vera laus est. The agitation of the question of Union, will, in all probability, expatriate me. It is severing the families of this kingdom, and men who never differed before now differ. The remote contingencies of political results have never struck me as justifying deviations from private gratitude and private ties. I am sorely pressed upon that subject, and am reduced to one of those practical paradoxes where my gratitude to my uncle, Lord Caledon, and my duty to the country, militate most strongly. Bred a Presbyterian, his loyalty is inflexible; but it is a constitutional rather than personal loyalty; and in the union of the legislatures he sees extinction of the Irish, not a modified existence, according to the imperial interests of both.

I feel his fortune has formed the basis of our influence in Ireland. His unlimited confidence has given me a weight beyond my talents and age; I can assure you I have not been an unprofitable servant to the common interests of my family. Ten years ago, when I entered into public life, we were without a name in Ireland; now he is a Viscount, married his eldest daughter to the third oldest peer in Ireland, Lord Blayney, with his estate clear of debt. He possesses a borough; his two nephews represent Londonderry, and I hope a third will be a Bishop. All these prospects are blasted, and this edifice destroyed by this question of Union. The old man is

also torn with an idea of its removing an only and delightful son to England; and that his life, spent in the service of his country, a family of his creation, and all the imaginary and lengthened honours of his race, must be lost to Ireland, or excluded from the exertion of their political faculties possibly, except gaining the only employment that excludes satiety—I speak not of religion.

I inclose you by to-night's post two pamphlets, the best that have appeared. My uncle's hesitation forbids my taking a part one way or the other. Whether he will yield to me, or I give way to him, depends much upon collateral impressions. Should he persist, I will leave Ireland. I think it disgraceful to hold office under any administration you differ from on a substantial question. I therefore resign my situation, both as representative of Londonderry, and as a member of the Board of Ordnance.

My friends have suggested to me the possibility of going to India, connected as I am in a very advantageous situation; but I fear my want of influence, and doubt my capabilities for the situation, I mean that of a Judge. Dublin and the Midland Counties outrageous on the question, and men, otherwise not dispassionate, threatening destruction to individuals, and rebellion against the state.

The North, like their Scotch ancestors, plodding and calculating the commercial advantages, principally anxious for the continuance of the preferences now given to Irish linens.

If I encouraged instructions from my constituents, I could procure orders to support the Union; but at some other time, when they had fitted the bridle to my mouth, they might use if I once gave up Londonderry, because I consider implicit obedience an unconstitutional and unmanly promise. Cork, and the South generally, from ideas of self-interest, are in favour of the measure.

The women in Dublin, who apprehend the diminished charms of the metropolis, young lawyers, all classes of Dublin, mercantile interests, and all that low ballads, desperate caricatures, tending to every thing ferocious, and a storm of pamphlets can influence, are adverse.

But the real opposition lies in our great law officers, who,

contemptible to their profession, must sink the statesman hereafter (should an Union take place). They give a hollow and treacherous support, whilst their creatures excite public clamour.

The Speaker of the House of Commons, whose mind, unappalled by danger, fixed and determined in his purpose, versatile in his mode of accomplishing that purpose, and who has every quality of the fox, the lion, and the elephant, combined in him, still adheres to his opposition. The cudgel-play does not take place until his arrival.

Lord C——— has been a young Statesman, as I prophesied to him, in taking the Speaker to England. He now returns, endeared to the anti-unionists, a miracle of disinterestedness; whereas, had he been uncourted, unsolicited, the public would have listened to him as a man offended by inattention, an ambitious man struggling for a situation for which no pecuniary income can compensate. He has had time to feed the English oppositionists with a knowledge they did not possess, to take his measures, and, if my fears do not deceive me, to lay the grounds of apprehensions for the Church establishment that will shake England as well as Ireland. I have often chatted with him to day-light, and never upon any subject without conceiving him the first man in detailed knowledge and precise ideas in the universe. You will laugh at an Irishman's logic. Believe me, you are deceived. Proud and glorious as England ought to be of her talents, you have no man in England equal to the Irish Speaker. His varied character as a lawyer, a statesman, an artist, a mechanic, a botanist, the best planter, the best farmer, a memory that retains omne scibile de quolibet ente in Hibernia. Powers, that either in principle oppose, or, when they are defeated in detail, baffle or dwindle away all objects he dislikes, probably never existed more variously in a man. Neglected by Lord Westmoreland's Administration, postponed to the Chancellor, his mind, like the tiger's crouch, is now sprung for the leap. But should he, pray, escape that leap? It will be pursued with all the sagacity of a blood-hound, and the swiftness and the terrifying yells of our wolf-dog.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, your old school-fellow, Parnell, bold artificially, but sagacious, and, as once described,

like the whale in the ocean, lashing a foam around him that secures him from observation, when it augments his apparent dimensions, attaches himself to the Speaker, and acts against Government. But he will desert the Speaker when he sees *reason*, and will not fight longer; but, in his first affray, he has strength enough to injure the country.

I write in a great hurry as to general politics; but I apprehend this pamphlet of Cooke's you must have seen. I send it to you, however. The other is the production of a young lawyer, I believe, of the name of Burke. He published in support of Burke's Reflections; distinguished himself as possibly the most eloquent Speaker we have in Ireland; but his mind does not gather quick, and when he has unloaded himself once of the collection of the vacation, he is useless as a debater in Parliament; but he certainly is a man of talents, connected with the Agar family, I mean Lord Callan. Lord de Clifford is strong for the Union. The great southern interest of Lord Shannon fluctuates; the experience of the father for the Union; the youth of the son adverse. But they have mutually offered concession; and the son is the most valuable of our young Irishmen of rank. I think, however, he will not be outdone by the father in liberality, and force age to lead.

In short, my dear Doctor, the doctrine of probable opinions has a greater influence than we Protestants allow; and men yield to affection and honour when they can attribute no disgraceful or weak motive in their friend, and, in the common intercourse of life, find that friend their superior in wisdom.

I own (although never breaking bread in his house) I feel an obligation to Bennet for giving a living to a distant cousin of mine. I will only observe that we have little intercourse, not likely to increase, and yet, which I do not wish on my side (for my brother's sake) to diminish; for many who will not take any trouble to confer an obligation, will to deserve, and there is an extreme communication between Clerical men as to all Church candidates in the two countries.

I am, yours truly and sincerely, H. A.

P.S. My struggle is over with Lord Caledon: we differ, in all probability, but, with his usual magnanimity, he has told me, until I forfeited my own good opinion by acting contrary

to my own sense of right and wrong, I could not forfeit his. That he would preserve the same right, and felt inclined to oppose the Union to a great risk; but that, however, he would communicate with me, and if I could change his opinion so much the better.

I go off to-morrow for Londonderry, to attempt to raise the North. Dublin has its Heberts, Marats, and Robespierres; but the northerns will not fall as tamely as the Gironde Federalists.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

The question is decided by a majority of 106 to 105 in favour of the measure. The question came on in the shape of an amendment proposed to the address to his Majesty moved by George Ponsonby, whose eloquence in some degree overcame the prejudices created against him by his inaction and presumed connection with rebels during the late rebellion. The King's speech recommends the consolidation of the two kingdoms into one fabric. That was construed a legislative union, and that construction acceded to by the Governor. He moved an amendment, that, by the resolution of the House, approved of by his Majesty in 1782, the residence of the Irish legislature in this kingdom was absolutely necessary. All our zeal and enthusiasm was, I foresaw, successfully directed by the Speaker. Parnell, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, your old schoolfellow, a man of great capability to get into office, or when irritated, but in the discharge of his duty negligent, indolent, and overbearing—a great versatility of a rough manner, that either overawes delicate minds by its brutality, or, on minds of a similar mould to his own, assumes the affectation of ostentatious familiarity. The Prime . . . . . contemptible for a low cunning, sordid in avarice, but that superseded by the love of life, that has rendered him to the close eye-witnesses of his conduct in our trying times despicable, and has in this instance produced a sacrifice of his place, which he is attempting to regain by the low artifice of procuring a Bar Round Robin. I need not tell you about forty gentlemen declared rebellion their choice in case the measure passed, that they

would recur to first principles, and that a legislature might abdicate as well as a monarch.

The Speaker is chaired from the house. A young and eloquent lawyer of the name of Plunkett, who distinguished himself by an able and acrimonious strain of invective, was also chaired. Lord Castlereagh spoke in a most manly and bold manner. I bore a considerable share in the debate, but as I never send forward any thing to print, I can only give you my sentiments on the general measure, only assuring you that, as the ἡ δεινότης forms almost the only merit of a very loud and rapid elocution, my manner is more than my matter. You will laugh at me when I tell you (which you will probably doubt) that I possess the τὴν παρρήσιαν as completely as if the waters of the Shannon had never been mingled in the Aganippean stream. You first led me there, and the two last years I was at school have given me a great many first principles from the analysis of words, which leads to an accuracy of guarding against very different propositions conveyed in terms nearly synonymous. I am therefore a debater, no speaker; but useful in our arena. The credit of Government is saved only by one vote. Government have taken until to-morrow to consider. There is a great fund of what is good or evil in our national character. Numbers of gentlemen resigned their parliamentary situations; others broke through all engagements and intentions declared. So far the dulce decus patriæ et fædum servitutis nomen, overpowers all sense of private obligation and personal interest, when both were nearly highly connected with and material to public benefit. Although I write with the elasticity of mind subsequent to a great exertion, for I, with a few others, formed a phalanx round a very gallant fellow from four o'clock yesterday to one this day, and although I am seriously depressed at the licentious and anti-Anglican spirit that displayed itself, I find that, without eating or drinking, I have almost the intoxication of ebriety agitating me, or the flurry of spirits of a returned fox-hunter.

Arguments pro England—guarantee of our loans—military aid—commercial preferences in our linens—our country shaken to its basis by disturbances—continental influence—Irish Jacobinism, headed by factious parliamentary interest—jealousies,

to which independent legislatures, however united by alliances, are subject—our impossibility of bearing our own expenses—that national glory was the reputation of strength with foreign powers, and that at home our glory was founded on victories obtained by valour or conduct over our new neighbours' ancestors.

I alluded to the Amphictyonic fine, or the trophy raising in domestic wars on the other side—Irish name and character—abdicated rights of the people—injuries of 700 years standing—commercial jealousies—want of security—all that occurred at the Scotch union—nothing further attainable for Ireland, England having conceded all—British forces in Ireland—corruption—the speaker's character—Lord .....—the disinterestedness of the discharged statesmen—imputed bribery and corruption, &c. &c.

I will certainly call upon you in England. As all ministerial men are gone to bed I send you this without a frank, as possibly the intelligence may be grateful to you. I am not as great an admirer of talents as you are, but if I go to England, although disapproving of their politics, I should like to know Fox and Sheridan, not introduced for the purpose of knowing them insidiously; I wish an introduction to them, subject to the express understanding that I was not an admirer of their principles; and that my own are almost enthusiastically anti-innovatory and monarchical. Yours, truly,

HENRY ALEXANDER.

The disappointment of his hopes of preferment in the year 1789, and the desperate state of the party to which he had attached himself during the whole of the progress of the first part of the French war, made Parr almost entirely dependant on his labours as a schoolmaster. He had followed this irksome occupation upwards of thirty years, and now, being without an assistant, it became oppressive to his spirits, and affected his health. I touch with reluctance on the subject of the annuity ob-

tained for him in the year 1795. Some of those, who, in their visits at Hatton, witnessed the anxious and perturbed state of his mind, arising out of the smallness of his income in the first place, and in the second from his ill-paid labours, thought they might take advantage of the example afforded, and shelter themselves under the precedent of a subscription solicited for a most illustrious man, to reward him for those exertions which his ungrateful country had not rewarded. In the first instance it was pleaded that it was a reproach to the country that such learning and such labours as those of Dr. Parr should remain at any rate unnoticed; that such a man should be suffered to remain dependent and in penury was unpardonable. It was therefore suggested, first by Mr. Kett, of Trinity College, Oxford, to Dr. Maltby and Dr. Routh, and by them to other friends, that Parr should be raised above dependence by an annuity. It was justly thought that he had done enough to be entitled to recompense, and that his accomplishments were too great to suffer him to be the slave of exigencies; that it would be munificent in his friends to give, nor derogatory to his character for him to receive, that remuneration which the dispensers of patronage had not bestowed. The subscription was soon filled to the proposed amount, and Parr, from the year 1795, enjoyed an annuity of £300 a year paid by the Dukes of Norfolk and Bedford from the products of it. This subscription was the subject of much observation at the time, was sneered at as having made another beggar patriot, and as having

lowered the estimation of him who accepted it to the condition of a dependant and a mendicant. Nor was it approved by some of his warmest and most attached friends. Mr. Henry Alexander thus expressed himself on this occasion:

> I regret extremely what you write of your situation, the more so as I considered you (to your wants comparatively) rich. If the measure of accepting a subscription is not decided upon, I should advise its suspension. If decided upon, I would not, in that instance, state my reasons; but if not entered upon, when I hear from you, I will.

There is generally good reason for objecting to the aid of a public or even private subscription. It is a gift, without the pretence of professional service, and may therefore be pleaded as a charitable donation. But there are services which claim it, and there are oppressions and neglects which make it right and just. Be it observed that Parr had spent two-thirds of his life in uninterrupted drudgery; that he had risen to supereminent rank as a scholar and a divine, and that his only permanent sources of income, besides his small private fortune, were a living of £90, and a prebend of £17 a year. The prebend, it is true, was likely to encrease; but life was uncertain; farther patronage seemed hopeless. It was necessary therefore to redeem him from the pressure of indigence; not that he had ever squandered in profusion the produce of his labours, for he had been rather thrifty than profuse; but still something was due to encreased renown, to enlarged acquaintance, and to the possible conveniences of a longer life. It

was right, therefore, and liberal in his friends to bestow, it was proper in him to receive, the subscription and annuity arising from it; and though we may regret that it did not place him sufficiently at his ease to live without the superintendance and education of pupils for some time, yet it led the way to this desirable end.

In the mean time the political horizon grew blacker and blacker, and more violent and more alarming measures were contemplated; even the suspension * of the most sacred part of the charter of our liberties, the habeas corpus act. This PALLADIUM of the British Constitution had sometimes been removed out of sight in times of invasion or of rebellion; but now, the supposed reason for the suspension was founded, as Mr. Fox affirmed in his place in the House of Commons, "on stale, ridiculous, and contemptible facts, and on pretences on the part of the Government of an alarm which was gross affectation;" and yet such was the spirit of the times, that only twenty-eight members of the House of Commons were found to oppose it. The Act of Suspension passed. A system of rigour was acted upon by the Government, and there is a letter of exultation, written by Mr. Godwin to Dr. Parr, on the acquittal of Hardy, one of the persons arraigned for high treason, dated "this ever-memorable and ever-honoured fifth day of Nov. 1794." There are many letters of statesmen, celebrating in a tone of triumph the acquittal of this obscure in-

* Dr. Parr's constant toast was, at this time, "Qui suspenderunt, suspendantur."

dividual, as saving this country from the horrors of despotism; and Mr. Fox loudly proclaimed, when the Suspension Bill was about to be renewed the following year, "that if there had been a conspiracy, it was a conspiracy without conspirators; for, since the epoch of the French revolution there had been no actual insurrection in the kingdom, save that in which the zeal for Church and King had actually exerted itself in burning the houses of the dissenters in Birmingham." However, the scarcity in the latter part of the year, the extreme profusion of a disastrous war, and the gloomy prospect of future events, which the continuance of that war too clearly furnished, gave occasion to a seditious movement, which dared even to exhibit itself in outrage against the sacred person of Majesty itself. The nation, notwithstanding its distresses, generally demonstrated its loyalty on this occasion; and Dr. Parr, with his own true English spirit, sympathised with his fellow-subjects, and was active in promoting an address of congratulation from the Borough of Warwick to the King on his escape.

At the public meeting convened for this purpose, it was his anxious desire to promote the union of all parties, and therefore did he dissuade his friends from mingling any other question with the present address:

There can be but one heart and one voice (said he) in this assembly, and sure I am that every sincere advocate for the old and fundamental principles of our constitution, every loyal well-wisher to the honour of the crown, and to the safety of the august person whom Providence has appointed to fill it, every real friend to the peace and credit of this county, will

concur with me in thinking that the strongest effect, the brightest lustre, will be given to our present measure by unanimity. Whatever differences of opinion may subsist between us on a variety of political subjects, this I am sure is not a time to discuss such subjects, and it is a time when we ought to let all such differences lie quiet. Our prejudices, and our passions, ought to bow down in obedience to our loyalty, and if we have a real sentiment of respect to our Sovereign, we shall not, upon such an occasion as this, disgrace an act of homage by division or dispute.

To request that his Majesty will be pleased to encourage any alteration in the venerable laws of this country, must at all times be a work of great delicacy, and at this time many well-meaning and well-informed men may shrink from it as big with danger.

After arguing the admission of such topics in an address of congratulation, he concluded thus,

To feel and express detestation of the outrage that has lately been offered to his Majesty, well becomes the sacred profession to which I have the honour to belong, and is well adapted to those principles of attachment which I have ever avowed, and shall ever retain, in favour of limited monarchy, and of our own free and excellent, but mixed form of government. It is therefore my firm resolution, nay, 'tis my bounden duty to convey in some form or other, or through some medium or other, a public and unequivocal tribute of loyalty to my Sovereign. Standing in this place, I confess myself most solicitous to act with those that are present, and to confine the address to an explicit reprobation of the daring indignity offered to his Majesty, and to strong expression of joy and satisfaction we in common feel at the safety of our common protector and Sovereign.

What address was adopted by the meeting I do not now recollect; but the following was written by Dr. Parr:

We, your Majesty's dutiful subjects, the under-written inha-

bitants of Warwickshire, beg leave to lay before you our most sincere assurances of attachment to your Majesty's person and illustrious family, and our most unfeigned and solemn congratulations upon your deliverance from the danger by which you were threatened. We feel it a sacred duty to your Majesty, and to all our fellow-subjects, to express our abhorrence of the outrages which have lately been committed in the capital, when going to perform the momentous and constitutional functions of the regal character in the House of Parliament; and confiding, as we do, in the strength and sufficiency of those laws which the wisdom of our ancestors have provided for the safety of your Majesty's august person, and for the dignity of your throne, we anxiously hope that every secret contriver, and every daring abettor of those shocking enormities will be speedily detected, and exemplarily punished. Convinced that your Majesty looks with an eye of compassion on the privations with which your subjects are now afflicted through the dearness and scarcity of provisions, the accumulation of taxes, and the disastrous events of war, we rely upon your Majesty's paternal goodness to employ such measures as may restore to an affectionate and dutiful people the inestimable blessings of plenty and peace.

This outrage furnished a further pretext for encroachments on the British constitution, ushered in by a proclamation, commanding the magistrates to discourage, prevent, and suppress, all unlawful assemblies, and the distribution of all seditious publications; and followed up by the enactment of two bills brought in by Lord Grenville and Mr. Pitt, one "an Act for the safety and preservation of his Majesty's person and government against treasonable and seditious practices and attempts; the other, "an Act for the more effectually preventing seditious meetings and assemblies." These bills were esteemed by Dr. Parr as aiming a deadly blow at the vitals of the constitution, and nearly establish-

ing a despotism. Boldly did he proclaim his opi nion, that they constituted a treasonable attempt against the liberties of the country; and before a large company assembled to celebrate his birth-day on Jan. 26th, 1796, he stoutly proposed the toast, "Bills for the necks of the authors of the two Bills."

The fatal measure of suspending cash payments by the Bank of England in the following year, gave Ministers an unlimited command over the resources of the country. The practice of borrowing was thus trained into a system, admitting every excess of profusion and prodigality. The future was mortgaged at an easy rate, and ruin thus crept into the estates and concerns of men, without their being aware of the slow-speeding mischief. That mischief, indeed, was foreseen by the prudent, and the ruin likely to flow from it was not left to proceed without the warning voice of the wise. Other fearful events occurred daily; a mutinous and revolted navy—Ireland nearly in arms, together with the menaces of additional calamity, at length roused a part of the people to petition for a removal of Ministers and a change of system. Warwickshire, as a county, had seldom acted on Whig principles. In this emergency it was stirred with difficulty, yet, by the perseverance of Dr. Parr, at last effectually. A requisition, highly respectable, was signed and sent to the High Sheriff, Robert Knight, Esq. of Barrells, who convened the meeting on the 31st of May, 1797. The following letter of Mr. Greatheed, of Guy's Cliff, near Warwick, to Dr. Parr, breathes

a spirit which the awfulness of the times had inspired into many other gentlemen in the county:

MY DEAR SIR,

If Lord Guildford and Sir Francis Burdett have joined us it is very good. I did not know the latter had any property in the county. As to Sir ——— I like not neutralists in such times as these, however politely it may be garbed; it is one thing to think a measure impolitic, and another not to support it when once embraced; and as to his fear of producing disunion in the county, that paltry excuse of paltry and selfish politicians, I am sick of it. God grant that we may produce disunion in the county! The union we have had has nearly proved fatal to England. There is one passage in the address which requires alteration; it is this, "a contest which, having *ceased* to be *necessary*, can *scarcely* be deemed just." We, as well as our friends in Parliament, have constantly and invariably denied that it ever was either necessary or just, which this sense admits it to have been; nay, after this necessity, so granted, has ceased, it hesitates to pronounce it unjust. Adieu, ever yours, BERTIE GREATHEED.

The majority of the aristocracy of the county was against the Petition. It was, however, carried by a majority of those present, though some doubts have been cast upon the propriety of Mr. Knight's determination. All doubts, however, must end, since we have the evidence of that upright and accomplished gentleman, the late Sir John Throckmorton, in the following letter to Dr. Parr:

DEAR SIR, *Curzon-street, June* 13, 1797.

Having been witness of the proper and impartial conduct of Mr. Knight, as Sheriff, at Warwick, on the 31st, I shall seize, with pleasure, the opportunity of signing any paper which will make a public attestation of my sentiments on the subject.

Mr. Knight has just been with me, and shewn me a letter he has received from Lord Warwick, in which he disclaims all per-

sonal reflections, though he adheres to his opinion that they had the majority of numbers. This, I believe, will finish the correspondence, and Mr. Knight will now draw up his statement of what has passed. I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

J. THROCKMORTON.

Mr. Fox's opinion of the Petition is contained in the following letters to Dr. Parr:

MY DEAR SIR, *South-street, Nov.* 19, 1795.

I return you many thanks for your two letters, and am very glad things were so properly settled at Warwick. If you think there is a reasonable prospect of success, I own I could wish there were some attempt made to get a petition from your part of the country against the two Bills now pending. It is impossible, even for those who most wish to be blind, not to see that they are a part of a decided system calculated to bring on, as speedily as possible, what Mr. Hume calls the euthanasia of the British Constitution.

I am, very sincerely, dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

MY DEAR SIR, *South-street, May* 12.

I received your letter last Monday upon coming to town, after a few days holidays in the country; and I hope you will think the agitation we have all here been in, on account of the state of things at Portsmouth, a sufficient excuse for my not having till this day found an opportunity of answering it.

I think nothing can be more proper than the draft of the petition you inclose, and shall think it a great triumph if it succeeds in a county so little disposed to Whig modes of thinking as Warwickshire is supposed to be. Sir George Shuckburgh has voted with us pretty steadily this winter; whether this is likely to have any effect among his constituents you can judge better than I.

Affairs at Portsmouth, by this morning's account, seem to have a far better aspect, and, for the *present*, I should hope things will be quiet. The worst news is every day apprehended from Ireland. Yours most faithfully, C. J. Fox.

In preparation for the Warwick meeting, Dr. Parr wrote down a speech, which he intended to deliver in moving the address and petition. That petition went to the removal of Mr. Pitt, and, as Mr. Pitt's financial abilities were the ground of his support by the nation, Parr entered into minute calculation to show his errors and his profusion. He showed that the actual charge for interest of the debt, accumulated in one year of the French war, exceeded, by more than a quarter of a million, the whole charge for eight years of the American war. Again;

Let us compare (said he) the debt as it was found by Mr. Pitt in the year 1782, £6,688,000. per annum, and as he made it up from 1792 to December, 1796, £6,701,000, and we shall find that the debt produced by all the wars in the reigns of William, Queen Anne, George I., II., III., up to the last year of the American, fell short of the annual charge made upon us for four years during Mr. Pitt's war, up to December 1796, by £13,000.

He then enters further into long calculations, and, after detecting some gross errors, ends with the following animated declamation:

Whether this difference is to be imputed to want of penetration, or want of veracity, I shall not determine; but in either case he forfeits his title to the confidence of every man who, with the smallest appearance of consistency or sincerity, can pretend to common sense or common honesty in matters of calculation. I do not deny that the Minister has done his best, I am not eager to convince his prejudiced or venal admirers that other Ministers would have done better; but I contend, in defiance of refutation, that the most negligent blunderer, or the most adventurous spendthrift, or the most dexterous deceiver, could not have done worse. By squandering the public money with such prodigality, he resembled what Montesquieu

says of the tyrant's laying heavy imposts upon his miserable slaves. He is like him who takes his axe, cuts down the tree, eager to gather the fruit.

The Petition itself was conceived in the same spirit, and couched in the same forcible terms; and, for the second time, the great aristocratical influence of Warwickshire was obliged to yield to a renovated spirit of opposition.

These views of politics met with few reciprocations of sentiment from the great majority of those who had power or votes in the nation. The little band of Opposition went on, however, in steady phalanx; they stood like a rock of adamant in the midst of the battle; faithful to freedom and to the true cause of their country; unmoved by the scorn or the menaces of the besotted, or the misguided, or the mistaken. Nor did it require any common degree of fortitude to repel the base attempts, or to withstand the hostile attacks, of the armed majority. From 1793 to 1800, the friends of Mr. Fox were, in fact, the friends of their country. Yet were they despised, and taunted, and almost hissed out of the social intercourse of their countrymen.

After the passing of the two Bills, the hand of power pressed heavily on the lowest classes of opposition, and an example of its ridiculous excess was exhibited at Hatton in the treatment of one of Parr's parishioners. By some foolish frolic of one of Parr's pupils, a tailor at Hatton, of the name of Smallwood, was represented to the Earl of Warwick, Lord Lieutenant of the county, as entertaining revolutionary projects, and concealing arms for the

purpose of overthrowing the government. The Lord Lieutenant, impelled probably by the duty which belonged to his high station, commanded the tailor's house to be searched. His lordship had himself an interview, either at the time, or soon after the search, with the family of Smallwood, and, it is said, excused himself for so rigorous an exercise of his power by the notoriety of the jacobinical principles of the parson of the parish. It is believed that neither arms nor ammunition were found; that the implements of his trade were the only offensive or defensive weapons possessed by the suspected mechanic;* and I can readily conceive that the Lord Lieutenant, who was a very good-natured man, would laugh at the consequences of the frolic when he became undeceived. Dr. Parr was more aggrieved by the term applied to him, and less readily appeased. He wrote a very angry letter to Lord Warwick, who very faintly denied having called him a Jacobin, and, indeed, did not appear to be very anxious about keeping on terms with the Doctor. Dr. Parr must have deeply offended him by his conduct in the election for the borough of Warwick, in 1789. He then pledged himself, by public advertisements, for Mr. Greville, in direct opposition to the interest of the Castle; and there is an interesting correspondence between him, Mr. Ladbroke, and Mr. Greville, on the subject, which,

* The tailor's wife sent the searchers into the garden, after they had looked over the house; intimating that their only arsenal was there.

with the electioneering hand-bills, are now before me. Dr. Parr was so angry with Lord Warwick on this occasion, for what he conceived his encroachments on the independence of the borough, this unkind treatment of his brother, Mr. Greville, that he printed, or rather gave to Mr. Ladbroke to print, an invective against Lord Warwick, which, for poignant satire, and vigorous elegance of style, might be compared with the best or the worst productions of political rancour. This letter is preserved, and was designed to be published without inserting the names; but I think we have consulted the real dignity of our friend's character by omitting it. In a happier moment, and with the best feelings, he commanded the memorials of his angry controversy with two other gentlemen to be buried, as much as they could be, in oblivion. He had vented his rage against Lord Warwick when in the height of his controversial career; and, perhaps, had not fresh bitterness been poured into his soul, there can be little doubt that the resentment itself would have passed away. But when the Lord Lieutenant of the county had almost officially exhibited him as a traitor, he was quite right to demand satisfaction, and by every means to enforce justice. He did demand satisfaction, but justice he did not obtain. He threatened—his menaces were scorned; and Lord Warwick insultingly desired to be one of the subscribers to any work which Dr. Parr might publish against him. Parr did not print his second letter; but he never forgot the wrong he had sustained. Both the letters remain; and when all the

delicacies of personal consideration, and all the ranklings of party jealousy, shall have died away, they may be published as specimens of the enormous power of vigorous and enlightened intellect, when it holds the thunder-bolt in its hand, and darts the lightning of invective.

It is my painful duty so frequently to exhibit Dr. Parr under the influence of the angry passions. No man, however, indulges in them with impunity: they shake the bosom in which they rage, and the moral, no less than the physical man, becomes diseased and deformed when they agitate him unduly and unceasingly. It is our interest, therefore, as much as it is our duty, to put an end to them in time: for an end to them there must be; we cannot live in whirlwinds and in hurricanes.

CHAPTER XII.

Spital Sermon,—Alderman Combe,—Mr. Godwin, — Dr. Samuel Butler, — Dr. Burney, — Dr. Charles Parr Burney, — Amanuenses, — John Bartlam,—Mr. E. H. Barker,—Mr. Shackleton.

Mr. Alderman Combe was chosen Lord Mayor of London in the latter end of the year 1799, and in his official capacity, appointed Dr. Parr to preach the Spital Sermon. Dr. Parr performed this duty with great ability. As a composition, his discourse will not suffer by a comparison with any of his predecessors, and even in length, it, perhaps, exceeded most of them, though in this respect, Dr. Isaac Barrow was longer in delivery by an hour. Dr. Parr was not quite two hours; Dr. Barrow, it is said, was three.* Whatsoever might have been the fondness for long sermons, and it was a fondness certainly not patronised by the Court; a fondness much lessened even from the good old times; certain it is, that our contemporaries shewed some sign of impatience at the additional hour, and that

* "Marshal and Burgess (says Hume), two puritanical clergymen, were chosen to preach before them (Long Parliament), and entertained them with discourses seven hours in length."

even the Court of Aldermen was not quite exempt from some manifestations of restlessness. Barrow's sermon, as it is printed, consists of 39 folio pages: Dr. Parr's of 51 large octavo, with 212 of notes.

This sermon may be considered as the first direct metaphysical effusion of Dr. Parr's pen. Part of it, indeed, was professedly pointed at Mr. Godwin, and we shall soon take occasion to notice Dr. Parr's most vigorous and satisfactory answer to this able writer. The metaphysical part, however, is not that which stamps the highest value on this composition. It was the last public effusion of his sentiments on general education, now matured by the experience and studies of more than fifty years; and closes a series of didactic discourses, unrivalled in our own language, for originality, learning, and eloquence. For, in the intermediate time between the sermons preached at Norwich and the Spital, Parr frequently proclaimed his sentiments on popular education from the pulpit, and four sermons are published in these works, for the first time, on Liberality and Charity, the beneficial effects and right application of labour, and on Benevolence in all its relations to man. The first of them was preached at Coventry; the second at Bewdley; the two others at Birmingham.

In his first discourse at Norwich, Parr had advocated the cause of the poor, in the most simple form of public address. He spoke of no systems, he condemned no theories. As a Christian minister, he pleaded for his kind, and sought instruction for him that had it not.

In the enlarged discourse, he not only advised; he attacked. The systems of the author of the fable of the Bees, and of Emile, were his marks; and he directed the shafts of his learning, his reasoning, his wit, and even his satire, with irresistible force against the theories of those sceptical and eloquent innovators.

His first sermon was practical; his second was polemical and philosophical; the four others were practical and philosophical. The Spital Sermon associated all these qualities together. It, perhaps, may be regretted, that Dr. Parr wasted so much power in overthrowing a neglected dogma in the Spital Sermon. The poet* had already put the philosophy of the question in its proper light; and the gigantic theologian † had made that philosophy accommodate itself to the tenets of orthodoxy. The massive club of his learning was not, therefore, required to crush it.

Universal, or unlimited philanthrophy, as the key-stone of a system of ethics, has neither coherence nor solidity, To feel kindly towards all men, and to wish well to all men, is the natural bent of every undebauched mind; for he who protects his own household, and has no unjust propensities, either in regard to gain, or irregular desire, can have no bad feelings. The high-wrought sensibilities of romantic life indeed, may picture the ideal

* "Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake, &c."

† The sturdy antagonist of Crousaz in "The Republic of Letters," 1742-3, and the author of a "View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy," particularly the third letter.

form of entire perfection. Perfectibility thus becomes a part of the philosophy of such heated fancies—and fancy, when it moves only in its peculiar sphere of action, is an useful adjunct to our existence. But if it ever interfere with our sober duties, it is no longer innoxious; by stirring up the more solid qualities into froth, they lose their powers, they cease to invigorate, and end in nothing.

Formed for *particular* offices, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, friends, protectors, all our duties are proximate not remote, social and co-relative. The laws of society, and common humanity, exactly define our duties as citizens; and whensoever we endeavour to expand them into universal philanthrophy, they elude our grasp, and become incontrolable and impracticable. How absurd would it be, to spend our main efforts, and wishes, and fortunes, in making and devising comforts for the Esquimaux. Our estimate of human misery, and our wishes to relieve it, must be formed under our own observation, and made with our own hands, or by our own efforts, to be just and to be beneficial. If we have a superflux, to be sure, we may send it abroad. In general it is better for us to look and work at home; and if we look keenly and honestly, we have business enough to do.

Parr's Spital Sermon is especially valuable, by directing us to this practical view of men and things. "Let us do good unto all men, especially to those that are of the household of faith," was his text. Particular benevolence is our main duty.

Christian benevolence points out the course of performing that duty — the household of faith. Not confining our benevolence within a narrow range, but specifying the household of faith as the chief objects, that the principle might not be left without limitation.

The notes to the Spital Sermon take a compendious view of the systems of ethics of the philosophers of all ages, and the compendium is illustrated copiously from the vast magazine of Parr's learning.

I have ventured to make the notes very copious (says he) because I wish to save my reader the trouble of consulting books, and because I was anxious to place distinctly in his view, the opinions of eminent writers, on the interesting subject of benevolence.

On justice, in which term, "all our social virtues have been resolved, by one writer, and all our duties included by others," he has set forth such premises as will enable the reader to form a judgment of the use to which *all* writers have applied it; and showing

That the ancient writers did not set justice in *opposition* to any other social virtues, such as gratitude, liberality, or parental affection; that they did not erect systems upon the basis of justice, nor employ the colossal weight of the term, in crushing other moral excellencies, which, *together* with justice, were considered as pillars in the temple of virtue.

The great note on benevolence, at page 65; on atheism, at page 91; the defence and praise of the universities, at 107; and the long list of great and

good men which they have produced, admit of no abridgment. The connection of Ethics with Theology, and the doctrine of rewards and punishments, as it is *really* laid down in Scripture, close this extraordinary volume, in which Parr unfolds his metaphysical modes of thinking, and his Ethical code, and some even of his theological opinions more at length, than in any of the works he had hitherto published. I wish there were space enough to include every word he has written in defence of the *old establishments*, the English Universities.

The vulgar opinions, and erroneous judgments, formed by those who are not acquainted with them, shrink to nothing at the touch of Parr's Ithuriel spear, and overwhelmed in prejudice must that intellect be which is not enlightened by his argument, although dazzled by the blaze of illustrious names with which he has adorned his page, and demonstrated his position.

Before I advert to some of these names, the dear friends, or the learned correspondents, of Dr. Parr, it behoves me to take notice of certain criticisms and attacks made on the Spital Sermon and its author.

In the first place, we have seen in reviewing the attack made on Dr. Parr by the author of the Pursuits of Literature, that it was *deemed ridiculous to compare the Birmingham Doctor with Dr. Sam. Johnson;* and yet it was unjustly urged against him that he mimicked Johnson's style.* Wishing to

* See Cradock's Memoirs, vol. iv. p. 325.

speak with due reverence of so great a man as Johnson, I listen, however, with impatience to such observations. In his early life, indeed, he did not disdain to imitate and applaud that style, and throughout life he was the sincere and the warm admirer of Johnson's great powers, and of the developement of them under such unpropitious circumstances. None, however, but silly worshippers, or zealot partisans, could deem it ridiculous to compare Johnson and Parr. In weight of intellect they were nearly matched; in copiousness of diction Parr was superior, though the indistinctness of his utterance made Johnson's slow and ponderous elocution more impressive. In learning Parr was a thousand strong, where Johnson had only his hundreds; but he had a tenfold superiority in another and a more important quality of a debater. Those who were in the habit of frequenting Johnson's company, however awed they might be by his gigantic strength, could not fail to observe that he too often used it like a giant. The centre of a circulating system of his own, a sort of literary despot, he suffered no rival near the throne, and when he was contradicted he always resented. His conversations of course generally became contests, and in these contests his chief struggle was for victory. In the heat of argumentation I fear it cannot be denied that he was accustomed to use unlawful weapons; and that he voluntarily confounded some of the distinctions, *veri et falsi*, to bewilder his antagonist. I speak this *only* of his verbal disputations, not of his writings.

Parr was as eager for victory as Johnson, but his scymitar was never drawn or wielded against the truth. He would sometimes parry the brave thrusts, and sometimes play with the feeble assaults of his antagonist; but never, never did I hear of his striking at the naked truth. The wily sophist he was sure to expose—the frothy wrangler he was sure to overthrow. But he met with few rivals in disputation, because he had few equals in eloquence or learning; and perhaps there is no instance in the records of learning in which a mighty mind scattered its great stores with such prodigality as did Dr. Parr. What lighted his pipe would have been illumination enough for many an ordinary scholar. Burke was his chief idol—Johnson he worshipped also. His household gods were the sages of all periods of civilization, and of all nations.—His style sprung out of his profound learning, and his intellectual energy and dexterity; and became less perfect only when he chose to select from the stores of others that which he possessed in greater abundance and excellence among his own.

The Spital Sermon brought forth a reply from Mr. Godwin. He had visited Hatton in October 1794, and professed that he recollected with singular satisfaction the happiness he enjoyed in Dr. Parr's company and conversation, and that he never spent a week with higher personal pleasure. He afterwards spent several days at Hatton in 1795, with as much satisfaction. They corresponded, and it does not appear that the correspondence was broken off till December 1799. In that month a

letter, supposed by Mr. Godwin to be important, remained unanswered, and there is no other letter till April 24th, 1800. In the mean time Dr. Parr preached his Spital Sermon. Mr. Godwin either heard it preached, or somehow became acquainted with the language and sentiments of it, and wrote a complaint to Dr. Parr in consequence. The following is Dr. Parr's reply:

SIR, *Tuesday, April 29th,* 1800.

I have read your letter attentively, and I believe that you know enough of my various and importunate avocations in London, to consider them as a sufficient excuse for the delay of my answer. "You designed (it seems) to ask me whether I had received a letter from you written in December last?" "You meant" also "to have listened to know whether intention, or simple forgetfulness, had caused it to remain unanswered?" You further represent it, "as appearing to yourself not an ordinary letter, but one the author of which was entitled to a reply." If you had seen me, and spoken what you thus wrote, I should not have given you the trouble of *listening* to hear my answer. Without professing to adopt your system about the undistinguishing disclosure of truth, I shall follow my own, which appears to me equally sound and salutary.

A parcel came to my house in December last when I was absent. Upon my return I opened it, and found four volumes, together with a letter, which, from the direction, I knew to be from you; I read only the preface to your novel, and afterwards having heard from Mrs. Parr some account of its contents, I felt no curiosity at the time to look into them. I happened to be then very busy upon subjects which were far more interesting to me, and perhaps if I had been more at leisure, yet I might not have found myself disposed to read your book, till I knew the opinion entertained of it by the very sagacious person whom I had desired to peruse it. Certainly, Sir, I was not for one moment insensible of your civility in sending it to me. But I had determined to return it to you; and the reluctance I felt to do what might seem to you ungracious, made

me put off from day to day the execution of what I intended. I now thank you, Sir, for sending me the book. I apologize to you for not making any acknowledgments sooner; and after my arrival at Hatton I will take the earliest opportunity of conveying back to you the volumes, which, for obvious reasons, I cannot keep without impropriety.

Your letter I laid aside, and as I did not expect to find the contents of it agreeable to me, I left it unopened. With some uncertainty whether I should or should not venture to read it, I afterwards looked for it in my library and could not find it. But my search was not very diligent, and I suppose that some day or other it must fall into my hands. I cannot, however, pledge myself either upon finding to read, or, upon reading, to answer it.

I have told you, Sir, with all possible plainness every circumstance I remember about your letter and the books; and in consequence of what you wrote to me the other day I think myself justified in confessing that I now am not disposed towards you entirely, as I once was.

Your letter of April 24th goes on thus—"This subject dismissed, I should then have mentioned your Sermon of Easter Tuesday. I spoke in the letter above referred to of Mackintosh's lectures, in which that gentleman, without the manliness of mentioning me, takes occasion three times a week to represent me to an audience of an hundred persons as a wretch unworthy to live." Indeed, Sir, I must congratulate myself upon not opening a letter containing a passage so offensive to me as this misrepresentation of Mr. Mackintosh, be it accidental or voluntary. From various quarters I had heard of the ability and success with which Mr. Mackintosh had combated opinions which you are supposed to hold, and of which I am accustomed to disapprove. But I never was told by other men that he had been guilty of any unbecoming personalities towards you; and by Mr. Mackintosh himself I have been informed that he never insulted your character, never pronounced your name, never even opposed your tenets as holden by yourself exclusively. You will, therefore, permit me to express my fixed belief, that what you wrote in your former letter, and have repeated in your last, is utterly unwarranted

by the conduct of Mr. Mackintosh in his lectures. Of his genius, his judgment, his erudition, and his taste, I have always thought and spoken with high admiration. From the doubts which I may now and then have entertained of his firmness, I am happily relieved; by experience I am convinced of his sincerity in friendship, and for the important services which he is now rendering to a cause which is most dear to my heart, I gladly give him the tribute of my thanks and my praise.

I return to your letter, in which you say "your Sermon, I learn from all hands, was on the same subject, handled I take it for granted, from what I know of your character, in a very different spirit. I am sorry for this." Be assured, Sir, that you have done no more than justice when you acquit me of describing you as a wretch unworthy to live. I hope, Sir, you are not sorry *for this*.

For the principles which I defend in the pulpit I am conscious of an awful responsibility, not only to society, but to Almighty God, and it is at my own peril that in speaking of my fellow creatures I forget the obligations which lie upon me to preserve the candour of a gentleman, and the charity of a Christian. Let me hope for this also you are not sorry.

In your letter you thus proceed: "Since Mackintosh's lectures it has become a sort of fashion with a large party to join in the cry against me. It is the part, I conceive, of original genius to give the tone to others, rather than to join a pack after it has already become loud and numerous."

So far as the foregoing passage contains a statement of facts relating to other men, it may, or it may not be just; so far as it contains your general opinion upon the duty of men who are endowed with original genius, I am inclined rather to admit than to controvert it. But if it be meant in any degree whatsoever to contain a particular accusation against me, I must lament the want of precision and the want of fairness in the writer. Sir, I lay no claims to that original genius which is to give the tone to others. But I have too delicate a sense of decorum to join a pack because it is loud and numerous, or to act with a party because it is large, or to repeat any cry against you because it is fashionable. I trust, Sir, that upon re-considering what you have thus written, you will be very sorry for

it; and let your motives be what they may when you wrote the passage above mentioned, and let your feelings be what they may when you have re-considered it, I have no hesitation in pronouncing it quite unauthorized either by what you know of my general character, or from what you can have heard from any man of sense about my late sermon at Christ Church.

"These subjects," you proceed to say, "were better adapted for a conversation than a letter; and I much wish they had been so treated. Every difference of judgment is not the proper topic for a grave complaint."

Confessing myself at a loss to find any close connection between the beginning and the conclusion of the foregoing paragraph, I am under the necessity of replying to them separately. If the subjects upon which you meant to speak to me were those upon which you actually have written to me, I think that they may be discussed more temperately and more correctly by letter than by conversation; and, of course, I very much rejoice that they have not been treated in the manner in which you very much wish to treat them. True it is, that every difference of judgment is not the proper topic for grave complaint. But if I had joined a pack against you, there would have been reason for very loud complaint on your part; and if you in conversation had accused me, as you seem to accuse me in writing, of having acted thus unbecomingly, I should have complained of you not for weakness of judgment, but for rashness in reproach, not for differing from me on a point of opinion, but for calumniating me on a point of fact.

I now quote your concluding paragraph: "If, however, both my letter and my visits would have passed unnoticed, I am entitled to conclude that you have altered your mind respecting me. In that case I should be glad if you would answer to your own satisfaction what crime I am chargeable with now in 1800, of which I had not been guilty in 1794, when with so much kindness and zeal you sought my acquaintance?"

The letter you wrote to me on the 24th of April does not pass unnoticed. Your visit entitled you to civility: and yet I am under the painful necessity of acknowledging that I do not wish you in future to give yourself the trouble of writing to me any more letters, or favouring me with any more visits.

Upon the alteration of my mind respecting you, I can speak entirely to my own satisfaction, though not without some doubts upon the degree in which you will be glad to find that I am satisfied.

I never sought your acquaintance, Sir, with any zeal. I received you with kindness when you were introduced to me by Mr. Mackintosh; and in all our subsequent interviews I have treated you with the respect that is due to your talents and attainments. But before the year 1800 I had ceased to think of you so favourably as I thought of you in 1794.

I had not in 1794 read in your Enquirer the passage where you speak so unjustly and so irreverently about the founder of that religion of which you know that I am a teacher, and of which you can have no reasons for doubting but that I am a sincere believer; and in truth, Sir, though I found in that book many judicious observations upon life, and many pleasing instances of your improvement of style, still your misstatement of Christ's meaning, and your insinuations against his benevolence, have recurred to me again and again, and from the resemblance they bear to the impious effusions of M. Voltaire, which I have lately read, they have displeased, and ever will displease me more and more.

I had not, in 1794, been shocked in common with all wise and good men by a work which you entitle "Memoirs of the Author of the Rights of Woman."

I had not discovered the dreadful effects of your opinions upon the conduct, the peace, and the welfare of two or three young men whose talents I esteemed, and whose virtues I loved.

I had not then seen your eagerness and perseverance in employing every kind of vehicle to convey to every class of readers those principles which, so long as they appeared only in the form of a metaphysical treatise, might have done less extensive mischief.

Above all, Sir, I had not considered the dangerous tendency of your tenets, with the seriousness which the situation of the moral and political world has lately produced in my mind, upon subjects most interesting to the happiness of society, and to the preservation of that influence which virtue and religion

ought to have upon the sentiments and the actions of mankind. I am, Sir, very sincerely your well-wisher and obedient humble servant, SAMUEL PARR.

I believe Dr. Parr's acquaintance with Mr. Godwin was not renewed, for I find that he returned St. Leon, one of his works, with the following note.

For reasons which were some time ago communicated to Mr. Godwin, Dr. Parr takes the liberty of returning him a book which has been read by Mrs. Parr, Mrs. Wynne, and Catharine, and he begs leave to unite with them in thanks to the courtesy of the writer. In the sincerity of his soul Dr. Parr wishes Mr. Godwin health, prosperity, and such a state of mind as, united with the possible and proper use of his great talents, may obtain for him a lasting reputation among wise and good men, and secure his happiness both now and hereafter.

Mr. Godwin replied in a pamphlet, after the publication of the Spital Sermon, entitled, "Thoughts occasioned by the perusal of Dr. Parr's Spital Sermon; being a Reply to the attacks of Dr. Parr, Mr. Mackintosh," &c. In this reply he says (alluding to Dr. Parr),

He is not an apostate, or not an apostate in the sense in which the persons there referred to are such.

Thus, directly asserting, in some sense, he is an apostate. Again,

Though I do not accuse Dr. Parr of tergiversation, or tergiversation of the same sort as theirs whose conduct he is now imitating,

is language accusing him of some sort of tergiversation. Again,

His head and his logic have, I believe, scarcely ever been favourable to experiments, or to speculations which might lead to experiments for meliorating the political condition of mankind. I have always found him the advocate of old establishments, and, what appeared to me, old abuses. But in this respect his heart seemed to my apprehension much better than his logic.

Again,

And, independently of Dr. Parr's sanction, which is too easily gained, and too easily forfeited, for me to be disposed to lay much stress upon it.

This last sentiment has at least been copied by one of Mr. Godwin's friends, and quoted against Dr. Parr; and it is not improbable that the others have been re-echoed by his disciples. Whether Mr. Godwin had any right to complain, or to complain in the way he does, of the desertion of Dr. Parr and Mr. Mackintosh, I decide not.

In the list of those scholars who distinguished themselves in the English Universities, Parr has noticed only those of his own personal friends and pupils who had become eminent by authorship or station, or who had sunk prematurely into the grave. Among the former he has spoken of Richard Porson, τοῦ πάνυ θαυμαστοῦ; Dr. Charles Burney, τοῦ κριτικωτάτου καὶ πολυμαθεστάτου; Dr. Routh, τοῦ ἑταίρου ἔμου φρονιμωτάτου καὶ δικαιοτάτου; Mr. Twining, of Colchester, τοῦ Αττικωτάτου. The late John Tweddell of Trinity College, Cambridge, he characterised,

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit,
Nulli flebilior quam mihi.

Among other names are Thomas Maurice, Henry Headley, Thomas Monro, Dr. Martin Davy, and Sir Thomas Rivers, "my worthy and accomplished pupils;" and such was his sense of what was due, even to partial merit, that he did not forget the name of William Beloe. The general enumeration renewed many old acquaintances, and healed some misunderstanding between Parr and his friends.

On the occasion of *his* name being inserted in this list of worthies, Mr. Butler, Head Master of the school at Shrewsbury, wrote to acknowledge his sense of the compliment. In September, 1791, began Dr. Parr's acquaintance with him, then a boy leaving Rugby School, and actually, or about to be, entered at Christ Church, under the tuition of the present Dean. By Parr's interference this plan was changed, and Cambridge was chosen, as more likely to be conducive to the interests of the young scholar, who had been introduced to his notice by the merit of a copy of Latin verses. Mr. Butler was entered at St. John's in 1791, and the following year distinguished himself by gaining two University prizes, and, during his residence, by securing every classical honour of the University, and, at last, a Fellowship of his College. From 1793 to 1801 there appears to have been no intercourse. It was in this interval that Butler established himself as a scholar, was preferred to be Head Master of Shrewsbury School, and was, in 1802, presented to the living of Kenilworth, his native place. In 1806, on the resignation of Dr. Ingles, he was candidate for the place of Head Master of Rugby School. Parr felt the utmost zeal on this occasion;

but his zeal was unavailing, though exerted for the interests, and on the behalf of one whose learning was scarcely surpassed, and whose diligence and skill in the instruction and management of youth were unrivalled, and who appears to have been the only candidate on the day of election who had been educated at the school; a qualification which, independently of the credit he had obtained for the school by gaining more classical prizes at the University than *all* the scholars which had been sent from it, gave him a claim to preference, *cæteris paribus,* above the other candidates, under the Act of Parliament *then* existing for the regulation of the school.

The following letter contains the only testimonial given by Parr, who did not choose to make any personal application or appeal to the trustees, as he himself has stated in the following letter:

DEAR SIR, *Caius Coll. Cambridge, Dec.* 12, 1806.

When the Head Mastership of Harrow was vacant, I pointed out a plan to your learned namesake, which he followed punctually and successfully; and when an appeal to the Archbishop, as visitor, had become necessary, from equality of votes among the electors, I wrote to Sir Samuel Romilly a letter, which found its way to his Grace, and to which he paid the attention due to my experience as a teacher of young men, and to my fidelity in the recommendation of a candidate.

During my residence at Hatton I have not been a careless observer of the events which have occurred at Rugby, and much information has reached me about the choice of Masters, the appointment of trustees, the disposal of scholarships, the process of examination, the general plan of instruction and government, and the constitution of the school, as regulated by Parliament. In regard to the present trustees, I understand them to be men respectable for rank and fortune, and I think

that they must have the advantage of many local circumstances to direct their judgment. But I have the honour to know some of them, I am slightly acquainted with the rest, and for these, as well as other and perhaps weightier reasons, I feel a considerable reluctance to address them in the language of direct and formal recommendation. If I were writing a book, you should find me ready and earnest in doing justice to your meritorious exertions, and your judicious opinions on subjects of literature. On the present occasion I have no hesitation in communicating to you what I have already stated, and shall hereafter state, to the scholars of this kingdom, on the marked and solid pretensions you have for Rugby. You were educated on the spot, and must thoroughly understand the peculiarities of the system which is established there. You stood high in the esteem of Dr. James, to whose erudition, and activity, and integrity, every boy, every parent, every trustee concerned in the school, must owe the most important obligations. You did credit to your Master by the whole course of your academical life, and it will give you pleasure to be told that your literary qualifications are highly valued in this place, and that a great anxiety for your success has, in my presence, been repeatedly expressed by persons whose praise must be animating to you, and whose good wishes are founded on their conviction of your distinguished merit.

To ample, and, I add, more than sufficient store of erudition, you add acknowledged diligence, long experience, and, what I value yet more, a sincere and generous zeal for the improvement of every person entrusted to your care. Mr. Butler, I know the extent and variety of the qualifications upon which you may rest your claims, and therefore, not so much from personal friendship for yourself, as from a well-grounded and well-directed anxiety for the intellectual and moral interests of our youth, I most unfeignedly wish you success.

You have my prompt and full permission to shew this letter to your friends; for I consider myself, not as conferring a favour, but as discharging a duty, when I send you this memorial of my approbation, respect, and confidence.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful well-wisher, and obedient servant,

S. Parr.

Dr. Butler did not succeed. It was the good fortune of Shrewsbury not to lose him: for from thence have proceeded, since Dr. Butler's system has been in full work, more prize scholars than from any one other establishment, of similar magnitude, in England. The letter to Mr. Brougham may this year (1828) be enlarged by the addition of 23 public prizes gained in the English Universities,* besides far more numerous ones in their several colleges, and various other academical honours and emoluments gained by his scholars, among whom my affectionate friendship for an eminently learned and distinguished young man irresistibly impels me to insert the name of Benjamin

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* Dr. Butler, I trust, will pardon me for making public a list of honours gained by his pupils to the present time, March 31, 1828, which admits of few parallels.

Browne Medals, *Cambridge*	8
Chancellor's Medals	5
Porson Prizes	4
Members Prizes	7
Bell Scholars	3
Ditto voted equal (one of them his own son)	2
Senior Classic	1
First Class Classics	6
University Scholars	3
Ireland Scholars, *Oxford*	2
Vice Chancellor's Prizes, *Dublin*	7
	48
To these may be added :—	
Seatonian Prize, *Cambridge*	1
Norrisian ditto	1
	50

Hall Kennedy, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Some domestic disturbances having occasioned the removal of Mrs. Wynne (Dr. Parr's eldest daughter) to Shrewsbury, she received the kindest attentions that declining health and unhappy circumstances admitted, from Dr. and Mrs. Butler. Their kindness was of such a nature, and was so bestowed, as to demand more than common gratitude. The two great scholars were united inseparably, and when, in a moment of anguish, Parr, torn from the natural ties of his family, was obliged to look out for heirs to his fortunes in aliens to his blood, he fixed on John Bartlam and Samuel Butler. In happier times, restored to his grand-children, and with increased resources, he finally bequeathed to Dr. Butler £1000, with many smaller tokens of kindness to his family.

In a letter, dated October 7, 1816, Parr's opinion of Dr. Butler is so fully stated in a few words, that, reserving an account of the funeral sermon for the close of this work, I shall quote it, such as it is, a true and affectionate memorial of friendship.

DEAR NAMESAKE,

O namesake, namesake, how affectionate is my regard for you, how deep and sincere is my respect for you. Yesterday I saw ——— for an hour. He is a noble fellow, and his intellect might be parcelled out with advantage among half a dozen Porsonians. Let us meet at Christmas, and meet often. I am bound to silence about the Professorship. It is a chaos of confusion: there is intrigue, and there is artifice, and twenty other vile things, in which you and I should disdain to have any concern. When you come hither my lips will be unsealed.

Maltby is the man who ought to be preferred. I am indignant at the Lambeth interposition.....

God bless you. Dr. Samuel Butler, you are a real Scholar. You have taste and sense; you have integrity and magnanimity. You are my esteemed, beloved, and respected friend, and therefore I am yours heartily, S. PARR.

And again, in a letter to Dr. Burney, dated Feb. 5, 1818, he says:

In heart, Samuel Butler, of Shrewsbury, is equal to any man in Christendom—in head, he has only two superior through the whole circle of my friends. He has no *envy*—no INSOLENCE—no servility.

With the celebrated Charles Burney, D.D. Dr. Parr became acquainted in 1783, and their correspondence, which commenced at this period, continued till Dr. Burney's death in 1817. The early correspondence is chiefly employed on critical subjects, on reviews written by Dr. Burney, with solicitations that Dr. Parr would undertake certain reviews himself, and give literary assistance to the London Magazine, of which Dr. Burney undertook the editorship, as appears by the following letter:

Chiswick, Aug. 7, 1783.

How ungrateful must I have appeared to you, my dear Sir! How unworthy the kindness I have experienced from you! But while you, in all probability, have been condemning me, I have been praying in the words of Dioscorides:

Αὐτόμαται σοὶ κρῆναι ἀναβλύζοιεν ἄκρητον,
Κ' ἦκ' μακάρων πρόχοαι νέκταρος ἀμβροσίην.
Αὐτόμαται δὲ φέροιεν ἰὸν, τὸ φιλέσπερον ἄνθος,
Κῆποι, καὶ μαλακὴ μύρτα τράφεντα δρόσῳ.

In short, I have never for a moment forgotten your goodness. But you shall hear how I have been engaged, and then I am sure you will relent and forgive me.

Soon after I received your last packet, which contained a treasure of learning and taste, I sent the former part of the article to the Review. I then had the editorship of the London Magazine offered me, with a very handsome salary. I was not in a situation to refuse so tempting an offer; but, as the size of the book was to be doubled, and the price raised, I was obliged to employ every leisure moment in collecting materials for the first number. Towards the end of June, as the papers probably informed you, I *commenced Benedict*, and immediately after the ceremony Mrs. Burney and myself set off for Birmingham, and were absent from Chiswick almost five weeks. On my return I found your kind letter, but my every hour was now employed in getting the Magazine ready for publication by the 1st of August, which was no easy task to achieve, as we began to print on the 15th of July instead of the 1st. I was, however, the printer allowed, indefatigable; and the book was ready in time. I have now a little leisure, and employ it in pleading my defence before one whom I would not, on any consideration, offend. Am I forgiven? Pray let me know, or at least inform me, how I may gain the place I once flattered myself I held in your favour. Will you write?

Αἰεὶ ζητήσω σὲ——σὺ δ'——
Τοῦ Λήθης ἐπ' ἐμοὶ μὴ τι πιῇς πόματος.

or, as Jortin has imitated it:

Tu cave Lethæo continguas ora liquore.

I have sent the conclusion of the article H———d to Griffiths, and have finished with the passage of Cicero about the school of Isocrates, for which I am much obliged to you. It is an excellent *winding up*.

Quod spiro et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

The Mag. will, I find, employ much of my leisure time, and half the Greek I was wont to read must content me. This is a circumstance which I most sincerely regret; but the offer was too lucrative in my situation to be rejected.

Might I ask Dr. Parr, do you think, my dear Sir,—Remember, I request *your* advice as a friend; might I ask him if he ever scratched down any critical or miscellaneous morsels on

any subject, no matter what, which he would wish to be published, so that the author's name was unknown? May I trouble you to put this question to him, as I should insert any thing from him with infinite pleasure, and could venture to assure him that no human being should ever know from whom the communication was received.

Adieu, my dearest Sir. Pray favour me soon with a letter, and believe me to be ever, with real respect and the greatest regard, your most obliged friend and servant,

CHARLES BURNEY.

In another letter, which is of great interest on account of a mention of the last days of the critic Toup, he says:

Pray have you heard lately of Toup. I last week received an account from a friend, who lives near Exeter, which grieved me excessively. He says, "You inquire about Toup. He lives (if he may be said to live at all) at Loo in Cornwall, the other side of the Plymouth river. He is reduced to a state of almost total idiotism! Canon Moore of Exeter was lately lamenting him very bitterly to me; and Archdeacon Hole informed me, about two months since, that three of his *colleagues* were nearly in the same state, viz. Dr. Dodwell, Mr. Toup, and Dr. Colwell, a physician of Plymouth. They were all of Exeter College in the Archdeacon's time, and all eminent for their abilities, though in a different way."

I cannot describe the painful feelings to which the perusal of this account gave rise. I know him only from his works. I need not cry out, with the chorus in Œdipus:

Εἴθε σ' εἴθε μήποτ' ἰδόμαν.

But yet,

Φεῦ, φεῦ· δύσταν'. ἀλλ' οὐδ' ἐσιδεῖν
Δύναμαί σ', ἐθέλων πολλ' ἀνερέσθαι,
Πολλὰ πυθέσθαι, πολλὰ δ' ἀθρῆσαι.

In another of his letters he speaks of the declining health of another great man:

I sat with Dr. Johnson for an hour last week; he received your compliments very thankfully, and was very sorry for your misfortune.* I am sure he will be glad to hear that you are so well recovered as to write yourself. He is far from well, and I shall be much afraid for him if the winter be severe. I am rather a favourite with him, and seldom go to town, if I have any time to spare, without calling on him. His faculties were not at all impaired by the paralytic stroke in the spring, though he does not articulate long words so clearly as he used to do.

In another letter, dated Dec. 21, 1784, he says:

Yesterday, my dear Sir, I followed our ever to be lamented friend, Dr. Johnson, to his last mansion—non omnis moriar—multaque pars mei vitabit Libitinam—should be engraven on his stone. He died with the same piety with which he lived; and bestowed much pains during his last illness in endeavouring to convince some of his friends, who were in doubt, about the truth of the Christian religion. He has left behind him a collection of small Latin compositions in verse. They are principally translations of Collects and Greek epigrams. He was followed to the Abbey by a large troop of friends. Ten mourning coaches were ordered by the executors for those invited. Besides these, eight of his friends or admirers clubbed for two more carriages, in one of which I had a seat. But the executor, Sir John Hawkins, did not manage things well, for there was no anthem, or choir service performed—no lesson—but merely what is read over every old woman that is buried by the parish. Surely, surely, my dear Sir, this was wrong, very wrong. Dr. Taylor read the service—but so-so. He lies nearly under Shakspeare's monument, with Garrick at his right hand, just opposite to the monument erected not long ago for Goldsmith by him and some of his friends. His Latin pieces will be published, but when, or how, I have not yet heard. They are principally in the hands of the worthy Mr. Langton. Poor Frank is left £70 a year for his life, and residuary legatee. * * * * * * * * *

* Dr. Parr had hurt himself by a fall from his horse.

You will find Griffiths very glad to see you, though his memory failed him, with regard to White's Sermons, about which I spoke, as soon as I arrived from Norwich; yet he thinks of Dr. Parr as I would wish him to think. He begs his best compliments to you, and if you can return the proof in a very few days, he shall be much obliged to you; but if you cannot, he proposes reserving it till next month. So his note of this morning says. You will, therefore, my dear Sir, act as you think right. The Cicero, at any rate, must wait. The Manilius, you see, makes about ten pages. It is *set up* in this form, in order to enable you to add, or diminish, or alter, as you please, which if it had been *set up* in pages of the review size, could not have been done so conveniently. Believe me, ever truly yours, C. BURNEY.

There is an interesting letter from Dr. Burney, father of Dr. Charles Burney, to Dr. Parr, dated Sept. 7, 1783, concerning the last sickness and death of Mr. Bewley of Massingham, the philosopher, who, "for more than twenty years supplied the editor of the Monthly Review with an examination of innumerable works in science, and articles of foreign literature, written with a force, spirit, candour, and, when the subject afforded occasion, humour, not frequently found in critical strictures." In the correspondence, there are several secrets with respect to reviews, and especially the Monthly Review: a few of these, and of Dr. Burney's other letters, containing notices of his classical occupations, and of Dr. Parr's two celebrated publications, will be published in the Appendix. Among the closing correspondence is an official note from Dr. Burney, who is employed by the Princess of Wales to invite Dr. Parr to dine at Montagu-house, Blackheath; and in the other papers are

some classical compositions in Greek and Latin, sent by Dr. Burney to Parr for criticisms and correction. The following is the dedication of Scapula's Lexicon from the manuscript of Dr. Askew, printed, as it was, in the ancient characters, from the correction of Parr; but containing four typographical errata, which are now removed:

ΑΝΤΩΝΙΩΙ · ΑCΚΕΟΥΙΩΙ ·
ΤΩΙ · ΜΑΚΑΡΙΤΗΙ ·
ΤΩΙ · ΤΗΝ · ΙΑΤΡΕΙΑΝ · ΔΕΙΝΩC · ΕΡΓΑCΑΜΕΝΩΙ ·
ΚΑΙ · 'ΑΠΑCΗC · CΧΕΔΟΝ · ΠΑΙΔΕΙΑC ·
ΜΑΛΙCΤΑ · ΔΕ · ΤΗC · 'ΕΛΛΗΝΙΚΗC ·
ΑΚΡΙΒΩC · ΤΕ · ΚΑΙ · CΠΟΥΔΑΙΩC ·
ΤΕΤΥΧΗΚΟΤΙ ·
ΤΟ · ΛΕΞΙΚΟΝ · ΤΟΥΤΟ ·
'ΟΙ · ΩΝΗCΑΝΤΕC · ΠΟΤΕ · ΕΚ · ΤΩΝ · ΑΥΤΟΥ · ΚΕΙΜΗΛΙΩΝ ·
ΚΑΙ · ΕC · ΤΟ · ΚΟΙΝΟΝ · ΠΡΩΤΟΝ · ΕΚΔΙΔΟΝΤΕC ·
ΕΥΕΡΓΕCΙΑC · ΚΑΙ · ΠΟΛΥΜΑΘΙΑC · ΧΑΡΙΝ ·
Γ · Λ · ΚΑΙ · Ι · C ·
ΒΙΒΛΙΟΠΩΛΑΙ · ΛΟΝΔΙΝΙΝΟΙ ·
ΑΝΕΓΡΑΨΑΝ ·
ΟΓΔΟΗΙ · ΕΠΙ · ΕΙΚΑΔΙ · ΙΑΝΟΥΑΡΙΟΥ · ΜΗΝΟC ·
Χ · ℿΗΗ · ℿΔΔΔ · ΠΙΙΙΙ.

Throughout the whole of Dr. Parr's letters, will be seen his estimation of Dr. Burney's great learning, "the deeply learned," "the very learned," "ὁ κριτικώτατος καὶ πολυμαθέστατος;" but the inscription which he has written for his tomb in Westminster Abbey, and which was erected to his memory, at the expense of his grateful pupils, is a public and lasting memorial, no less of Dr. Parr's exquisite taste and profound learning, than Dr. Burney's merits, as a man, a teacher of youth, a Christian, and a scholar.

The correspondence bears ample testimony, likewise, to the merits of Dr. Charles Parr Burney, of Greenwich, Dr. Parr's godson, the inheritor of many of the best social qualities of his father, and of a large portion of his learning and accomplishments. Vide Appendix.

Parr, perhaps, was unjust to some of his amanuenses, by not including them in the large list of academical worthies noticed in the Spital discourse; at least writing at this day without exact information respecting the ages of those who are now eminent, and of the publicity of their performances at that time, it appears strange that some noted names should have been omitted. Plures aliorum industria facile adjiciet, was his own remark. The best scholars, and the best writers among his pupils, were generally employed by him as his amanuenses, when he was composing. At Norwich, Dr. Maltby was very frequently employed; at Hatton, Dr. Davy, and the present Chancellor of Winchester, the Honourable Augustus Legge; but the lot soon fell on John Bartlam, after his arrival at Hatton, and in after-life, when Parr could get him to Hatton, or catch him any where else. Of this dear friend and companion of my life, I shall say a few words.

He was sent from Rugby, for an offence against discipline, and was received by Parr, with the consent of Dr. James, Master of Rugby school, with almost fatherly kindness. He deserved this protection; he was a boy of the kindliest disposition, of the highest powers, and considerable learn-

ing; but he required such a master as Parr to urge him on; for nothing but force could overcome his natural indecision, and his constitutional idleness. And now he wanted the guardian eye of a father, no less than the restraining hand of a master: for John Bartlam's father, who, through the influence of the late Marquis of Hertford, became an officer in the militia, whilst in attendance on his patron at Sudbourne, was drowned within view of the mansion. His excellent widow did her utmost for three surviving children, thus bereaved; she placed them all at Rugby, and had the satisfaction before she died to see them all in honourable stations. Thomas, the eldest, afterwards became Precentor of the Cathedral Church of Exeter, his father's patron having become his patron also; and John, from the tuition of Parr, became successively Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, Vicar of Tettenhall by the patronage of Sir John Wrottesley, Bart. Minister of Studley by the patronage of Robert Knight, Esq. of Barrels, then Vicar of Beoley by the patronage of Holmes Hunter, Esq. and finally of Ponteland, by the patronage of his College. With every capacity for acquiring the higher degrees of human knowledge, and with the actual acquisition of some very useful and ornamental branches of it, John Bartlam throughout life never pursued any regular system of learning, when the eye and the hand of the master were withdrawn. His love of company, and his convivial qualities, were a snare to him; he loved his friends, who were many, and was beloved by all who knew

him. No man ever entered so warmly into the interests of others, and none more earnestly expressed their zeal for objects of his humanity, when he was once engaged. Yet had his idleness lucid intervals; he composed his essay on liberty in the midst of gay society, and no one knew that it had been composed, not even Parr himself, till the Chancellor's prize of the University of Oxford was adjudged to him. For his hospitality let me appeal to all those who remember Alcester, and that well-furnished table, long gladdened by the presence of the kind-hearted and generous Robert Bartlam his brother. To his learning, and his taste, and his good heart, the large circle of his friends, both in the University and throughout the country, will bear witness; nor can it be doubted, had his diligence kept pace with his capacity, or if he had taken advantage of the previous instructions of his master, to whom he was the child of his fond affections at first—in after time his bosom friend, and finally destined to be one of the heirs of his fortune, there can be no doubt that he would have been a shining light in his generation. John had suffered often from paroxysms of despondency and melancholy. In one of these fits he came to me, as he was wont, for comfort; he went back with his brother the Precentor, to Exeter, much recovered. At Exeter he was entirely recruited by the brotherly kindness of the Precentor, went to London apparently in good health to visit the Hon. S. Eardley, and died in a moment in the public room of a bookseller. He was buried at Alcester, and was followed to the grave by his mas-

ter (Parr), the head of his College Dr. Peter Vaughan, his dearest friends Mr. Eardley, and the writer of this narrative; besides Mr. Palmer, the Rector of Alcester, the Rev. H. Holyoake, Rev. Mr. Heath, Mr. Jones, and several other clergymen and gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

Of Parr's wants, an amanuensis was the most pressing, next to his pipe. His hand-writing, indistinct at best, became perfectly chaotic, and a scrawl not to be unravelled, when his mind was in the heat of composition.*

Sir William Jones and Bishop Bennet often charge him with this defect early in life, and in the correspondence there are innumerable complaints of readers being unable to decypher his letters. Mr. Roderick says, "Parr wrote well, or better when a boy. The earliest copy of his writing, the narrative of the drowning of Thomas Wright, written when he was scarcely thirteen, his early sermons, and his Esther do not prove this assertion; they are truly what he himself termed a chaotic scrawl. When in a hurry, in all parts of his life, it was the same; a sort of hieroglyphic.

The character of men's minds, it has been said, may be discerned in their hand-writing. When the hand is for a long time, and almost solely directed to fine writing, it is certain that the art may be acquired, and that early habit and instruction will tend to perfect

* The editor of these volumes fears that, in transcribing from Dr. Parr's manuscripts, errors may sometimes have been made which are not attributable to the press. In fact, the difficulty of ascertaining some words correctly is inconceivable to those who are unacquainted with Dr. Parr's hand.

it. But in those plans of instruction which make fine writing subordinate to quickness of conception, and the necessity of learning a given quantity of task in a limited time, the hand-writing is sure to be neglected. Haste will at first form characters of writing less distinct than those manufactured at leisure, in repose, and slowly distilled, drop by drop, from a cold and wary intellect.* Parr always regretted the defects of his hand-writing as mainly diminishing his capability of usefulness, and his means of independence; for dependent he was whensoever he had any important work to execute, on the assistance of his pupils, or his friends. It is infinitely to be regretted, therefore, that he had not employed from the beginning of his literary career some one regularly in this capacity. Had such a secretary been constantly at his command—had he not depended on casual services, it is more than probable that he would have been induced to prosecute some great work to its termination. Two or three such works were conceived by him, but never completed.

Mr. E. H. Barker was the amanuensis who remained the longest with him of those who had not been his pupils at Hatton. During his stay with Dr. Parr he was employed to copy multitudes of letters, to take note of an infinity of classical and

* Yet the author of those books will not be envied, of whom it can be said, "Quos non minori in meditando quam *scribendo* cura et industria edidit, Καλλιγραφίας pariter et Καλογραφίας *æque* studiosus."—Bajerus de elegantia manuum erudit. Regiomont. 1719. Surely the mechanical cannot be put on an equality with the intellectual part of writing.

theological remarks, to transcribe some sermons, and to catalogue a part of his library. The longest composition undertaken by Parr in his time was a treatise on the Sublime, intended for the use of Mr. Dugald Stewart; but I fear that this learned treatise cannot now be published with the other works. Of Mr. Barker, in the capacity of Dr. Parr's amanuensis, I shall not take a final leave. His great learning and unwearied diligence have since been employed on more than one literary labour of importance, and Dr. Parr has inserted him among the Pleiad of English Greek scholars, which are named in another place.

Mr. Shackleton was another young scholar who served Dr. Parr in the capacity of amanuensis, and was protected by him, for a time, with parental kindness.

To all these individuals, and to all young men of letters, however irksome the task of an amanuensis, the benefit and instruction derived from the labour was inestimable. To be the instrument of recording the thoughts of such a man as Parr—to see the workings of his rich mind, and to be the dispenser of the stores which it poured out, could not fail to be a source of lasting advantage to any one capable of receiving instruction. Something must have adhered while the young intellect was plastic, and something must have been impressed from a stamp of such force. Perhaps most of Parr's pupils received an indelible impression of the master from this exercise, for there were very few of the more competent who were not employed by him at some time or other.

In 1805, Parr was called, by his friend and pupil, the Rev. Martin Davy, D.D. Master of Caius College, Cambridge, and Vice-Chancellor of the University, to preach the Commencement Sermon. The name of this learned and excellent man was introduced among the worthies of the Spital Sermon, for he had risen to great and deserved eminence in his Profession, in his College, and in the University. Nor could even the fastidiousness of Porson withhold from him the just meed of praise in characterizing him

Amicum.....acerrimum Græcarum litterarum cultorem, patronum, vindicem, Cantabrigiæ nostræ decus, et delicias, ac Collegii Gonvilli et Caii Magistrum, MARTINUM DAVY, S. T. P. Τὰ ἱερὰ ἔοντα πρήγματα ἱεροῖσιν ἀνθρώποισι δείκνυται.—Kidd, p. 321.

And on his election to the Mastership of his College he thus congratulates him:

DEAR DOCTOR,

I heartily congratulate you, and your friends, and the College, and the University, on your well-deserved promotion. Ζηλῶ τε σοῦ μὲν Ἑλλάδ', Ἑλλάδος δέ σε. I shall not trespass upon your time with a long letter, occupied, as I take it for granted you must be, with the circumstances attendant on your elevation, and with the swarm of addresses that invade you from all quarters. Neither shall I amuse myself with foretelling the future glories of your reign. I never but once ventured on a similar prediction, and then my success was such as completely discouraged me from setting up for a prophet again. But a passage from Cicero had long lain rusting in my mind, which passage I had almost despaired of introducing, when lo! the occasion, which the gods hardly durst have promised to my wishes, revolving time threw in my way. Est tibi gravis adversatio constituta et parata incredibilis quædam expectatio: quam tu una re facillimè vinces, si hoc statueris, Quarum laudum gloriam adamaris, quibus artibus ex laudes comparantur, in iis esse laborandum.

I venture to copy one public document with which Dr. Davy is supposed to have aided the cause of a friend, as an example of the JUNIAN properties of his style and composition.

Extract from The SUN of 27th of March.

To Dr. ————.

SIR, *St. John's College, Cambridge.*

That I may, in no instance, appear to imitate your example by committing an offence which I am too obstinate to retract and too weak to defend, I must bespeak your indulgence for a deviation from justice, into which the nature of the present subject has unavoidably led me; I mean the impossibility of addressing you in terms at once appropriate to your conduct and becoming my own character. Suffer me, however, to remind you that a week has now passed away in silence since the publication of my letter; and give me leave to inform you that, after an imputation upon their honour and morality, men susceptible of those sentiments but ill brook such an irksome delay. You must excuse me then, if, for a moment, I disturb the solemnity of your repose, by telling you that your substituting sullenness for dignity, and obstinacy for firmness, is an artifice which can impose only on yourself; and your enemies will but be too apt to recollect and apply, as expressive of the present state of your mind, a much admired passage of a celebrated historian: "Non tumultus, non quies, sed quale magni metus et magnæ iræ silentium est." Do not apprehend that it is my intention to require of you to come forward and prove your charge, or apologize for your accusation, for this would be a measure at once manly, spirited, and open, and therefore such as, under the present circumstances, I will not insult you by expecting; but I mean merely to caution you against mistaking impunity for success, and to assure you that there are few, even of your own friends, who can look without strong marks of disgust upon a conduct which so grossly violates the best established laws of polished society.

I cannot, however, conclude without adding this consoling

circumstance (which, to a mind like yours, must be productive of the greatest happiness and exultation), that at the bar of truth to have been *at once* the convict and the accuser, to have been insolent without power, and daring without spirit, will hereafter mark you out only for contempt, and screen you from resentment. I am, Sir, &c. M. D.

The altercation which gave rise to this, and to the former letter to Dr. Pennington, happened in consequence of Dr. Harwood's having had occasion to observe that

He believed it to have been pretty generally understood that Dr. P. had for some time past deputed his practice at the Hospital to another person; and Dr. H. is both ready and able to prove his assertion incontestibly when called upon.

Of the estimation in which Dr. Davy was held by his Master there are many notices in the book, of "Vir optimus," the "very learned," the "singularly acute," and a variety of other epithets which his intimate knowledge, his confidence, and his friendship, enabled him to employ. Dr. Davy has published very few of the learned effusions of his pen, compared with the stores which he is known to possess. He re-published at the Cambridge University press, by Parr's desire, "Cattieri Gazophylacium Græcorum:" an elegant brochure on the note of the nightingale; and some mention is made of other compositions in his own and Dr. Burney's letters. I lament that I have no letters of Dr. Parr to Dr. Davy. Some of Dr. Davy's will appear in the Appendix.

Parr's Commencement Sermon, preached when Dr. Davy was Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, is

not published in the collection of his works. From an University pulpit, perhaps, it may be useful or ornamental to pour forth Greek quotations on a solemn occasion, when the most learned Members assemble together. That which is unusual requires, however, more than common dexterity to recommend it; nor can all the learning of the deepest scholar command attention, if the enunciaciation of the scholar be imperfect, and his sentences are not understood. With the utmost emphasis and ardour did Parr declaim pages of Greek quotation to illustrate his subject. The audience listened, but they smiled, and I fear they comprehended too little heartily to approve.

Dr. Parr unfolded a portion of his metaphysical system in the notes to the Spital Sermon, but that system was greatly enlarged, when he became acquainted with the work of Collier, and corresponded with Dugald Stewart. Besides the ancient philosophers, Tucker's Light of Nature, Adam Smith's Moral Sentiments, Bishop Butler's Sermons, Hutcheson's Inquiry, Hume, Lord Kaimes, Reid, Mr. Godwin, and Mr. Jeremy Bentham, afforded him his chief authorities, and the chief topics of disquisition.

The criticisms on Mr. Jeremy Bentham's Discourse on Legislation began their friendship, and Mr. Bentham * addresses Dr. Parr, in the second

* The following memorandum of Dr. Parr, is historical of Mr. Bentham's early life: "Mr. Lind, vicar of Wivenhoe, was father of the celebrated Mr. Lind, tutor to the late King of Poland, the friend of Jeremiah Bentham, A. B. of Baliol College, a deacon of the Church of England, and afterwards, by Lord Mansfield's management, admitted as a barrister."

letter he wrote to him, that I find in the collection, thus:

MOST HIGHLY VALUED,
THOUGH SO LATE FOUND FRIEND, *Sept.* 16, 1803.

Reason in abundance, in that vocative, besides the capacity for rhyme. Whereabouts and what doing will this find you, I cannot so much as conjecture, without a degree of anxiety, which I hope an answer from you will put an end to. It was a long, long while ago, it is scarce worth while to hunt after your letter to see how long, that you alarmed me with hints about severe shocks, and but inchoate and even precarious convalescence. One thing is still certain. Parr is still in the land of the living, or all the living (besides the living-hunters) would have known of it.

I have two calls for the remnant of the travelling season; one to Birmingham, the other to Essex, not very far from Cambridge. Between Cambridge and Birmingham I hear there is a coach; ergo, a road. The coach may travel to Old Nick for me, for I am sick in the stewing boxes they call coaches, but the road may possibly be of use to me. Which visit to pay first, I cannot decide. My Essex friend pleads, I wish I could say *shams*, as you did. But once more I hope to find the plea withdrawn on your part. As for Hatton, should the parson be as lively as a turtle, I have for the present only time to reconnoitre.

About the 20th of last month, called here your friend Mr. Symmons, and left the philippic. I am glad my name is not Antony. A few weeks ago I head from Romilly that Antony had an execution in his house, and was, for the hundredth time, ruined; but more completely and irretrievably than in any of the ninety-nine. A few days after, what should I see in the newspaper, but his free will offering of £10,000. Mr. Symmons I had not the pleasure of seeing; the servant announced a name that was unknown to me; I sent H. K.* to speak to him, and before I understood where he came from, the bird was flown. A few weeks, or rather months ago, I was at

* Herbert Koe, Mr. Bentham's amanuensis.

length honoured with a long expected letter from Mrs. Wynne. A pretty trick you served me. You dressed up an old scare crow in a cast off wig of your own or Dr. Price, with a *ban yan* under it, and then said to her, Molly, or Jenny, or whatever else is her name, *this is the man* you are to write to, and so the poor dear lady sat down to write with the fear of the rod before her eyes, frightened out of her pretty wits, forsooth, for terror of having offended me. Well and true it was that a rod was already between us on the carpet; but the proposed wielder of it was the lady; whereupon my business with it, as I well remember, was, not to wield it but to kiss it. Whereas, bating a few grey hairs of so, &c. &c. &c. of which the less is said the better; the man you took upon yourself to bedizen, is a gay Lothario. Action B. against P. in the Court of Gallantry; damages equal, at least, to the amount of your noble neighbour's patriotic gift; evidence, certificates of *dangerousness*, from ladies, more in number than the bishops, from whom defendant could have obtained certificates of orthodoxy. On that very day on which we fought upon the question debeam and debeo; and on which, on pretence of defiance, you sought to palm off a bad shilling on me, I can produce evidence of kisses imprinted on two pair of fair hands; the only fair hands in my way. One of them the same that the doctor irrefragabilis forced wine into. I thought it but fair to mention this, as you might get your padlocks in order, and Mrs. Parr take care of herself, should it ever be my felicity to come across her. To fill up my *bavardage*, Romilly has received within these three months, three letters from Dumont, at Petersburgh. Legislation book in the highest odour there. More copies sold than in London. Translation going on by authority. Men at the head of things delighted with it, and impatient for a continuation of it. Empress Dowager the only one of the family who sees anybody, hearing the editor was there, desired to see him, and saw him accordingly. A man who has a commission from the Emperor to put the laws in order, shut himself up with it for a fortnight; moreover, one of the last acts of the miserable troop of slaves called, in France, the Legislative Body, was to hear a panegyric on it, copy of which has been sent me. So much for my existence, now let me hear of yours.

In the latter end of October 1803, Mr. Bentham visited Dr. Parr, at Hatton, and his notification of the intended visit, is so characteristically curious, that this, and the other letters I have copied, and shall copy, will furnish a good portraiture of this light-hearted, but deep-thinking, and celebrated political economist.

Q. S. P. Oct. 17, 1803, *Monday.*

March. — Route of Queen's-square-place Volunteers. Set off on Tuesday; reach Birmingham Wednesday evening; on Thursday evening, or Friday morning, retreat to Hatton; then storm the vicarage, giving no quarter; after committing ravages indescribable, evacuate the place on Sunday morning early, continuing the retreat to Oxford. In quarters there on Monday, and possibly Tuesday.

None of your Alcandrumque, Haliumque, Noëmonaque, Prytaminque, under the notion of helping to disennui the travellers. For what is it that you go forth for to see? Answer: Parr, and Parr only (a reed lately shaken by the wind, but now, we hope, stout and strong again). Time, according to our estimation, not by a great deal enough for that—but more at present cannot be found.

Stay the hand of the Vicar's wife, and say unto her—Slay no fatted calves; the elder boy hath outlived that branch of the lusts of the flesh (not to speak of others): the younger, he hath never known it.

Step not, nay although it be but a span's breadth, out of the path to which thou art accustomed, and remember we are Rechabites. Is it not written -

Οὐκὶ τρυφῆς παρὰ σοι χρήζομαι, ἀλλὰ μόνης.

Not improbably, a boy, sent to me by Mr. Strutt, of Derby, from a place of his brother's, called *Belpar*, six miles from thence, boy's name unknown; age about twelve; may inquire for me, either on Friday or Saturday, at the Parsonage. Should death have disposed of me in the meantime, pay the boy his expenses thither and back again I pray you, and bring your action against my executors and administrators.

At Queen's College, Oxon, men keep the Devil's hand-writing with due care. Whose is it, yours or mine?

" The system of Mr. Bentham measures benevolence by utility," (says Parr) and he makes very few critical observations or objections, and even adopts some of his language in the Spital Sermon. In the note on words, at page 56, he looks over Mr. Bentham's discussion on the imperfection of language, and in exposing the selfish system, takes occasion to criticise the way in which he speaks of Rochefoucault, Mandeville, and Helvetius. I wish I could spare room for the character of the writings of Helvetius. Dr. Parr, at the end of this character, bavards a little in Mr. Bentham's own manner, when he says,

Mr. Bentham may smile at my want of discernment, but he will not impute to me want of probity.

When examining the opinions of such an able writer again (says Parr), I thought it necessary to go into detail, and no place, surely, can be more proper for the vindication of those who have defended the benevolent system, than in the notes upon a sermon which is intended to explain and enforce benevolence.

In the Philopatris Varvicensis, the works of Jeremy Bentham are more frequently quoted. He is there called, at p. 320, " a great writer ;" at p. 332, " superior to Dagge in depth of research and precision of reasoning." " His peculiar precision," at p. 387. He quotes largely from Bentham's observations on the judicial establishments proposed in France ; and in the reformers of our penal code,

I shall ever deplore the causes (says Parr) which prevented Mr. Fox from having any opportunity to direct the whole force

of his mind to the redress of what appeared to me our most indisputable and intolerable grievances. Keener, too, must be our mortification, because in this arduous, but glorious achievement, he might have called in the aid of Lord Erskine, Earl Grey, Lord Grenville, Lord Auckland, Lord Holland, Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Wyndham, the Hon. Mr. Ward, of three Judges, whom I forbear to name, of Sir Arthur Pigott, Sir Samuel Romilly, Sir James Macintosh, Mr. Serjeant Lens, Mr. Robert Smith, Dr. Colquhoun, Mr. Francis Hargrave, and, above all, Jeremiah Bentham.

One of the persons Dr. Parr was accustomed to meet at Mr. Bentham's, Queen-square-place, was the late Sir Samuel Romilly, who had visited him when he attended the Circuit. Sir Samuel's name is much coupled with that of Monsieur Dumont, the Editor of one of Bentham's works, and it may be presumed that he had enlarged his views on the subjects of jurisprudence, of morals, and legislation, by frequent discussions with these celebrated men. Whatsoever had been the sources of his information, so deeply had he drawn from them, with unwearied diligence, keen discernment, and sober judgment, that his knowledge at last was refined by wisdom into applicability for the most salutary practical purposes. He devoted himself with too much ardour, alas, to the cause of his country and her laws. By giving himself too little relaxation from these hallowed, but toilsome pursuits, the mortal frame was too soon worn out. But he has left a name consecrated by his aim to ameliorate the penal code of his country, and to improve the condition of his countrymen, which will never die. His correspondence with Dr. Parr

is voluminous. I regret that I have not succeeded in finding any of the Doctor's letters to him. Of their friendship both gave or left memorials. Parr gave Romilly, during his life, a valuable service of inscribed plate: Sir Samuel bequeathed the plate back again, with the princeps edition of Aristophanes, and an inscription in his own hand. The name of Romilly is never mentioned by Parr without praise; indeed, who would ever dare to subject himself to the reproach of attacking it with blame. He was his beloved friend, and his faithful adviser; nor had he more confidence in any one man in the whole circle of human society than in Sir Samuel Romilly. Could the letters be collected which he wrote to several friends on his death they would combine almost every topic, and every phrase of eulogy. In the Philopatris he thus writes:

As to Sir Samuel Romilly, who has more sense, as well as more tenderness, I honour him for his noble effort, I anticipate the happiest effects from the example of his success, and I suppose that his reputation will not descend to posterity with much less advantage than that of other contemporary sages.

The letters of this great and good man, which are copied in the Appendix, will speak for themselves.

The following letters of Sir Samuel Romilly to Dr. Parr declare his opinions of Mr. Bentham's works:

MY DEAR SIR, *Russell-square, August* 19.

I am longing for the country as much as your kindness prompts you to wish that I was enjoying it. For some time past the Chancellor has been sitting an unreasonable length of time every day. He publicly announced, about a fortnight

ago, that he should not sit after next Saturday, and I have therefore thought myself justified in making arrangements to go out of town immediately after that day, and if he should not keep his word, yet I shall. I agree with you entirely in the opinion you have formed on Bentham's book on Reform. Notwithstanding all the merit of it, it is scarcely readable; to be of any use, it ought, as you observe, to be re-written, and to be shortened. I must confess, however, that I am not sorry that it is not likely to be read, for I doubt greatly its being likely to do much good. In his admiration of the Americans he hardly, I think, conceals that he prefers a Republican to all other forms of government; but surely the worst service that can be rendered the cause of reform, is for its advocates to profess that their real object is to establish a republic. It was with great concern, too, that I observed him acting upon the system of Cobbett and Hunt, and endeavouring to destroy all confidence in all public men, and therefore representing the Whigs as more unprincipled and profligate politicians than even the Tories were.

I hope you do not give any credit to the accounts published in the Morning Chronicle of what passes in the Court of Chancery; much of what is there stated is the pure invention of the Reporter. He has lately made Sir Arthur Piggott and me pay high compliments to the Chancellor, of which not a single word was uttered; and he has made me express myself with a degree of incivility towards Basil Montagu, which I never shewed to any man at the bar, much less to one whom I esteem so highly as I do him.

With great respect and sincere attachment, your affectionate friend and servant, SAMUEL ROMILLY.

MY DEAR SIR, *Russell-square, May* 18, 1818.

I hope you have received Bentham's Church of Englandism examined. I sent it by the Crown Prince coach to Warwick, which set out yesterday morning, directed to you at Mr. Parkes's. The copy is entirely at your service, if you think it worth keeping. I have no doubt that you will agree with me that it is a book which ought not to be published. Indepen-

dently of the danger to which the author and publisher would expose themselves, there appears to me to be very strong objections to its publication. The irreverent manner in which opinions and ceremonies, which most men in this country regard as sacred, are spoken of, is quite unjustifiable, and is likely to prejudice what is good in the work, and I really think that there is a great deal which is extremely good. It appears to me too, to be much better written than most of our friend's late publications. I shall be very anxious to hear what you think of it. I have communicated to Brougham what you say respecting the Warwick school. I remain ever, my dear Sir, with great respect and sincere attachment your faithful and affectionate friend and servant, SAMUEL ROMILLY.

There is only one short letter from Sir Samuel after Lady Romilly's illness was declared alarming, of which Mr. Whishaw had given Dr. Parr an account. But Mr. Basil Montagu and his accomplished lady warned him of her hopeless state, and entreated him to be with Sir Samuel at the close of the scene: unfortunately this humane foresight had not its intended effect; for although Parr declared his opinion to me that Sir Samuel would not survive Lady Romilly long, he either thought himself incapable of doing the good desired, or some impediment lay in the way.

The following letter of Mr. Whishaw, Sir Samuel's executor and friend, inclosed a prayer and a critique; the prayer was written in the year 1812, the critique was published in the Edinburgh Review, 1817:

MY DEAR SIR, *Lincoln's Inn, May* 31, 1819.

In looking through the prodigious mass of papers left by our invaluable friend, I have found a few more of your letters, which I now transmit; and I cannot forbear sending you, at

the same time, the copy of a prayer which I find in one of his journals.

I do not know whether you are aware that he wrote one article in the Edinburgh Review, on a pamphlet of Mr. Bentham, which appeared in that journal in November 1817. It excited a good deal of curiosity at the time. But the secret was well kept, and the author was not suspected. Who, indeed, could have supposed that a person overwhelmed by such important and constant occupations, could find time for writing an article in a review? I send you the original MS. of this article, of which I request your acceptance, in the name of his family, as being a curious literary relique of one of the best of men, with whom you were united during a long series of years in public principles, and by the strictest ties of friendship.

In closing the accounts of the executorship, I may perhaps have occasion to trouble you for your signature to a receipt for the plate which you have so handsomely presented to William Romilly. I have the honour to be, my dear Sir, your most faithful and obedient servant, J. WHISHAW.

"Almighty God! creator of all things! the source of all wisdom, and goodness, and virtue, and happiness! I bow down before thee, not to offer up prayers, for I dare not presume to think, or hope that thy most just, unerring, and supreme will can be in any degree influenced by any supplications of mine, nor to pour forth praises and adorations, for I feel that I am unworthy to offer them, but, in all humility, and with a deep sense of my own insignificance, to express the thanks of a contented and happy being for the innumerable benefits which he enjoys. I cannot reflect that I am a human being, living in civilized society, born the member of a free state, the son of virtuous and tender parents, blest with an ample fortune, endowed with faculties which have enabled me to acquire that fortune myself, enjoying a fair reputation, beloved by my relations, esteemed by my friends, thought well of by most of my countrymen to whom my name is known, united to a kind, virtuous, enlightened, and most affectionate wife, the father of

seven children, all in perfect health, and all giving, by the goodness of their dispositions, a promise of future excellence, and though myself far advanced in life, yet still possessed of health and strength, which seem to afford me the prospect of future years of enjoyment; I cannot reflect on all these things and not express my gratitude to thee, O God! from whom all this good has flowed. I am sincerely grateful for all this happiness. I am sincerely grateful for the happiness of all those who are most dear to me, of my beloved wife, of my sweet children, of my relations, and of my friends.

"I prostrate myself, O Almighty and Omniscient God! before thee. In endeavouring to contemplate thy divine attributes, I seek to elevate my soul towards thee. I seek to improve and ennoble my faculties, and to strengthen and quicken my ardour for the public good; and I appear to myself to rise above my earthly existence whilst I am indulging the hope that I may at some time prove a humble instrument in the divine work of enlarging the sphere of human happiness."

Dr. Parr was for many years intimately acquainted with Mr. Basil Montagu, and visited him in Newman-street. Mr. and Mrs. Montagu were, as Mr. Bentham significantly relates, his almoners; and I see in the correspondence, that Mr. Montagu often consulted him on his publications, and especially on his wise and merciful project of taking away the punishment of death from all crimes unaccompanied in their commission with violence.

The mention of John Baines, who is also one of the worthies of the Spital Sermon, induces me to add the note made by Parr on the only two letters in the collection relating to his family, and a copy of Greek verses. It appears from the inscription that Mr. Baines died at the early age of twenty-nine.

He had few equals in learning and genius, and yet fewer in virtue and genuine piety. He was the intimate friend of Sir Samuel Romilly; he and John Tweddell were the brightest ornaments of Trinity College, Cambridge. Dr. Parr sent him the following verses inscribed in some book:

Τίς δὴ νομίζοι βαῦν' ἂν ὧδ' ἐπώνυμον
Ἀλλοτρίοις σον ὄνομα συμφέρειν κακοῖς·
Οὐ γὰρ βάναυσος οὐδ' ἄχαρις ὢν τυγχάνεις,
Ἀλλ' ἐν νέοις νέος τε κἂν γνωμῇ γέρων,
(Ὡς Πίνδαρός ποτ' εἶπε) τ' ἄριστεἰ ἔχεις
Ἐν τοῖς Πλάτωνος ὑπέροχος θρυλλουμένοις.
Πρὸς τὰ καλὰ κ' ἀγαθ' οὐν ἀκούεις εὐφυὴς,
Μνήμων, φιλομαθὴς, φιλόπονος, φιλήκοος,
Ζητητικὸς, φιλότιμος, ἐστι θαῦμ' ὅσον.
Ὡς πάνσοφόν τι χρῆμα σ' ὄντ' ἰδίᾳ βλέπω.
Πρὸς δ' αὖ τὰ κοῖνα νὴ Δία κἂν ὑπερβολὴ.
Φιλόδημος ἦ δὲ Φιλόπολις εἶ, σάφ' οἶδ' ὅτι·
Οὐ γὰρ τι νῦν τε κἀχοὲς ἀλλ' ἀεί ποτε
Ἐλευθεροπρεπῶς ἐλευθεροστομῶν,
Μύρια τὰ τῆς πανωλέθρου τυραννίδος
Πάντων μέγιστον ἔχθος ἐχθαίρεις κακά.
Τῶν δ' ὧδ' ἐχόντων, τοῦτο μοῦ δῶρον λάβε
Τὸ βίβλιον πολυμαθὲς ἀνδρὶ πολυμαθεῖ,
Ἀρετῆς τε τῆς σῆς τῆς τε ἐμῆς Φιλίας χάριν.
Ὑγίαινε, χαῖρ', εὖ πράττε πάντα πανταχοῦ.

Hæc ἐν παρέργῳ lusit, qui te juvenem optimarum artium, optimarum partium, summo amore σπουδαίως atque ex animo complectitur, S. PARR.

Dabam Norvici, 15 *Cal. Jan.* 1783.

Thomas Monro, his pupil at Colchester, is the last of the names I shall take from the Spital Sermon. There are several letters from him, and it appears from them that Parr was not only his kind friend and instructor, but his protector also and guide in some dangerous passages of his early life.

He was Demy of Magdalen College Oxford, and one of the authors of the Ollapodrida. He afterwards took pupils and was respected throughout life for his sterling worth and considerable learning by Parr and all who knew him. He was related to the eminent physician, Dr. Parr's pupil at Stanmore.

CHAPTER XII.

Graffham,—Sir Francis Burdett,—Fast Sermon,—Change of Ministry,—Mr. Robert Adair,—Mr. Fox's Death.

It cannot be supposed that Parr's mind was at rest on the subject of politics while so many dread events were in progress, among which, scarcity, at the close of 1800, added all its miseries to the horrors of war. On this subject he was particularly sensitive; his efforts were not confined to the relief of the poor of his own neighbourhood; in higher quarters he strove to stir up more effectual exertion, and the following is the answer of the Right Hon. Charles James Fox to him on that occasion.

DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's Hill, Nov.* 18, 1800.

On my return home yesterday I found yours of the 10th, and am always obliged to you for communicating to me your sentiments. With respect to the business of the scarcity, if I had any notion that I thought could be useful to the poor, I would certainly attend Parliament for the purpose of suggesting it; but I confess myself to be wholly without resource upon the subject.

That part of the evil which arises from bad harvests, may in some degree be lessened by importation, and the consumption of rice and other substitutes for bread; that part which arises from the depreciation of money, and the consequent increase in the price of all articles of every denomination, seems to be chiefly imputable to the enormous debt and revenue, and

is therefore remediless, except by measures which I am sure I shall never propose. Even peace, in my view of the subject, would not so much tend to diminish the evil, but it would undoubtedly prevent its increase, and therefore is the only measure I have to advise. I am afraid your alarm is well grounded, especially in the midland counties, but what would you do? Surely the general principles in the Duke of Portland's letter are right, though there are some very improper expressions in it. I am most truly, dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

On all public occasions he religiously obeyed the letter of the law in reading proclamations and state papers in his church; but at several times he marked his sense of these state papers by the particular emphasis with which he read them, or the annotations with which he accompanied the reading. The proclamation on the scarcity afforded a fine field for his scorn, and he did not fail to observe, that the poor would be more effectually served in relinquishing the enormous expense of a ruinous war, than by any recommendation "*to save flour in pastry*."*

The friends of peace were buoyed up with some hope at the beginning of the following year, by the resignation of Mr. Pitt and some of his colleagues, and perhaps Parr began to entertain expectations that his own friends might be called into power, and that he himself might not be forgotten in the distribution of preferment. But, whatsoever might have been the change of opinion in the country with respect to the war, we have Mr. Fox's authority that he did not see any approach to any good general principles.

* The words of a proclamation issued Dec. 3, 1800.

DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's Hill, Wednesday, April* 15, 1801.

I shall be much obliged to you for your Sermon and the notes upon it. If you will direct the bookseller either to leave it for me at Gen. Fitzpatrick's, Arlington-street, or to send it to me in a packet by the Chertsey coach to this place, it will reach me safe. If I should be in town in Whitsun week it will give me great satisfaction to meet you.

I have heard a great deal of the country's being materially turned with respect to the war, and I believe it in a great measure; but I do not see any approach to what I consider as good general principles. I am very sincerely, my dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

But the year following realised the hopes of peace, and secured Parr competence, if it did not endow him with affluence. In Sept. 1802 Sir Francis Burdett presented him to the rectory of Graffham in Huntingdonshire in the following handsome terms:

SIR, *Wimbledon, Tuesday, Sept.* 21, 1802.

I am sorry it is not in my power to place you in a situation which would well become you, I mean, in the episcopal palace at Bugden; but I can bring you very near to it, for I have the presentation to a rectory, now vacant, within a mile and a half of it, which is very much at Dr. Parr's service. It is the rectory of Graffham, at present worth two hundred pounds a year, and, as I am informed, may soon be worth two hundred and seventy, and I this moment learn that the incumbent died last Tuesday. Dr. Parr's talents and character might well entitle him to better patronage than this from those who know how to estimate his merits; but I acknowledge that a great additional motive with me to the offer I now make him, is, that I believe I cannot do anything more pleasing to his friends, Mr. Fox, Mr. Sheridan, and Mr. Knight; and I desire you, Sir, to consider yourself obliged to them only. I have the honour to be, Sir, with the greatest respect, your obedient servant, FRANCIS BURDETT.

The history of this presentation was curious. Horne Tooke, who was particularly disliked by Dr. Parr, had declared to Mr. Knight, of Barrels, that it would probably fall to his lot to have the presentation of a living, and, if it did, that he would certainly give it to Parr, as, though he differed from him in sentiment, he thought him too learned and too much neglected to remain unpreferred. It is understood that Sir Francis Burdett thought Tooke not rich enough to be so great a patron, and therefore bought the presentation, and bestowed it as he wished. In every part of the transaction the generosity of Sir Francis's mind is strongly displayed, and in none more than in the mention of the names of Fox, Sheridan, and Mr. Knight of Barrels, and thus making the preferment the gratuity of Parr's own personal friends. The intimacy of Parr with Sir Francis, thus began, continued for some years, but on one of those occasions in which Sir Francis's political zeal was supposed by his friend to transcend the bounds of prudence, and even of constitutional privilege, Parr wrote him a letter which gave offence, and was the occasion of a discontinuance of acquaintance for some years. It was, however, renewed at length. Sir Francis and Dr. Parr met in Gloucestershire, at Mr. Hanbury Tracy's, peace was renewed, and continued to the end. The following is the letter alluded to:

DEAR SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, *Oct.* 31, 1806.

My heart aches for you.

I cannot assent to the principles, or approve of the spirit, which appear in your advertisement. I do not forget that you

were in the most disinterested manner my patron. I shall never cease to keep in view the nobler qualities of your mind. Much I lament your errors, and I tremble at the prospect of their consequences. I think it my private duty to tell you so, and my public duty to support the administration, which you, to my surprise and sorrow, have determined to oppose. From the bottom of my soul, dear Sir Francis, I wish you health and every worldly blessing, and I pray God Almighty to deliver you from counsellors who mean little good to you, and will do less to their country. I shall strive to give my vote for you and Mr. Byng on Monday. Farewell! Heaven is witness to my sincerity when I subscribe myself, with great respect, your well wisher, S. PARR.

In the year 1803, war again was declared by acclamation, against France, during the ministry of Mr. Addington; and two sets of opposition, comprising the greatest statesmen of the empire, were embodied against this administration, but in different parties. The awful crisis to which the empire was brought by renewed hostilities had nearly united them. But coalition was still an odious name to the English nation, and though, perhaps, both Pitt and Fox equally disliked an union with the Minister of the Crown, yet was the influence of the Crown sufficient to baffle, and outweigh all the power of their talents: and the Administration was still upheld by the persevering exertion of Prerogative. A sort of Revolution had superseded the ancient authority or controul of a majority of the House of Commons over the opinions and actions of the Executive, at that time, when Mr. Pitt had retained his seat as a member of the Cabinet, and as the minister in spite of such a majority. Mr. Addington's Cabinet, without Mr.

Pitt, Mr. Dundas, Lord Harrowby, or Lord Camden, had rushed into a tremendous war; but these persons were soon associated in a new administration to support it, and Lord Grenville's hope of uniting in the public service "as large a proportion as possible of the weight, talents, and character to be found in public men of all descriptions, and without any exception," was baffled. Mr. Fox and his party were excluded for the present. A Fast had, however, been ordained to propitiate heaven, and obtain deliverance from the might of our foes. Invasion was threatened; the means of invasion were certainly preparing. A number of flat-bottomed boats were collected in the inner basin of Boulogne, an army was encamped in its neighbourhood, and Napoleon inhabited the chateau de pont du Brique, near that town, for some time.

On the occasion of this Fast, Parr preached October 19, 1803, in the parish church of Hatton. Most serious was he in his exhortations to his parishioners to be patriotic. He calls upon them, as the patriots of old called upon their children to defend their country:

ὦ παῖδες Ἑλλήνων, ἴτε,
Ἐλευθεροῦτε πατρίδ', ἐλευθεροῦτε δὲ
Παῖδας, γυναῖκας, θεῶν τε πατρώων ἕδη,
Θήκας τε προγόνων· νῦν ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀγών.

Æschyli Persæ.

From the text "we fight for our lives and our laws," in this Fast Sermon, Parr examined whether the spirit of patriotism be warranted or not by the Gospel, and thence whether it ought to be recom-

mended as a duty. He reasons that it is a gross affront to religion, to suppose that it was intended to thwart the suggestions of common sense, to cramp the efforts of common justice, and to throw down every security for that national independence, without which society would resemble a state of nature. He then criticises the doctrines of Lord Shaftesbury and Soame Jenyns, both of whom assert that Christianity is silent about patriotism, which one mentions as a defect, the other as a singularity. But the Gospel, he asserts, "has recognized and approved a genuine, a salutary patriotism, whilst it neither directly or indirectly favours that which is spurious and dangerous."

Harsh, indeed, as I have often thought, when communing with my own heart, and often lamented, when I have been instructing you, my brethren, who are committed to my charge, very harsh, and very unfair is the treatment which Revelation has experienced in the doctrines which it propounds for our belief, and in the rules which it prescribes for our conduct. Those doctrines, though few and simple, have been multiplied by the misguided zeal of its followers, and encumbered with dark and mystical interpretations, which, under the venerable, the usurped, the prostituted name of orthodoxy, have confounded the judgment, and inflamed the passions of the Christian world. Those rules, however agreeable to the common sense, and however conducive to the common interests of mankind, have been distorted by ingenious sophistry, by monastic gloominess, or by frantic enthusiasm, and instead of making us "wise unto salvation," they have sometimes degenerated into frivolous and unprofitable austerities, and sometimes been pleaded in vindication of the most desperate outrages. For purposes of superstition or fanaticism; for the support of metaphysical reveries, or the disguise of spiritual domination, the believer appeals to the authority of Christ and his Apostles for

the truth of dogmas, which they, in reality, never taught, or the necessity of observances which they never imposed. The unbeliever craftily admits the propriety of the appeal, and then charges upon the Christian law those absurdities which exist only in the extravagant conceits, or arbitrary practises, of Christian interpreters. But "the wisdom which is from above, will ever be justified of her children," and this, too, effectually and eminently, in the question which we are now discussing.

Universal good, as an immediate object, is perhaps far too extensive for the efforts, and even the comprehension of one moral agent. But patriotism is implied in the duty of universal benevolence, and to far the greater part of mankind, the country in which they live is the noblest object upon which their benevolence can be expended.

Patriotism, thus understood, is a deduction from the principle of general benevolence. Had it been broadly inculcated as a duty, by the weakness and caprice of man's nature, it would have soon been employed as an implement of fanaticism. There are various other doctrines, delivered in splendid diction, in various other parts of the sermon. On false interpretation of the Scriptures; on fanaticism; on political discussion in the pulpit; on false and true patriotism; on the duty of repelling invasion; on Popery, and the Catholic question; on the French Revolution, and liberty; and on our own country.

On former occasions, he had seldom found room to praise the conduct of our rulers, to add "approbation to obedience," or to give the sanction of his eloquence to the dictates of their authority. But now that invasion was threatened by "mighty and

unprecedented armaments," he felt it his duty to summon the whole force of his mind, to rouse his hearers to patriotic exertion,—to make every heart inaccessible to fear,—to put into every hand, to defend their liberties, their laws, and their religion,—and so well has he done it in this noble discourse, that I have no doubt it will be quoted in after ages, as one of the "best arguments of the wise, and exhortations of the good," for the love of our country.

The following letters of Mr. Fox are inserted, the first, as noticing the sermon; the second, as leading to a review of certain political occurrences connected with the war:

MY DEAR SIR, *St. Ann's-hill, Saturday, Jan.* 29, 1804.

I have at last had the Sermon, and have read it with the greatest satisfaction; it is both spirited and moderate. Though I think the present war, at least, as unjust as any that was ever undertaken on our part, yet the duty of defence against invasion is clear in all cases. Perhaps I think you *puff* us a little as to constitution and liberty; but that may be right in such a case. The negative merit of abstaining from abuse, is, with me, a very great one. The unspeakable wickedness of making the pulpit the vehicle for calumnies against our fellow-creatures, is most odious to me; and, surely it is not pushing this sentiment too far, when I say, that no ill ought to said there, even of an enemy, without the preacher's *knowing* it to be true; believing it is not sufficient. Besides, in a political point of view, what is the use of resorting to such base means? If Henry the Fourth were now King of France, and Henry the Eighth, of England, would that be any reason for submitting to invasion.

I am very happy to find your prebendal estate turns out so well. I am, dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

MY DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's-hill, Sunday, Sept.* 25, 1803.

Nothing could give me greater pleasure, than to be of service to Mr. Greatheed, but I have been forced to refuse so many applications of the kind, that I cannot comply with that of Mr. Parkes, upon this occasion, to whom I should be happy to shew any mark of attention.

I did, at first, write in favour of one or two friends, but as they are not returned, I conclude that (as I foresaw) my application was fruitless. Neither Mr. Hare nor Lord Duncannon obtained their permission through me; though with respect to the former, his connection with me, may have helped. The minister of war, who is a friend of Lord Besborough's, got the leave for Lord Duncannon with a facility that surprised every one, and which was owing (as I believe) to Lord D.'s being in a remote province.

I feel as bold as you about repelling the invasion, if it is attempted, but yet all that mismanagement can do in favour of the enemy, is doing, and will continue every day to be done; and peace further off than ever. Yours ever, C. J. Fox.

From R. P. Knight, Esq. to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Whitehall, Friday.*

I have read your excellent discourse, with all those sentiments of interest and approbation, which your compositions have never failed to inspire. The force and spirit of your style and arguments must be felt by all; but the justice, temper, and moderation of them peculiarly delight me, and I only lament that you cannot convince other public teachers, that asperity is not energy, and that railing may make enemies, but can neither weaken, disarm, or destroy them. Government is about to bring forward a most momentous (I fear I might say portentious) question relative to the Volunteers. I shall go to it with a mind wholly free from all party favour or affection; for the subject is in itself, too awful to admit of any such considerations; and whatever measures Parliament may adopt, I see, but too plainly, that the very discussion of them must excite discord and distrust, and consequently lead to danger. The

system adopted, may be, in some respects, defective, and in others, erroneous; but to make any fundamental alterations in it after it has been so extensively acted upon, will, I fear, destroy all the good, without correcting any of the evil arising from it.

Mr. Addington, driven from power, was succeeded by Mr. Pitt, who was opposed by his old colleague Lord Grenville, and had to defend another old colleague against the charge of high crimes and misdemeanors. It was honourable to Lord Grenville to resist becoming a party "to a system of government which was to be formed at such a moment on a principle of exclusion." But it was fatal to the Minister in this second administration, and at this awful crisis of public affairs, to be deprived of his assistance. Instead of receiving the wonted and powerful voice of Lord Melville in his favour, he had to defend him against a public crimination; and though he was certain of his council in the closet, yet his open delinquency had compelled Parliament to drive him out of the cabinet, and to bring him to the bar of public justice.

To these defalcations of domestic support, the war with Spain added its political embarrassment. The Minister was forced into a coalition to support his tottering power, which, like all other weak expedients, proved frail, and tended in the end only to embarrass him the more, and he began to lose his health. Till the fatal surrender of the Austrian troops at Ulm, an event, too, probably occasioned by his precipitating the German campaign, he had held up his head with prouder confidence than ever.

He was alone the Minister. The other Ministers were the messengers of his will, and the executors of his commands. He had no rival on the throne, but he was watched by men of higher mind than himself, and of equal experience in public affairs, and who warned him in vain of his errors and his rashness. The battle of Austerlitz crushed his hopes, and he fled to Bath as the last resource of a sick heart and a broken constitution. But though Mr. Pitt was destroyed, England was not. A Spanish war had inspirited her mariners; and her wooden walls, her bulwark and her pride, now became her salvation. At Trafalgar, England found that every man DID his duty, and though our hero died like another Epaminondas, leaving two immortal victories behind him, it was not till he had secured the glory and safety of his country.

The Pittite administration was virtually dissolved by the death of its leader in January 1806, Lord Liverpool not chosing to retain the reins of government in his hands. In this state of defeasance Lord Grenville was sent for by the King to consult about the formation of a new ministry. In the first instance Lord Grenville included Mr. Fox in the consultation. The King consented, and at length after many discussions, and it is said many doubts about the admission of Lord Sidmouth into the cabinet, Lord Grenville was appointed first Lord of the Treasury, Mr. Fox Secretary of State, and the administration of "the Talents" was seated in power.

Here then for the first time in Parr's life his ex-

pectations of preferment may be supposed on the eve of being realized. At the period of the Regency the cup was dashed from his lips just as it approached them. The Regency was not established, and his friends did not come into power. But now they were actually seated; Mr. Fox was one of the ministers, but unhappily, even at last, he was a minister of coalition.

The following letters tell part of the story, and are introductory to another fatal event, which though less sensibly felt by the nation, was in fact its greatest loss. The most able counsellor which England, or any other country could possess, was soon to follow his great rival to the grave:

From Mr. Adair, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, Jan. 20th*, 1806.

. . . . . Of the Continental peace the newspapers will have already informed you; but the conditions of it are not certainly known. As far as any future balance of power against France may be concerned in it, I should suppose that one condition of the peace with Russia, as well as with Austria, would be the perpetual exclusion of Russian troops from the territory of Germany, Moravia, and Bohemia. Italy of course Bonaparte takes entirely to himself, and it will remain to be seen whether we can maintain the King of Naples in Sicily, after having so childishly provoked him to break his neutrality, and so ignominiously deserted him afterwards. In the North of Germany it appears, that we are about to undergo a disgrace ten thousand times more humiliating than any capitulation we could be forced to sign, namely, the *permission* to our troops, obtained for them by the very King of Prussia who had invited them over to take possession of Hanover, to retire back again to England! What further conditions are to be imposed upon that Monarch do not seem to be known, but it

would not be surprising, at least to those who have attended to Bonaparte's particular policy with respect to this country, if he made the exclusion of British commerce from the Elbe, the Weser, and the whole of the North of Germany, a *sine quâ non* of peace. In this state of affairs on the Continent, I should not be very much surprised if Bonaparte were to make us another offer of peace, and if he were *now* to propose to give us our choice of two principles of negociation in which Austria must be considered as our ally, and equivalents would be demanded from us for what should be restored to her. A difficult question would then occur. Ought we to take the treaty of Amiens, and exclude ourselves from the Continent for ever, or ought we to negociate jointly with Austria, and for the sake of re-establishing her political existence, admit France to share with us in "ships, colonies, and commerce."

So much for foreign affairs. At home, the first thing I have to say is, *that we are all firmly united.* An amendment will be moved in both Houses, and divided upon; nothing will be said in it about peace; it is to be strictly confined—*Inquiry* into the causes of our failure upon the Continent, and the obtaining some *security* against the misapplication of those means which it may be right still to employ towards reducing the power of France. No disunion *can* arise from the discussion of any of the topics connected with this amendment, which in the Commons is to be moved by Lord Henry Petty.

Of the state of parties I know nothing beyond what relates to our own; but it is stated with great confidence by many persons, that Addington is to join us in condemning the conduct of the war. Lord Wellesley has not declared himself.

Mr. Pitt is very ill; in no immediate danger; but in such a state as to preclude the possibility of his attending to public business. Lord Castlereagh is to be his substitute until he recovers; but I have some hopes, though not in my nature much given to hope, that the House of Commons will not bear this trifling.

You see that every thing promises an interesting Session; and indeed I hope it will not be long before you come among us . . . . . Believe me, dear Sir, ever most truly yours,

R. ADAIR.

MY DEAR SIR, *Tuesday, Jan. 28th*, 1806.

I have only time to say, that nothing is as yet finally arranged, but that every thing is going on well. Ever yours,

R. ADAIR.

MY DEAR SIR, *Feb. 1st*, 1806.

Had any thing been concluded in the interview at Buckingham-house yesterday, I should undoubtedly have sent you a line, but to all appearance it will *yet* take some time to settle affairs. Yours ever truly, R. A.

MY DEAR SIR, *Feb. 5th*, 1806.

Do not make yourself uneasy at not seeing my name among those who form the new arrangement, as you may rely upon it every thing will be as I could wish it. Ever yours,

R. ADAIR.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, Saturday, 8th Feb.* 1806.

My station is certainly a foreign one, but whither I am to be sent Mr. Fox does not yet know. It will be where I can be of the most service to him.

I have already spoken to Erskine, and to Fox likewise, about so many people, that I cannot venture to add Mr. Hargrave to the list, but there would not be the smallest objection to your writing to either, or to both. I lament greatly your not being able to join us. Ever truly yours, R. ADAIR.

MY DEAR SIR, *March 11th*, 1806.

I write you these few lines in answer to your last, merely to join my regret to yours upon the subject of inferior appointments. We never can be a strong administration without a thorough *excision*. It must go to the bone, or we, the Whig part of it at least, are sure to be counteracted in every thing. The complaints I hear upon this subject are numerous, and

many of them, I assure you, are connected with circumstances most painful to me to know. I can do nothing in it, neither can Mr. Fox.

I should have much to say to you if we were together. Is there no chance of your coming to town soon? I know nothing concerning myself, but that I am to go abroad somewhere. By Bonaparte's proceedings, however, there will soon be scarcely a place where I can venture to show myself.

I do not hear of the Duke of Norfolk's dissatisfaction, further than that he never is quite satisfied. Erskine is said to do his business admirably well. I am, dear Sir, ever truly yours,

R. A.

MY DEAR SIR, *May 3d*, 1806.

I see so little of Mr. Fox, except when he is in the House of Commons, that I have no opportunity of pressing any subject upon his attention. He certainly is far from well, although his complaints are much exaggerated; indeed I may say that he has no *complaint*, properly so called, but merely a tendency to inflammation in his bowels. Vexation, too, has greatly affected him. The state in which he found public affairs, and in which they still continue, is beyond imagination distressing, and our difficulties seem increasing every day. The other day Prussia, now Austria, surrenders to Bonaparte; and from what I can collect, his proposals for negociation are such as cannot admit of any discussion. All this together has affected Mr. Fox's health, but I really am not alarmed, especially as the summer is advancing, and his fondness for the country increased by his difficulty of enjoying it.

I wish Parliament would let him get there soon, but we shall have a severe Session. I am afraid there is some mischief brewing against our military plans. The Castlereaghs, as a *faction*, are mischievous, and supported, as I hear they are on this point, by no means contemptible. I am not daunted at their numbers on Wednesday last, nor at their threats for next Tuesday, but in the progress of our great measure I am afraid of a difficulty arising of a nature to draw around it, and embody all the other floating materials of discontent to which

taxation, and the prospect of extended and endless warfare has given birth. I believe Mr. Fox to be greatly gaining with the people; they would be sorry to part with him, but he has not got them into that state of discipline in which Mr. Pitt had them, and in which by receding from an unpopular measure he would gain nearly as much credit as he would by proposing a popular one. I am truly sorry to hear you still continue unwell. Ever yours, R. ADAIR.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, May 10th*, 1806.

My fate is now definitively fixed, and I go on Thursday to Vienna. An Ambassador will soon be sent thither, but in the mean time it is necessary that Mr. Fox should have a person upon the spot acquainted with his views, and on whose fidelity he may rely. I am afraid there will be but little opportunity of doing good, but we must try.

The shortness of the time between this and my departure, leaves me in great doubt whether I can write to you again. If I do not, receive I pray you my most sincere and affectionate good wishes. I have ever felt the highest respect for you, and a confidence without bounds in your judgment and honour.

Employ me without scruple if I can be of any use to you at Vienna. It is not likely that you should have any literary correspondent there; but if there should be any subject of criticism, or philology which occupies you at present, and my aid could be of any avail in procuring you materials, I will with pleasure contribute all in my power. Your letters will come safely to me through Mr. Fox's office.

I leave you all with great anxiety of mind as to the event of many matters now pending of serious domestic import. We have been too much used to think alike to make it necessary that I should speak plainer.

God send you health, my dear Sir, and trust me that I am faithfully yours, R. ADAIR.

We have seen with what coldness, and almost insolence, Mr. Windham conducted himself towards Dr. Parr whilst he was in office, on application being made to him in the affair of Gerrald. They met, however, at Cambridge in 1803, and Parr in a letter to Mr. Coke of Holkham, shows himself reconciled; and from this time they were reconciled, as appears from many letters in the Appendix.

The agitated state of Ireland, and the political station of Dr. Bennet in the administration of the government of that unhappy country, had separated Parr from all communication with his friend. The blessings of returning peace, and the abatement of the storm of factious and angry passions, brought about a correspondence again with all the wonted ardour of friendship, and with the usual flow of confidence. From 1802 the Bishop of Cloyne renewed his public communications with Dr. Parr, and there are many letters which will testify how anxiously he desired his promotion. The exaltation of Parr's friends to power naturally led to the expectation of his own preferment, and accordingly we find Bishop Bennet looking forward with considerable pleasure to his advancement, and his increase of comfort:

MY DEAR PARR, *Dublin, April* 16, 1806.

I hope your change of air and scene has contributed to amuse your mind, and perhaps that of the Ministry may not be without the same effect. I am not displeased with the public conduct of your friends since they have been in office, but I think they were unwise in making so general a proscription of Pitt's friends, and if they had retained two of them, at least,

Hawkesbury, for instance, on account of his ability, and Lord Chatham, from his connection with the deceased minister, it would have given England more weight with foreign powers, and some foundation for the boast of their addressers and party writers, that it is an union of all the knowledge, wisdom, respectability, &c. &c. of the country; and this strikes me as more ungracious, because Pitt had declared himself ready to take in Fox to his ministry, as the latter has honourably confessed in the House of Commons. I look, however, on Mr. Fox, from his talents and character as worth fifty Lord Sidmouths to take the lead in our national councils, and I feel considerable pleasure in the consideration that he cannot avoid putting you into some comfortable deanery, or other respectable station.

I agree in all your emendations of the epitaph, which is now perfectly to my satisfaction. I inclose the only word I cannot make out. In reading Boswell's Life of Johnson, the other day, I found an observation of your friend Samuel's, that much puzzles me. He says that there is a quotation from Homer in Thucydides not to be found in any copy we now have of Homer's works. I have no doubt, as Johnson asserts the fact so positively, that it is true; but I was once a great reader of Thucydides, though not so accurate or diligent as you were, and if I ever took notice of the passage in question, it has entirely gone from my mind. If you can recur to it, pray point it out to me. My edition is Duker's. I have another literary, though not classical enquiry to make. You know the dispute there was about the manuscript history of Lord Clarendon, whether the Christ Church Tories, had or had not interpolated the celebrated passage of Hampden, having "a head to contrive, &c. &c. any mischief;" the original was given a few years ago to the University of Oxford, and I am very much mistaken if Archbishop Newcome did not tell me, he had written to one of his friends to examine the passage, and the whole was an interpolation; if so, what are we to think of Atterbury's solemn appeal to heaven?

We seem to like our new Lord Lieutenant very well. He is extremely civil, and lives in great state: two things which always delight and flatter the Irish. The Catholics are quarrel-

ling among themselves whether to press what is called their emancipation, now, or delay it. They will give your Ministry a great deal of trouble; for at least half of them do not care about the emancipation itself, but only make it a handle to abuse the English connection, which is the real, and, honestly speaking, the sole grievance at present. You know I look upon the few disabilities they are under now, as of no great weight, and I am well inclined to remove them, but if you ask me whether they will be satisfied with the removal of them, I answer, without hesitation, No. I have seen a very serious and intolerable yoke removed from their shoulders without any gratitude, and though I do not go so far as the Bishop of Elphin, who says every where, they must be conquered over again, I have no hesitation to say, you will find them some of your worst enemies.

Adieu! my dear Parr, believe me to be, yours very sincerely, WM. CLOYNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

General Fitzpatrick, — Death of Mr. Fox, — Lord Holland and Lord Grenville,—Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt,—Mr. Coke,—Living of Buckingham, —Lord Chedworth,—Rev. Mr. Eyre.

On the establishment of the Fox and Grenville administration, although Dr. Parr made no application for his own promotion, he pointed out Mr. Hargrave to the patronage of the Government; and I insert the following letter, as it will prove that he did the same for Mr. Lefanu, who married Mr. Sheridan's sister, and also that he himself was not indifferent to some of the ruling powers, although he had not been forward in obtruding himself upon their notice:

From the Right Honourable Richard Fitzpatrick, Secretary of War, to the Rev. Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *War Office, May* 30, 1806.

I owe you many apologies for having so long delayed answering your letter, inclosing that of Mrs. Lefanu, which I trust you will have ascribed to its true cause, the great pressure of public business, which has, for some days past, both in and out of Parliament, wholly occupied my time. With respect to the lady's application, I can with truth assure you,

that your taking an interest in her behalf, would be, independently of all other circumstances, a sufficient reason to insure my giving it every attention in my power. I have already given Mr. Lefanu repeated assurances that whenever an opportunity should offer itself, which would enable me to remove him from his present to a more eligible and healthful situation, it should not be neglected. I am not sorry, however, that he does not appear to place much reliance on these assurances, since his want of confidence in them has procured me the pleasure of a letter from a person for whom I entertain so high and unfeigned an esteem and respect; and of expressing the regret which I, in common with many of his friends, feel, in not having yet had the satisfaction of seeing amongst them, since the late political change, a person, the value of whose attachment and support all the well-wishers of the present Administration must highly appreciate.

You will be glad to hear that your friend Mr. Fox left town last Saturday, in good health, to enjoy, for a few days, some relaxation from the very laborious duties of his official and parliamentary occupations. It is very unnecessary for me to add, that I reckon him in the list of persons to whom I before alluded, as one who will have the greatest pleasure in seeing you, whenever your avocations may occasion your travelling to this part of the world. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with the greatest esteem, your very obedient humble servant,

RICHARD FITZPATRICK.

This letter, written the latter end of May, was well calculated to encourage Parr's hopes of preferment; General Fitzpatrick was the confidential friend and relation of the minister, and knew, not only the secrets of government, but the private sentiments of his mind. Of course, he would not have invited him to join friends who did not like his company, and thus to have raised expectations not intended to be gratified. Had Mr. Fox lived, there can be no doubt that he would have advanced him.

For great as he was, the amiable qualities of his heart, and the firmness of his friendships, at least equalled his intellectual accomplishments.

But at the moment General Fitzpatrick wrote, the seeds of mortal disease were concealed within Mr. Fox's bosom; "and the fatal 13th of February (as Mr. O'Bryen terms it in his letter to Mr. Alderman Combe), with the aid of some kind friends, sent him, within a few months to the tomb." There can be no doubt that the fatigues of office, which began in that fatal February, connected with his anxieties about public affairs, and the bad hours, and harrassing debates of Parliament, hastened on, and at last ripened the mischief. During the whole summer, Mr. Fox was incapable of attending to public business, and it is very remarkable, had he been in the utmost vigour of health, and plenitude of power, that no occasion presented itself of endowing Dr. Parr with high ecclesiastical preferment. I believe that no deanery or canonry in the gift of the Crown became vacant during that time; and certainly the first English bishopric was that of St. Asaph, which became vacant, on the death of Dr. Horsley, early in October, and which was given to Dr. Cleaver, formerly tutor in the Grenville family, while the bishopric of Bangor, from which he was translated, was given to Dr. Randolph, of Christ Church. There was one Irish bishopric vacated also by death during this period. Dr. Parr was deeply affected by the loss he was about to sustain, and with the eager solicitude of friendship, unmixed, as much as it is possible for

the human mind to be, with any sordid views, sought and obtained intelligence from his political friends of the declining health of the great Statesman. In the beginning of August some hope was entertained.

From Lord Holland, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *August 5*, 1806.

In hopes this letter may yet reach you at Oxford, I write to thank you for your kind expressions towards me, but more particularly to convey to you the agreeable intelligence that Mr. Fox is sensibly better, and that we have every day more ground to hope and expect that he will be finally restored to his health. It must, however, be the work of time.

I have here a volume (which, superficial as it is, I have been induced to publish) directed to you, and if you will do me the honour of accepting it, and let me know where to send it, I will lose no time in forwarding it to you: in doing so, I must deprecate your criticism, or at least *lenis incedas*, and not in your Gorgon terrors clad, for I assure you it is ill prepared to meet you or any body else in that character. I am, sincerely, your obliged humble servant, HOLLAND.

After Mr. Fox's removal to Chiswick, early in September, when the prospect of speedy dissolution was announced to him, Parr wrote to Lord Holland requesting that he might be permitted to perform the last offices of religion. The following is General Fitzpatrick's reply:

DEAR SIR, *Chiswick House, Sept.* 13, 1806.

I am sorry to announce to you that our excellent and dear friend has, in all probability, few hours to live. Happily, he appears to suffer no pain, and it seems likely that he will close his days without suffering. I mentioned the subject of your letter to Lord Holland: he concurs with me in feeling that your wish should be complied with, upon every consideration,

both public and private; but, at the same time, in the present melancholy moment, when it is impossible to speak upon such a subject to Mrs. Fox and others of his nearest connection, he can say no more than that he feels all the propriety of your performing the last sad and solemn duty upon this grievous and distressing occasion.

I am, Sir, with most sincere respect, your very humble servant, R. FITZPATRICK.

Dr. Parr was invited to attend the funeral of his illustrious friend, but did not read the service. Upon that occasion, rendered infinitely more solemn by the unaffected, and affectionate, and voluntary homage of sympathy of a train of mourners of the first consideration for rank, and genius, and learning, in the empire, the interest was redoubled by the accident, or the design, which placed the bodies of Mr. Fox and Mr. Pitt within a span of each other. Well might the moralist exclaim, who had witnessed the contention of the orators in parliament, and the eager grasp with which they clung to power:

> Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta,
> Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.

Of Mr. Fox's public life, the simple greatness of his mind, his political wisdom, and the transcendent qualities of his oratory, the history of our country cannot be silent, and future ages will judge better of him than we his contemporaries, who see him through the mist of our partialities and our prejudices. Of his private life, I insert an affecting account from the pen of his widow, the Honourable Mrs. Fox, in a letter to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's Hill, Feb.* 26, 1807.

I do, indeed, feel ashamed at having so long delayed thanking you for your very kind and friendly letter; but you, who have met with affliction, can judge how little those so deeply wounded can command themselves even to write a few lines, and many have been the days that I have been quite unable even to hold my pen. Ah! my dear Sir, you say very true, "Resignation to the will of Heaven is the duty of us both." I do try to be resigned, God knows; but the magnitude of my loss is so weighty, that it is, indeed, very, very difficult for me to bear up at all. The way in which my angel husband lived with me was so different to that of most men, it makes my loss so much the greater, as he was so much the kindest lover, husband, and friend, that woman ever had, that I now feel alone in the world. For years he had not a thought of which I was not a partaker: can I, then, feel comfort here without him? Alas! I think not. Time may soften my present agonizing sufferings, but it can never make me forget how happy I have been, and that he who was the source of all my happiness is gone, for ever gone from me in this world. Alas! alas! why was I *so* happy? You, my dear Sir, have lost a friend, a sincere one: the world has also lost a friend; for all his dear and noble mind was ever at work to try to be of benefit to his fellow-creatures, and he has, thanks to the Almighty, at length succeeded in relieving half the world from misery; and though he was not allowed to stay with us to enjoy the glorious triumph of last Monday's majority, he is, I am sure he is enjoying it near the throne of his Heavenly Father, in a far higher degree of perfection than he could have done here. Yes, he was as good as he was great, and innocent as a child. Nobody could know but myself what an angelic mind his was; and the greatest consolation I have is in reflecting how good he was, and how happy he must now be. His friends are all very kind to me, and the attention of many of them is certainly very soothing, and will always be the highest satisfaction I can enjoy in this world. I am rejoiced to hear that Lord Holland has behaved to you so as to give you any gratification; he is a good young man, and his dear uncle loved and thought very highly of him. It will give me real pleasure to see you here, where you have

often been expected in happier days. Adieu! my dear Sir. Harriett is greatly flattered by your kind remembrance, and joins in best regards with your ever obliged and sincere

ELIZABETH FOX.

The following letter of the Bishop of Cloyne is too declaratory of the truth, and, alas! too prophetic of the fact of Parr's chance of preferment after Mr. Fox's death, to allow me to omit it:

MY DEAR PARR, *Dublin, Jan.* 13, 1807.

My fatiguing winter journey being now over, I sit down to inquire after your health, your studies, and your prospects. I found your statement of the ministerial changes at my return from my progress through the western part of my diocese, and it gave me much information at a time when we were particularly anxious for it. How far the death of your respected friend may impede you in the way to church preferment I know not. Lord Grenville is providing fast for his own friends, I hope not without some consideration for those of Mr. Fox; but my hopes are blended with a certain degree of apprehension, and a wish which I once never thought I should have entertained, that so great a man had lived longer. In fact, it is disgraceful to the church and the nation, that such a man as YOU should not pass the evening of his days in one of those highly comfortable, if not one of those splendid situations which our profession holds out to so many of us.

I am afraid your friends here find themselves in a very unpleasant state. The peasants are associating every where against tithes and rents; and in the usual blundering spirit of the country have risen in the greatest numbers in the precise part of Ireland (the north-west) where tithes are compounded for on the easy terms of eighteen pence and two shillings an acre, and where there is no tithe at all on potatoes, the great food of the poor, or on grazing cattle, the principal support of the farmers. It will creep on southward, and we shall have our share. Now as your friends have declared so loudly against the strong measures of their predecessors, they are ashamed to have recourse to them; and lenient ones are never

effectual here. The Duke of Bedford, with the humane spirit and generous prejudices of an Englishman, sends down a special commission to try the offenders. What is the consequence? The principal leaders have uniformly been acquitted, and the persons who dared to give evidence against them as uniformly murdered on returning home. The spirit is checked, the newspapers tell us, but every private letter, and every public fact, declare the contrary. I assure you I am very fearful of the consequences, for after sixteen years I know the people well; at the same time I commend the Ministry for sending a strong reinforcement to the army here as they have lately done, sincerely wishing, however, that Lord Cathcart had been left in command of it, for it is provoking when a man has, by personal inspection and activity, made himself master of all the difficult passes of a country, knows the army and is known, and trusted by it, that he should be sent to be Commander in Chief in Scotland, and a stranger succeed him here, gouty and inactive, and whose name appears in no military transaction of consequence. Will the English never learn that this is the really vulnerable part of the empire, and that whatever enemy lands, he will be joined by thousands. The mass of people here hate you all, and indulge them as much as you can, they will not hate you less.

I differ extremely from Opposition on the subject of the negociation for peace. Your friends acted a most honourable part towards their allies, and for which I admire their good sense and spirit, and lament their efforts were unavailable. What can have induced your pupil, Henry Alexander, with his fullness of habit, to trust himself to the East or West Indies? Will he, istis faucibus atque lateribus, ista prodigiosa totius corporis rotunditate (I am not certain that my emendation is Ciceronian Latin), encounter the rage of the yellow fever with any hope of safety? Yet he tells me Lord Caledon's appointment is still undetermined, whether to the Cape or Jamaica.

I inclose this letter to Alderman Combe, as the best chance of finding you out. I hope you are in London convincing your friends you are in existence. I shall never forgive them if I do not soon hear you have a Deanery *at least*. Adieu. I am, my dear Parr, your sincere friend, WILLIAM CLOYNE.

I have not asked Lord Holland's leave to insert the two following letters, but have ventured to do it, as they prove the steady purpose of that illustrious nobleman, and his good will towards Dr. Parr. They are documents, indeed, owed to the public, as clearing up all doubts about the intentions of Lord Holland and the real Foxite party, both in regard to their estimation of Dr. Parr, and their attachment to him.

MY DEAR SIR,

Of my anxiety to serve you I am sure you can have no doubt, and of your claims upon all that were connected with my uncle, and are attached to his principles, I have as little. I have written to Lord Grenville. The bishopric is promised, and I know his engagements are so deep, unless my poor uncle may have mentioned your name to him (which if ever they had spoken of ecclesiastical preferment he most certainly would have done), I fear the chief use of my letter will be laying the ground for a future occasion, which cannot be long now before it occurs. Yours very sincerely, HOLLAND.

I send you a copy of my letter to Lord G.

MY DEAR LORD, *Holland-House, Oct.* 7.

After the obliging manner in which you received my mention of Mr. Neve, and your account of your promises of church preferment, I hope you do me the justice to believe that nothing would induce me to trouble you so soon with another application connected with ecclesiastical patronage, if it arose solely, or even chiefly, from personal friendship and interest for the individual. But as it is possible from the very circumstance of no vacancies having occurred in the church since last January, that my uncle may never have spoken to you of the situation in which he and his political friends stood with respect to Dr. Parr, and consequently that his name may not be included in the list of applications to which you allude; in justice to him and many common friends, I think I am bound to

state to you at a time when ecclesiastical arrangements are making, and there is a prospect of yet more to be made, that it was the sincere desire of my uncle, and would be, I am sure, a real gratification to many of his friends, to see Dr. Parr in some high situation in the church, suitable to his great reputation for learning, and due from my uncle and his political supporters to his long and unalterable attachment to him and them.

If I am officious in sending you this statement, it is from an apprehension that what many would be inclined to do, they might neglect from the probability of its being done by others, and I am sure no promotion in the church would give more general satisfaction to some of the steadiest and most powerful supporters of government than that of Dr. Parr. I am, my dear Lord, your sincere and obliged friend and servant,

Right Hon. Lord Grenville. HOLLAND.

I know not whether any other effort was made to advance him during the remainder of the short administration of the Talents. If such effort were made it did not succeed; yet a whisper has gone forth that he was not to be passed by altogether; and the Deanery of Lincoln was said to be allotted to him in case of its becoming vacant. And some have even *dared* to say, that in the last reign there were insuperable obstacles to his being promoted to the episcopal bench, and Lord Grenville is said to have apologized for not raising to the bench the greatest scholar of his age, who was also a man of the most unblemished character, on the plea that this Divine was not popular among his brethren. Whatsoever his Lordship's expressions or opinions might have been, it is probable that in a much higher quarter there were no insuperable obstacles to Dr. Parr's promotion, and that the Prince justly appreciated his talents, and the manner in which

they had been politically employed. The following letter of Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt is evidence of the assertion. And it is known that on the unfortunate affair of the Queen's return, his present Majesty expressed his surprise and regret that Dr. Parr, *for whom he had great regard*, should fatigue himself by a journey to London to interfere in a quarrel between man and wife:

From Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, to Dr. Parr, dated

SIR, *Truro, Jan. 8th*, 1804.

Though at a great distance from the Prince, I am persuaded I should not do him justice, if I did not in his name give his most ready assent to the request contained in your letter of the 3d instant. I write to his Royal Highness by this post, and I will trouble you to convey your sermon * to Brighton, addressed immediately to the Prince. I know no gentleman of whom I have heard his Royal Highness speak with more veneration than of Dr. Parr. He justly appreciates your great talents, and feels they have ever been most constitutionally employed.

You will permit me to express a sanguine hope, that a rumour I heard by accident at our friend Mr. Knight's, respecting your health is unfounded; it will be a great pleasure to me to prove it to be so, by meeting you there on my return to town at the meeting of Parliament. In the mean time I remain, Sir, with the highest esteem, your faithful and obedient servant, THOS. TYRWHITT.

Whether it were the fault of any administration, his own imprudence, or his misfortune, that he was not promoted, would lead to a discussion, if discussed at all, productive only of angry feeling, and destitute of solid utility. It was a subject of jocularity rather than of anger, when he himself convers-

* The Fast Sermon.

ed about it with his intimate acquaintance. Still he could not but be conscious of his own right to advancement, a right springing out of his great acquirements, his unsullied purity of life, his long continued labours, and the general homage that was paid to his learning. When his friends were asking him why so many ecclesiastics were made bishops and he was not? He would reply sarcastically, "If it did not bear the appearance of pride, I should be almost tempted to apply to my case what is recorded of Cato, when it was asked why other men had statues and he had not? Πολλῶν δὲ ὁρων ἀνισταμένους ἀνδριάντας, ἐμοῦ δὲ, (ἔφη) ἐρωτᾶν βούλομαι μᾶλλον τοὺς ἀνθρωπους διὰ τί ἀνδριὰς οὐ κεῖται Κάτωνος, ἢ διὰ τί κεῖται. Plutarchi Apophthegmata Regum, vol. II. p. 198, edit. Xyland.

I know that some men indulge a latitude of expression not warranted by the fact, that Parr was unfitted by his habits and his manners for the episcopal station; that he wanted the reserve, the discretion, and the delicacy requisite to the prelacy. I have already quoted the authority of Mr. Burke for Parr's superior fitness for a seat in the House of Lords. For his *superior* knowledge of theology I appeal to those Bishops who were wont to consult him on sacred subjects. For his *supreme* acquirements as a scholar, I appeal to all scholars—for his paternal and religious care of his flock I appeal to his parish—for his generosity I appeal to the poor—for his kindness, openness, and dignity of demeanor, I appeal to the rich—for the purity and sincerity of his heart, I might with reverence appeal to

that Being to whom all hearts are open, all desires known, and from whom no secrets are hid; and if such a man was not fit to be a Christian Bishop, I will no longer insist on the claim of Dr. Parr to preferment. Yet I must assert, that he would not have been more arrogant than Warburton—that he would not have been less orthodox than Law—and that with the eloquence of Bossuet, he would have carried the merciful spirit of Fenelon into the chair. His pipe might be deemed in these fantastic days a degradation at the table of the palace or the castle; but his noble hospitality, combined with his habits of sobriety, whether tobacco fumigated his table or not, would have filled his hall with the learned and the good; and his love of state, perhaps of pomp, would have done all besides, that general usage demanded from the episcopal character.

He was not cast down, however, because he was not advanced in ecclesiastical dignity; nor amidst the changes of most eventful times did he ever renounce or dissemble his opinions upon measures or men.

Some men will ask (he said), was I not personally interested in the continuance of their power? For aught I know I might be, and for aught I know I might not be. But thus much I do know, and to those who would insult me with the question I should confidently say thus much, that from my youth upward to the present moment, I never deserted a private friend, nor violated a public principle; that I have been the slave of no patron, and the drudge of no party; that I formed my political opinions without the smallest regard, and have acted upon them with an utter disregard, to personal emoluments and professional honours; that for many, and the best years of my existence, I endured very irksome toil, and suffered very gal-

ling need; that measuring my resources by my wants, I now so abound as to unite a competent income with an independent spirit; and above all, that looking back to this life, and onward to another, I possess that inward "peace of mind which the world can neither give nor take away." Philopatris Varvicensis, vol. i. pp. 306, 7.

Nor did Parr's mind cherish either chagrin or resentment against the enlightened Minister who, whether he intended it no, did not remain long time enough in office to promote him. On the occasion of the contest for the Chancellorship of the University of Oxford, he exerted all his efforts in favour of Lord Grenville; and those efforts called forth the letter of his Lordship, and the answer to it here inserted:

Lord Grenville, to Dr. Parr.

SIR, *Dropmore, Nov. 26th*, 1809.

A letter which Lord Holland inclosed to me two days ago, reminds me that in the inevitable hurry of so extensive a canvas as that in which I have been engaged, I have omitted to thank you for the flattering expressions which he has before conveyed to me of your interest in my success, and for the exertions which you have made to promote that object. These testimonies of good opinion on your part have been the more gratifying to me, because I flatter myself that they have in part been called forth by your known attachment to, and eminence in those literary pursuits, to which, in the midst of an active life, so much of my time has been devoted.

You will be pleased to hear that the result of the canvas is very favourable to me; and although I do not allow myself to form too sanguine expectations as to the final issue of a contest in which I have had to encounter both powerful opponents, and prejudices still more powerful, yet I really believe my chance of success is at this time better than that of either of the other

two candidates. I am, Sir, with great esteem and regard, your most faithful and most obedient humble servant,

GRENVILLE.

From Dr. Parr, to Lord Grenville.

MY LORD,

Permit me to make my very respectful and very thankful acknowledgments for the letter, which I yesterday had the honour of receiving from your Lordship. I consider the cause in which you are now engaged as connected more immediately with the credit of a learned University and remotely with the best interests of the Church and the State. I cannot, therefore, look back without the purest satisfaction upon the share which I have taken in the contest, and most seriously do I lament that it was not in my power to do more in favour of a candidate, whose pretensions to success are so numerous, solid, and I must beg leave to add, unusual.

As your Lordship has adverted to the motives which chiefly influenced my conduct, I trust that without any violation of propriety, I may venture to open to you what has passed in my mind.

Of your Lordship's great proficiency in literature, and your great zeal to promote it I am convinced, not only from the representations of learned and observant men, but from proofs more direct, and to me at least decisive.

Some years ago, when I was visiting the President of Magdalen, who is a Delegate of the Clarendon Press, I met with that splendid edition of Homer which had been published under your auspices; I read with the utmost attention the new and valuable matter it contains, and I made some useful extracts from the various sections, and from the Criticisms of Professor Porson. It so happens, that my own reading, either in ancient or modern books is not very confined, and the result of my observation is, that classical learning enables men to lay the strongest and broadest foundation for zeal and knowledge—that it qualifies them in the best manner for the duties of public as well as private life; that it prepares them to advance with a sure and steady step, from the refinements of taste to the re-

searches of philosophy; and above all, that in well-stored and well disciplined minds it forms a most effectual barrier against the encroachments of those delusive and pernicious principles which have disturbed the repose, and obstructed, I am sure, both the intellectual and moral improvement of the civilized world. With opinions thus rooted upon the extensive and diversified utility of those studies which are begun in our public schools and continued in our Universities, I felt, my Lord, a kind of honest and proud triumph in bearing testimony to the services which you had rendered to a cause which had engaged so large a share of my own attentions as an instructor of youth, as a man of letters, and as a serious and vigilant observer of causes and effects in these most eventful times.

Pardon me, my Lord, for stating yet farther to yourself, as I have done more than once to other men, who possess and deserve your esteem, that I read with the greatest delight a preface which is published with the correspondence between the late Lord Camelford and Lord Chatham, and which is ascribed to your Lordship. The firm tone of the style, the justness of the remarks, and the rational and dignified spirit of morality which pervaded the whole composition charmed me, and never will be effaced from my memory. Permit me to add, that I saw, with no common degree of pleasure, the use you had made of Plutarch, who is one of my favourite authors, and whose language teems with beauties, though it is not adorned with the peculiar and exquisite graces of those earlier *writers*, who have left us such inestimable, *but* I believe, inimitable models of diction purely attic. You now see, my Lord, the sources of that unfeigned respect which I feel for your erudition; and surely, in my humble but well-meant endeavours to promote your success as a candidate for the Chancellorship of Oxford, I have performed an act not only of gratitude to a friend of learning, but of unequivocal propriety and substantial use to a learned society.

I was aware of the formidable difficulties which you must have to encounter from the prejudices of academical men upon a subject which is of the highest moment to the civil and religious concerns of this empire, and upon which I with great

wariness, but great sincerity, have lately communicated to the public some opinions, in the soundness of which I have increased confidence because they have the sanction of your approbation.

I rejoice at the account with which you have condescended to favour me of the situation in which matters now stand; but I well know how uncertain must be the termination of the present conflict at such a juncture.

My anxiety till the day of election is past will therefore be incessant and painful. But for the sake of your Lordship, of the University, and of our national credit; for the advancement of learning, and the extension of toleration, I shall be most happy indeed, to congratulate you upon the prosperous issue of your various and pre-eminent claims to be elected to the Chancellorship of Oxford. I have the honour to be, my Lord, with the most sincere and profound respect, your Lordship's very faithful and obedient humble servant,

SAMUEL PARR.

Being thus left by those who dispensed the favours of the Crown without preferment, he was not, however, deserted by his personal friends. Under limitations he might have held one of the Duke of Norfolk's livings in Herefordshire. In 1801 and 1802 he also might have had two livings of Lord Chedworth in Wiltshire.

In 1807 (says Parr) Mr. Coke of Norfolk obtained from his mother permission to give me the living of Buckingham. I found the house ruinous, and the situation inconvenient, and therefore I declined the offer of my inestimable friend Mr. Coke.

We have already seen that the heads of the house of Holkham were patrons and admirers of Dr. Parr. Even in the year 1788 it will appear from the following letter that Mr. Coke was interested for his advancement:

DEAR SIR, *Holkham, Oct.* 30, 1788.

Though my time is much engaged at present, I cannot reconcile to my feelings the delay even of a few days in answering your most flattering letter, or to express Mrs. Coke's and my concern that the illustrious author of the Preface to Bellendenus should not be able to attend our secular commemoration of an event which preserved to us our religious and civil liberty. As a friend to my country I must lament that your talents should be buried in the obscure corner where you now reside, not but that you must be sensible your writings are far better calculated to secure fame than to obtain preferment. The approbation of such men as yourself I shall ever esteem as the highest gratification I can derive from being in Parliament, and affords me ample consolation in my private station. I inclose you a small bill for the distressed family you mention; and remain, dear Sir, with sincere regard and esteem, your obliged and faithful humble servant, THOS. W. COKE.

MY DEAR SIR, *London, April* 11, 1808.

I am particularly gratified by this opportunity of testifying my very sincere regard for you. My mother having allowed me to present to the living of Buckingham, I wish you may think it worth your acceptance. Its value is about £300 per annum. The church is lately built, and *very handsome*. I cannot say so much for the parsonage, which is but indifferent at present. I am going down to Holkham to-morrow and shall stay there a fortnight. I hope I shall hear from you that your health is improved, and that the holding of Buckingham is not incompatible with your other church preferments.

Believe me at all times with much esteem, yours, my dear Sir, most faithfully, THOS. W. COKE.

From Dr. Parr, to Mr. Coke.

April 13, 1808.

MY MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND AND PATRON,

This morning, as I was setting out on my return to Hatton, I had the happiness and honour to receive the letter in which

you most obligingly offer me the living of Buckingham. The gracious and friendly manner in which you expressed your intention to do me this important service, pierced my very soul. Accept, dear Sir, my most unfeigned and most cordial thanks, and be assured that I shall live with more cheerfulness, and die with more comfort, if possessed of such a mark of regard from such a patron as Mr. Coke.

I am not only desirous, but most solicitous, to avail myself of your kindness. I am very imperfectly acquainted with matters of ecclesiastical preferment, and therefore I have written to the Bishop of Lincoln to request that his lordship would inform me whether Wadenhoe or Graffham be tenable with Buckingham. I shall jump for joy to give up one, for the sake of receiving Buckingham from you. I wish I were knowing enough to decide this question myself. But the Bishop of Lincoln is the most intelligent of all our prelates, and will, I dare say, favour me with the earliest and best advice. The very moment I hear from the Bishop I will send you a definitive answer; and I entreat you, in your candour aud well-tried friendship, to pardon me for waiting to receive the Bishop's answer in a point so interesting. I shall immediately write to the President of Magdalen, and with my usual, or more than my usual activity, I shall explain to him my earnest wishes in favour of the gentleman whom you recommend. Yesterday I sent a letter directed to you *in London*, and I hope it will reach you. Your heart will be gladdened to see the effect produced by your generous offer on Mrs. Parr and Mrs. Wynne. I am afflicted with a dreadful cold. I hope you have escaped all bad effects from this fickle and harsh weather. Once more, dear Sir, let me beg of you to accept my most sincere and grateful acknowledgments, and to present my blessing to your accomplished and beloved daughter, Miss Coke. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with great respect, your faithful friend, and very thankful, obedient servant, S. PARR.

Parr did apply to the Bishop of Lincoln, and his own observation on the result of that application is this:

When Mr. Coke offered me the living of Buckingham, in the diocese of Lincoln, I gave Dr. Pretyman to understand that I should, perhaps, resign one of my livings and retain the other. He told me if I took Buckingham I must reside. The living was given to Mr. Crowe, who never did reside, and at whose non-residence the Bishop connived. His rigour with me arose from his dislike of my supposed religious, and my avowed political tenets.

But there were other impediments. The house was in an extremely dilapidated state, and was incapable of being made comfortable. Parr notices this circumstance on resigning the appointment.

From Dr. Parr, to T. W. Coke, Esq.

DEAR SIR, *Wednesday, May 25.*

Yesterday I received your letter, and being at a distance from the Post Office, I could not answer it before to-day.

On Friday last I wrote to you, my most kind friend and ever honoured patron, for the purpose of communicating to you the judgment I had ultimately, and with much deliberation, and great regret, formed about the vicarage of Buckingham. I sent also several papers, which I trust have reached you, and from which you may, as a man of business, discover the wretched state of the Parsonage, and the very unusual want of capability, as Browne called it, for convenience.

I rejoice that you think of visiting the spot. I am sure that, somehow or other, great injury has been done to the Patron. I have no confidence in surveyors, stewards, and especially in attornies, who are at a distance from their employers, and also have views of their own, for the benefit of clients who are nearer to them. Your agent, from his acconnt of the premises, seems disposed to do justice; but if it be possible, dear Sir, look yourself to them.....

You are well employed for the public, and my hope is that the country gentlemen will at last see it to be for their interest, and their honour, to resume that importance which was filched from them during the reign of Mr. Pitt, and which they have

tamely resigned on many great questions of legislation and politics.....

I have the honour to be, with deep and unfeigned respect and gratitude, &c. &c. S. PARR.

In 1801 (says Dr. Parr) my old acquaintance, Lord Chedworth, offered me the living of Winterbourne Stoke, in the diocese of Salisbury, in the county of Wilts. I declined taking it, and recommended my friend, James Eyre, who had neither preferment nor patron. His lordship kindly granted my request. Afterwards, Lord Chedworth spontaneously offered Mr. Eyre the living of Nettleton; and at the time it might have been convenient for me to get Nettleton, and exchange it for a living which the Duke of Norfolk wished to give me. I wrote to Mr. Eyre, who was perfectly satisfied with my intention not to let him be loser if he gave up Nettleton. But Lord Chedworth would not consent, because he thought, whimsically, that it was the transfer of patronage from himself to the Duke of Norfolk. I thought it not worth while to explain, and the business ended amicably, honourably, and with delight to me, that James Eyre had a second living. Lord Chedworth never saw him, but promoted him in consequence of my statement of his merits.

Lord Chedworth's acquaintance with Dr. Parr began when his lordship was a boy at Harrow-school, and continued, with frequent interruption both of correspondence and personal intercourse, till the summer of 1804, when he saw him for the last time in London. Lord Chedworth died at Ipswich, Oct. 29, 1804; and Parr pourtrayed him in the following character, when he was called to give evidence in the Court of Chancery on the question of his insanity:

That with great talents, attainments, and virtues, his lordship united an understanding not completely sound, and liable to be much affected by that propensity to insanity, to which, perhaps,

his lordship was subject from his birth, and which, in the judgment of this deponent, was increased by some unfortunate events in his lordship's life.

The letters of Lord Chedworth to Dr. Parr, begin in 1782, and end July 1804. They are full of respect and complaisance. I shall copy a few to show his manner, and to prove the falsehood of what has been asserted about the present of a piece of plate, on which Parr has been so often vilified by anonymous writers. The simple fact was this: Lord Chedworth offered his old schoolfellow, Dr. Parr, a living in Wiltshire. Parr could not accept it, as it was beyond legal ecclesiastical distance of his other livings; but requested his lordship to give the preferment to his friend, the Rev. James Eyre, who had no provision for a very large family. Lord Chedworth acceded to the proposal, made an honourable and virtuous man happy in a small independence, and filled his friend's breast with joy and gratitude. To commemorate this kindness, Parr begged of Lord Chedworth a *μνημόσυνον*. His lordship willingly granted the request. Mr. Eyre wrote the inscription: and, to the last hour of his life, Lord Chedworth neither changed his style nor his sentiments towards Dr. Parr. It has been asserted that Lord Chedworth had, at one time, left him £10,000, but expunged his name from the will when asked for the plate. I question the fact. The whole of the calumny, and the officiousness with which it was circulated, arose out of Parr's incautiousness in talking of Lord Chedworth's tendency to mental derangement, on which

he was called to make affidavit by Colonel Wright, Lord Chedworth's nearest kinsman, and to disavow which he was subpœnaed by Mr. Wilson, to whom Lord Chedworth bequeathed a considerable part of his fortune. Mr. Eyre published a statement of the matter of the plate in the Gent. Mag. vol. LXXVII. p. 120. There are many letters of explanation to and from Mr. Fonblanque, Sir Samuel Romilly, &c. &c., for the business went through the regular investigation of a court of law. Parr was rendered extremely uncomfortable by being publicly dragged forth to give evidence, and there are some letters which explain how unavoidably on his part.

Lord Chedworth, to Dr. Parr.

No, 31, *King-street, Covent-Garden,*
Thursday, Sept. 3, 1801.

DEAR SIR,

I am aware that the liberty I am about to take demands an apology; but as I have experienced your indulgence too frequently to doubt of your pardon now, I will not waste your time with any farther preface, but proceed at once to the business which occasions my troubling you with this letter.

The vicarage of Winterbourne Stoke, in Wiltshire, which is in my gift, is lately become vacant by death. Its value is very small; the late incumbent (who was presented in 1762) did not, as I am informed, make more of it than between £60 and £70 a year: I think it possible that it may be improvable, but for this I cannot answer. It is rated in the King's books at upwards of £11 a year. I am conscious that there may seem something ridiculous in offering so trifling a piece of preferment to a man who is unquestionably entitled to fill the highest dignities in the church; but I have nothing better to offer, and I persuade myself that you will do me the justice to believe that I am not actuated by the vanity of wishing to have it in my power to say that you have condescended to accept a

living from me. If you do not accept it, I particularly request that you will not make the offer known. How far this vicarage may be tenable with your present preferment, I know not; but if it should suit you to take it, you may resign it whenever your convenience may require it. The place is situated about nine miles to the north-west of Salisbury. I really feel greatly alarmed when I consider my presumption, and shall be anxious to be assured of your forgiveness. I have the honour to remain, with the most profound respect, dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant, CHEDWORTH.

DEAR SIR, *June* 1, 1802.

I cannot adequately express my thanks for the signal mark of your kindness with which you intend honouring me. You will, however, I trust, believe that I feel most strongly the value and importance of your favour, and that I shall carefully attend to your injunction. I am sure Mr. Green will be highly gratified by your obliging message; he has left Ipswich on a tour westward, and intended being absent three or four months.

Had I not received your letter it was my intention to write to you by this post, to inform you that the little rectory of Nettleton, in Wiltshire, which is in my gift, is on the point of becoming vacant by the promotion of the present incumbent to a living not tenable with it. I am afraid it will be impossible to bring Nettleton within forty-five miles of your living in Warwickshire; but it is considerably within that distance of Winterbourne Stoke; and I should have the greatest pleasure in presenting Mr. Eyre to it, provided he can qualify to hold it with his vicarage by becoming a Master of Arts in time to prevent any risk of my incurring a lapse. I have a chaplainship at Mr. Eyre's service, in order to entitle him to a dispensation, but he must, you know, be also a Master of Arts. As I would on no account raise hopes which are not likely to be realized, I must request that you would not mention this matter to Mr. Eyre at present, but do me the favour to inform me how soon he can obtain a Master's degree. I would most gladly advance him £50 for his expences on that occasion.

Nettleton is situated in the N. W. part of Wiltshire, near Chippenham, and (as I believe) about twelve miles from Bath. The gross receipt of the present incumbent is somewhere about £190 a year, but I suppose it may be improvable, though perhaps not very much; but of this I speak from a very loose conjecture. It is rated in the King's books at £18. 12*s.* 1*d.* The parsonage house I have understood to be small and incommodious. As I am desirous of learning as soon as possible whether Mr. Eyre can obtain a degree in time, I shall address this to Hatton, with a direction to be forwarded to you if from home, and shall esteem myself particularly obliged to you if you will favour me with as early an answer as you can, directing to me at No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-Garden. I feel much interest about Mr. Eyre, and shall consider myself as particularly fortunate if I can be the instrument of rendering him comfortable. I will not intrude longer on your time than while I assure you that I am, with the deepest sentiments of respect and gratitude, dear Sir, your very faithful and much obliged friend and servant, CHEDWORTH.

DEAR SIR,

I hope you will believe that I am fully sensible of the honour you confer on me, and that I shall have great pleasure in obeying your commands. I am sure your candour will not interpret delay as neglect.

I believe I shall hardly be in town before May, and I shall, with your permission, defer the execution of my design till I get thither. One difficulty which you have brought on me, and which distresses me a little, I will not conceal from you. The plate must have an inscription, and though, as the ingenious Governor Malcolm once said to you at Yarmouth, "I know a little of Latin," no consideration could induce me to put two Latin words together if I knew they were likely to meet your eye. I would not have the plate blemished by barbarism; and were I to attempt to write an inscription myself, it would be much in the manner of an honest gentleman of this county, who, intending to build a mausoleum for himself and his family, gave out that he had fixed on a motto for it, which

nothing could induce him to alter. "Pro sibi et suis;" but the mausoleum was not built, and the gentleman lost the opportunity of recording his skill in Latinity.

I received a letter from Mr. Eyre on Friday last, in which he informs me that his neighbour, Mr. Lewis, the High Sheriff of the county, had appointed him his chaplain; he lamented your absence, as he had much wished for your advice and assistance respecting his Assize Sermon. Ludicrous as it will appear to you, he asked my opinion, and I presumed to tell him, that I thought in an Assize Sermon it was by no means necessary that he should advert to what you have somewhere called "the fleeting politics of the day;" that to avoid offence was extremely desirable; that though an honest man would never say what he did not think, a prudent man would not always say what he thought; that general recommendations of mutual forbearance and charity were never unseasonable; and I took the liberty of recalling to his memory the following passage, which is towards the end of Archdeacon Balguy's first charge: "In obedience to law, and submission to lawful authority, all reasonable men will unite; in other matters let us be content to differ. It is scarce probable that the points for which we contend are of more importance than the reciprocal good offices of private friendship, and the preservation of the public peace; neither of which can be long maintained among men whose affections are mutually alienated by the rage and violence of party spirit."

I regret very much that I have missed the pleasure of meeting you in town, and am very sorry to learn that you have been oppressed by the prevalent disorder. I have for some time been much indisposed. I remain, with all possible respect, dear Sir, your very faithful friend and much obliged humble servant, CHEDWORTH.

The Rev. James Eyre, to whom Lord Chedworth gave the livings in Wiltshire, was one of those friends in whom Dr. Parr placed his greatest confidence. He became acquainted with him soon after his abode in Warwickshire, and it appears by the

Sequel that in the year 1791 there was confidential intimacy. In many places he has praised the uprightness and the learning of Mr. Eyre. He calls him, "My sensible, honest, clear-headed, and well-informed friend;" and there are letters in which he asks preferment for him: for Mr. Eyre was burdened with a large family, without any provision except that which depended on his own exertions as a schoolmaster and a curate. Mr. Eyre published no regular work: but his interleaved copy of Johnson's Dictionary, containing some corrections and additions, after his death was given up to the booksellers who published Todd's edition, and procured from them the sum of £50 for his family. He also printed in the Gentleman's Magazine a statement concerning the plate given to Dr. Parr by Lord Chedworth. Dr. Parr's patronage of Mr. Eyre's family continued long after his death; he might be styled their second father, and in the year 1817 became more closely connected to them by his union with the amiable sister of his old friend. Moreover, his benevolence lasted beyond the grave. He left handsome legacies to the excellent and accomplished eldest daughter, and other children of Mr. Eyre.

CHAPTER XIV.

Philopatris Varvicensis—Letters from Dr. Parr, to Mr. Coke—Letters from Mr. Fox, to Dr. Parr.

From the time of Mr. Fox's death, Dr. Parr meditated some composition in honour of the statesman, his personal friend and his intended patron. He had praised him in the Preface to Bellendenus, and now acknowledged himself to be the author of that panegyric. He collected materials for biography, but found that politics were so mixed with any composition of the kind, that it would be impossible for him to write historically without writing voluminously; it was therefore his choice rather to publish the compilations of other men than a discourse of his own. Perhaps the demise of Mr. Fox was too recent for his life or his character to be the subject of history: perhaps he who would have collected materials for his biography, was too much implicated in the matter, and his own fortunes were too much interested, to permit him to write impartially. Whatever were the causes, Dr. Parr did not fulfil his original intention, but has collected a series of accounts, all of them

bearing strong marks of authenticity, many of them composed with a high spirit of eloquence, and all of them fitted for furnishing the future biographer with good materials. From these accounts it is satisfactory to the friends of liberty to believe that only one inference can be drawn; that Mr. Fox, whatsoever were the follies of his youth, was, in mature age, a good and a wise man, a lover of his country, and a benefactor of his kind; a man amiable in his domestic relations, so steady and so warm in his friendship, that he never even lost a *personal* friend, except him who became an apostate; a man who retained the same simplicity of manners, whether in the first office of a free state, or in the station of a private gentleman, and whose demise might truly be said to put, not only his friends and his countrymen, but the whole of the civilized race of mankind, in mourning—Be it remembered that the abolition of the slave trade was not the speculation, but the deed of Mr. Fox's administration.

Philopatris Varvicensis is not a life of Mr. Fox; it is the homage of learning to political wisdom; an eulogy, as well as a disquisition, on several important topics of jurisprudence and history, and is full of the best sentiments in the best language of the age. The discourses that have been drawn together from other sources and from other authors, will not be republished in these volumes, but the letter which portrays the mind and the principles of Mr. Fox, will. It is written in characters of light, and as long as letters shall be read, will be copied with those memorials of great men which have

been transmitted from the past to the present age, and which will doubtless be passed on to the future. The kinsman of Agricola has not painted his hero in brighter colours, nor will posterity read with less interest the short and affecting narrative of the interment of Fox, than of the death of the persecuted general of Domitian. The Preface to the Philopatris is another of Parr's little cabinet, sketches beautiful in its drawing and its colouring, and particularly valuable as guarding against the dangerous, pestilent practice of writing indistinctly, under the pretence of writing quickly and learnedly. The Notes on Jurisprudence and history, especially the great note, abound in right reason and learned investigation. This note alone would have been the foundation of the fame of any common author, and though the microscopic observer may discover one little spot, it is only one, and that, perhaps, may be ascribed to the purity of mind of the composer; at least it is an effusion of bonhommie which every man of taste and of candour would be glad not to observe, or comment upon.

The Philopatris is dedicated to Mr. Coke of Norfolk, and the two following letters gave notice to him of the publication.

From Dr. Parr, to Mr. Coke.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 3, 1808.

You will have the goodness to consider this letter quite *confidential.* I have collected, and shall re-publish, some of the best written accounts of Mr. Fox which appeared after his death, and I have given my own opinion of him in that fair and full way of which you and many of his friends are likely to approve. I have written also some copious and even learned

notes, and the important subjects discussed in them must be my apology for their length. Now, dear Sir, you will gratify me very highly by permitting me to dedicate the work to yourself. I have, in truth, written the dedication, and you will believe me when I tell you that it contains, not fulsome flattery, but well-founded and well-earned praise; such, my friend, as will be most acceptable to yourself, and such as is most worthy of the plainness and sincerity which distinguished Mr. Fox. I beg the favour of you to let me know by what conveyance my picture may be best forwarded to you at Holkham. Pray give my best respects and best wishes to all your family there, and more especially to your accomplished and much beloved daughter, Miss Coke. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with respect and gratitude unfeigned, your sincere friend, and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 12, 1808.

. . . . . I thank you for the kind inquiries after my health. This is a dismal season to me, from the remembrance of a domestic and irreparable loss. But I bear my affliction pretty well, and, dividing my time between study and society, I go on quite as comfortably as I can expect.

I have not written the life of Mr. Fox. I say nothing of his parentage, education, or connections; nor do I enter into any detail of his measures. But I have laid open *his mind.* I have selected the best characters written of him after his death, and then comes my own view of him, which, as you will readily believe, is copious, discriminating, and animated. I have thrown some of the matter into the more convenient form of notes. I have added two notes, which are not sufficient to make a pamphlet. One is upon a subject most important in itself, and which becomes more pertinent on this occasion, as it is the last upon which I had any serious conversation with Mr. Fox. The other contains an elaborate and grave vindication of his memory from a malicious insinuation that he was an advocate for the assassination of European sovereigns, and an open charge that he was a relentless bigot in the cause of infidelity.

I leave them to their own opinions upon the politics of our friend; but, while I have a pen at my command, or breath in my body, no human being shall with impunity slander his integrity or his benevolence.

As to the Dedication, be assured, dear Sir, that it will not offend your delicacy. You are too magnanimous to endure adulation, and I am too proud, or too honest to offer it. No, no, it is contained in one sentence. Your well-wishers will acknowledge the truth of what I say. Your worst enemies will not attempt to convict me of falsehood, or even exaggeration. It was impossible for me not to state your attachment to Mr. Fox. It is the very first article, and prepares the mind for what follows.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with much respect, your most faithful friend, and obedient and much obliged servant,

S. Parr.

In the foregoing correspondence, the turn of Mr. Fox's mind to classical literature must have been noticed. In most of the letters, there is some allusions to classics, or classical lore, and I have heard from Parr, that when he has met the great senator in parties, in London, after wearisome debate in parliament, he would generally turn to such topics as his relaxation, preferring and substituting them to politics, or political economy, as they now term it.—Sometimes playfully entering on lighter subjects, and sometimes on graver, according to the tone of his mind, or that of the company. The discussion, whether the song of the nightingale was merry, or melancholy, took place at one of these parties, and afterwards was pursued by certain of the company, as a question of learned inquiry, and finally appeared in the public prints. Of such a mind as Mr. Fox's, every notice is precious,

and the reader will not fail to remark his preference of Euripides to the other Greek tragedians; his enthusiastic admiration of Homer; and his distinction between the orations of Cicero and Demosthenes—That the former are more agreeable to the reader, but that the latter must have been much more impressive on the hearer.

The letter of Mr. Fox, containing the verbal criticisms, I believe refers to his speech on the death of Francis Duke of Bedford. That on the epitaph refers to Mrs. Coke's.

From Mr. Fox, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *St. Anne's-hill, April* 26, 1802.

Though the melancholy event which gave occasion to the inclosed, disturbed our correspondence for the time, I have not been unmindful of your obliging answers to my questions, or of your communication of the epitaph, upon which subjects, I will shortly again trouble you If there be anything in the language of the inclosed, which you think faulty, or even doubtful, I shall be extremely obliged to you for your observations on such parts. I do not promise to submit, but it is of great consequence to me, in my present pursuits, to have questions of language discussed by those who are competent to such discussions, In some instances I may not be quite orthodox, and perhaps, even an obstinate schismatic; but it is likewise possible that, in many I may err from inadvertence and ignorance of what is the true Catholic doctrine. Yours ever, C. J. Fox.

Mr. Fox, to Dr. Parr, without date.

MY DEAR SIR,

I did not get your letter till my return from London, Saturday, or I should sooner have thanked you for it; for I am really more obliged to you for your observations, than I can express, not on account of the composition itself (you will not suspect me of such ridiculous vanity) which is the subject of them, but because discussions of this sort, which were always delightful to me, are now, I conceive, exceedingly useful. I had read the passage of Vicentius Lipsinensis, before quoted, I believe, by Dr. Geddes in some tract of his, and was very much struck with it at the time, and if it were applied in the following manner, it would be an excellent definition indeed. "Let no man be *angry* with another for disbelieving any thing except *quod ubique, quod semper*," &c. I have never read Aristotle's topics, but, though I conceive it is a difficult book, if you fairly tell me that you think my labour will be paid, I will read it. One of the extravagant admirers of Aristotle (D. Hensius) says, "neminem tam studiosum compositionis in oratione fuisse quam hunc divinum virum; qui, cum aures consuleret suas, malebat obscure loqui quam illis non satisfacere." This is not encouraging, and one would be almost tempted to say, if he suited his style to his own ears, rather than to my understanding, he may listen to himself without my puzzling my head about him. Now to the criticisms; and first, let me tell you, that Lord J. Townshend had mentioned his objections to several of the passages you notice, and they were generally the same as yours. Both his and yours came too late to enable me to make any alterations in the last edition, though in conformity with one of them (I cannot take the merit of compliance, for it was before I had your letters) I had put out *exit*, which I think a vile word on such an occasion. First, *however heavy*, I admit to be, strictly speaking, an inaccuracy, but I confess at the same time that it is one of those *carelessnesses* which in anything that purports to be a speech, is to my taste. There are dulcia vitia, besides those of that particular kind, to which Quintilian alludes, and those of the class and order (as a naturalist would say) of negligence, are great favourites with me, and most es-

pecially in a speech. *Postponed* was found fault with, by Lord John, though upon a ground somewhat different from yours. He thinks it does not imply so long a postponement as is necessary to my sense, and in truth I do not like the word there at all. However, to your objection it might be answered, that it does not imply exclusively, or even particularly *human* volition, and that as it is used here, it may mean if God had postponed; but I repeat it, I dislike the word in this place, and would alter it if I were to republish. *Can or ought to conciliate*, is no doubt liable to some objection, but whether it be, strictly speaking, ungrammatical, may be doubted, *can, or ought to, conciliate*, so divided is harsh or uncouth, but not wrong. It is not a mode which I approve, but if one were to make it a rule to avoid it, the circumlocutions would be infinite. There is another part, *compassionate and condole with his friends*, &c. which appears to me to be ejusdem generis, for there is a close analogy between the *cases* of nouns following verbs, and the manner in which one verb of one description follows that of another. With respect, to *in so far considerable*, &c. Lord J. objects just as you do, and, as you suspect, I am here inclined to obstinacy. I presume it is not the peculiar use of the word *considerable* in its original sense to which you object. You allow the sentence to be English, and if it is mere matter of taste, or of ear, it is difficult to argue upon it. My reason, such as it is, for insisting on *in so far*, or at least some qualifying expression, preceding *considerable* is, that without it, the first impression in reading would be, that *considerable* is to be understood in its more usual sense, *great, weighty*, &c., and I, who am much in the habit of reading aloud, cannot bear to have to conceal my first conception, in the middle of a sentence. There is not much in this I grant; but I think there is not much either in the cluster of particles; especially as *in so far* is, in this passage, naturally read like a trisyllable with an accent on the second, and thus there is nothing inharmonious. To *contribute*, &c. has, I fear, some awkwardness; I feel that it has, and yet, I cannot for my life find wherein it consists; an *and* would not, I think, mend the matter. *To do this was his object;* then comes the explanation, *by such and such means*. I am clear, bad as it may be now, that with

an *and* it would be worse. I do not know that I was ever puzzled to find out in a matter of this sort, the cause of a feeling which, however, I acknowledge of dissatisfaction. *Susceptible* is, as you say, without an adjunct, a very unsatisfactory expression, and I would endeavour to alter it, if I were to republish, though I own no good word for that place occurs. I did not mean to connect it with virtue, I meant rather what is called a *feeling heart*. *In his friendship, not only*, &c.; *but in him*, may be an irregularity, if you refer to general and abstracted grammar, but I think it a true English idiom; and where our ancestors have fairly gained a conquest over the natural enemy of writers, which I consider strict grammar to be, I do not see why we should give it up, especially when we have enjoyed it long enough to have a prescriptive right to it, much less, if the acquisition has been so cultivated as to render it valuable. *In this case*, &c. the grand question of repetitions is one upon which I have thought not a little, and I remember to have read what you quote, and, as I suspect, in Quintilian. If I were to lay down a general rule, it would be *in writing* to avoid them where they can be avoided, without using a weaker expression, and above all, without discovering to the reader that your object has been to avoid them, In *speaking*, I would never bestow a thought upon them, for while you are speaking, you ought to have your mind intent upon your matter, and any consideration which diverts your mind from your matter would really injure your argument, or whatever other part of oratory you are employing. Now this would be a great evil, even if you were not detected by your audience, in your attention to words; but this will seldom happen, and nothing can indispose an audience to listen so much as when it is perceived that you are not speaking from the fulness of your mind, and that your words are not the immediate, instantaneous expression of your thoughts. In writing, the case is wholly different. A man may have written with all the energy of his mind, nay, with warmth and passion, and afterwards sit down coolly and correct his style without employing himself any further upon the matter. Even here he must do it judiciously, and take care that by a high finish, he do not destroy the spirit of his performance. The chief objection in my mind to repetitions is a sort

of heavy effect they have upon the ear, but this effect in many instances is much lessened in speaking. "I will in my present *situation act* as you acted in a similar *situation*," is a very heavy sentence to read; but a speaker, by laying, as he naturally would do, a great stress upon *you* and *similar*, the repetition would be in a manner sunk. It is certain, as you say, that neither Demosthenes or Cicero, though they reviewed their speeches with great care, were nice in this point. Of all authors Homer is the least so. In the short but divine speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus, Λυκίοισι μετὰ πρώτοισι occurs twice, besides ἐνὶ πρώτοισι μαχοίμην just after, Λ. μ. π. μάχονται. Virgil is perhaps more nice than most of the ancients upon this point, but I believe "loca nocte silentia late umbræque *silentes*," is the right reading, and not *tacentes*. There is a passage in the eighth Æneid where (whether it be chance or design) there is a most remarkable successive change from singular to plural, which, from its regularity, has the effect of uniformity instead of variety:

Omnis eo terrore Ægyptus, et *Indi*,
Omnis Arabs, *omnes* vertebant terga *Sabæi*.

Of your next objection, *doubt without throughout*, I acknowledge all the force, and think it as ill sounding a sentence as ever was put together, but I had not attended to it till you pointed it out. *Obligations* in the plural I likewise admit would be better. *Exit* has already been given up. *A man's every feeling*, &c. to tell you the truth I do not quite understand your objection, nor to what affected use of such expressions by Mason (whom however I can very well suspect of any affectation) you allude. Surely *every feeling of a man* may be converted, both rationally and grammatically, to *a man's every feeling*, and in like manner with the pronouns *his every*, &c. With regard to *that calmness and serenity*, the only question with me is whether there be not a *subauditur* of *that* before serenity, otherwise the singular verb, though a little hard, would be preferable. To *savour of the views*, is, I am afraid, liable to the censure you pass upon it, but besides that I am not among the over scrupulous upon this point, here again there may be a sort of ellipsis, *to savour of that warmth, or what you*

will, which causes the views of youth to be sanguine, but the best way would be to alter the expression altogether.

I am exceedingly concerned to hear you have been so much indisposed, but I hope from what you say that you have nothing remaining of your illness except that weakness which must attend convalescence. I do not know your four physicians, but if they have been serviceable in restoring you to health I am sure I shall always feel grateful to them for it.

I have just been reading Dr. Vincent's Letter to the Bishop of Meath, and am much pleased with it. I suspect his two adversaries to be two as vile hypocrites as any in the country. I am very truly, my dear Sir, yours ever, C. J. Fox.

DEAR SIR, *Dec.* 23, 1801.

I received a few days since your letter of the 18th, with its inclosure. I do assure you, without any compliment, we admire the epitaph to the greatest degree. Words could not have been more happily chosen to describe a pious and domestic woman, with a cultivated understanding and an affectionate heart. *Win* is certainly a much better word in that place than *command,* but I doubt whether *court* was not full as proper as *seek,* in a case where the *courting* or *seeking* is a subject rather of reprobation. However, it does very well either way. I suppose there is to be something of a *hic jacet* prefixed. But I know many who think that these words of form ought to be connected with and make a part of the body of the epitaph. Dr. Johnson rather seems to have been of this opinion. Whether, in another emendation, *sincere is the testimony,* be not duriusculum, I am not quire sure; perhaps my general taste leads me rather to feel faults of this side too nicely, and to overlook proportionately those of negligence and carelessness. You see I criticise freely, and always expect my friends to do the same by me. Yours ever, C. J. Fox.

DEAR SIR, *April* 4, 1804.

I have this day received yours of the 2nd, with its inclosure, which I have sent to the person who has the care of transmitting

Lord Holland's letters to him. I acquainted my nephew three weeks since with the likelihood of a vacancy happening immediately at Winterslow, but did not make any suggestion to him on the subject, and he will of course decide among his own friends. My wife desires to be remembered to you, and expects the sermon from Mawman every day.

I have been looking into some of Euripides's plays again, and am as usual delighted, but I do not know whether you will support me in my opinion that he is far, very far, superior to the other two Greek tragedians. I dare say you will agree in feeling the truth of what Quintilian says of his utility to orators. If I had a boy whom I wished to make a figure in public speaking, I would recommend Euripides to him morning, noon, and night, perhaps preferably to Homer and Virgil themselves.
Yours ever, C. J. Fox.

Of Mr. Fox's playful compositions the correspondence between Parr and his friends enables me to furnish a specimen. One of the following letters from Sir Uvedale Price, Bart. who was Fox's schoolfellow at Eton, and afterwards fellow-collegian, enclosed the Faddle; the others give a history of it.

SIR, *Foxley, June 5*, 1799.

During the course of the last winter some of your friends and acquaintances have been amusing themselves with writing epitaphs on a dog, or rather two dogs, of Gen. Fitzpatrick's. They are become so numerous, that, in order to preserve what has occasioned so much pleasant correspondence and criticism between me and my friends, I have some thoughts of printing (not publishing) them all together, in which case you shall certainly have a copy, should you think them worth your acceptance. In the meantime I send you some specimens of the English, and, if you encourage me, will send you those in Latin and Greek, in hopes that you will honour them with your criticisms, and possibly condescend to strew a few flowers yourself over the graves of these two celebrated dogs. The present authors are Fitzpatrick, Charles Fox, Knight, Sir Edward Winnington, and myself. Besides the English, the Latin,

and the Greek, there are some in French, Italian, and one in Spanish. If you are not more acquainted with this last language than I am, you will not be particularly desirous of seeing any poetry in it; and as little in French, if you have as great a contempt for French poetry as our friend Knight. I will go on, however, giving you a specimen or two of each kind, as far as the bounds of my paper will allow me. . . . . .

I am, Sir, with great regard, your very faithful humble servant, UVEDALE PRICE.

SIR, *June* 12, 1799.

I thought it so unlikely that you should have no curiosity to see any thing that Charles Fox had written (not to mention any other friend's composition) on whatever subject, or in whatever language, that I had copied out the Latin and Greek *Fadleiana*, meaning to send them as soon as I had the pleasure of hearing from you. I have now taken the opportunity of getting a frank from Lord Oxford, and of sending them to you at once. I shall be very glad if they afford you any amusement, and I hope we shall all receive some instruction in return. The Greek, I fear, is very inaccurately written; I trust, however, you will be able to make it out. I am, Sir, with great regard, most sincerely yours, U. PRICE.

SIR, *Foxley, August* 18, 1799.

Though you have not honoured the Faddle with any verses of your own, you have given a most gracious reception to those I took the liberty of sending you; the defects in many of the Latin and Greek ones I knew could not escape you, but you really have touched upon them with so light a hand, and have made so pleasant and flattering an apology for them, as almost to convert the criticism into a compliment. I was aware of the licentious use that had been made of Homeric Greek, principally, I believe, by myself, and perhaps also by Fox; indeed, he said in one of his letters to me upon Knight's objecting to Homer's authority for some expression, "if they take Homer from us they will leave us little else," an acknowledgment that

is perfectly true as far as it regards me. Knight told me the other day that he had written to you to desire your opinion of his two Epigrams. I should imagine they are more free from Archaisms, as well as from other defects, than either Fox's or Winnington's. Mine are out of the question, and I must own it is a very imprudent thing in any one to attempt to write poetry in a language in which he can hardly construe the easiest prose. I send you the French verses, as you desired: the first is mine, the others are Fox's, and as you may have some curiosity to know the respective authors of those I sent you before, I shall mention them.

I do not exactly recollect all the English ones I sent you; but among those you took notice of, "The Bachelor in Faddle's fate," is Fitzpatrick's. "In beauty's arms," Fox's. "Fatal alike," mine; the Sonnet, Fox's. Lady Oxford's favourite among the English ones (I think it is among those I sent you) begins "A garden's bounds;" it is on the idea that Venus prefers the full expanded rose to the bud, as well as to the fading flower. We laugh at her, and tell her that she thinks herself the full expanded rose, in the exact medium between crude and stale, and that she will be less fond of the Epitaph in ten or fifteen years.

The Latin Elegy (if it may be so called), "Flora venusta vale," is mine; the three in Horatian metre are Fox's; and the Epigram, whose sting disarmed your criticism, Fitzpatrick's. The Greek are as follows:

Fox.	Sir Edward Winnington.
Ζην αγαμον.	Ω Ξειν' ουκ ανδρος.
Ἡδυ μεν.	Δαιμων τις φθονερος.
Τις δε βιος.	Ξυνος Αρης ανδρεσσ'.
Ενθαδε κοιμασθον.	
Mine (Price).	**Knight.**
Ναι χαλεπον.	Εν λεχεεσσι κυνος.
Εως τηλεθαει.	Κειται Ερωτι δαμεις.

I am, Sir, with great regard, your most obedient servant,

U. Price.

Mr. Payne Knight, who was another of the party, writes thus concerning his share of the Faddle:

DEAR SIR, *Downton, July* 19, 1799.

When, to amuse our friend Fox, I ventured, for the first time (anno ætat. 49), to write in Greek, I did not imagine that my hasty and imperfect productions were to appear before so learned a judge as yourself; but, nevertheless, as I know your candour to be in proportion to your learning, I cannot regret that the zeal of my friend Price has induced him to submit them to your inspection. I need not, I believe, inform you that only two of the collection sent you are mine, the one of four lines, beginning with εν λεχεεσσι κυνος, &c., and the other of six, beginning with κειται ερωτι δαμεις, and I shall be obliged to you to inform me whether or not they are *real Greek;* for I do not flatter myself with their possessing the χνους αρχαιοπινης και χαρις αβιαστα, which constitute the merit of such light compositions. As I ventured to criticise some of Mr. Fox's verses, I thought it right to produce some of my own that he might retaliate; but he rather chose to wage defensive war (charitably, perhaps, against so unequal an opponent), and we had consequently some very stout controversy. I have the satisfaction, however, to find, from your letter to Price, that you would probably have been my ally in the dispute, since my attack was principally directed against the use of Homeric phrases, and antiquated words and flexions in these lighter compositions, or, indeed, in any compositions that are not written wholly in the ancient language. The authority of Homer ought not to be admitted at all, or admitted solely; otherwise there ensues a sort of mixt jargon, or Babylonish dialect, which was never the colloquial speech of any age or nation, and which must therefore always have a certain degree of unnatural stiffness and harshness. Such, however, was the language of the Alexandrine poets, with whose authority Fox overruled, though he did not convince me; for I cannot reconcile myself to such expressions as ητοι γαρ, to the terminations of the genitives in οιο, or to such verbs as πελω, &c. in Epigrams; or, indeed, in any compositions where atticisms are allowed; except, perhaps, in the tragic lyric, the very exalted

character of which may, perhaps, admit of a little artificial stiffening.

I shall be extremely happy to hear your opinion at large upon this subject, and shall, on every account, be very happy to see you whenever you find it convenient.

I am, dear Sir, truly yours, R. P. KNIGHT.

Faddle, (says Sir U. Price) the subject of as much poetry as any hero of the Trojan war, was an old dog belonging to General Fitzpatrick, at Sunning Hill. A fair lady in the neighbourhood, who had a favourite female of the same species, called Flora, wished that a marriage should take place. Faddle did not long survive it, but his race is preserved, and his name immortalized.

The whole of the Faddle would fill a small volume. I shall copy only one of Mr. Fox's parts.

Ο Κυων δεομενος λαλει.

Μη με δεης σειρησιν ελευθερον ημαρ απουρας·
Ου φωρ ειμι εγω, ου φυγας, ουδε φονευς,
Δεσποτῃ αλλα φιλος, πιστος τε, και αιεν οπηδος·
Ος νυν εινεκ' εμου πενθός απληστον εχει.
Και ταφον ιδρυνει κενεον τινι εν περιωπῃ,
Πολλα και αιαζων δειλ' ελεγεια χεει,
Λυσον μ' ουν ακακον, και ειπερ λυτρον απαιτης,
Τον περι δειρειον χαλκον απαντα λαβε.

Several of Mr. Adair's letters have been cited before, and I now revert to his correspondence with Dr. Parr to prove the reliance he had on his counsel and advice on literary subjects, composition, and matters of taste. It is agreeable to observe that polite letters were the recreation of almost all the personal friends of Mr. Fox. The Faddle is, indeed, a trifle, but it is an elegant trifle; and happy

would it be for mankind if the leisure of those who rule the destiny of nations was often employed in the same innocent manner. It is more than probable that Mr. Fox gave a fashion and a currency to classical discussions; for we see him in the letters which I have inserted in the Appendix, referred to as an arbitrator on the meaning of the most celebrated of all Greek Odes.

The name of Lord Holland, connected by the ties of blood with that of Mr. Fox, naturally coheres to it also, from many kindred qualities of the heart and understanding, and from a like course of political sentiment and conduct. Dr. Parr became acquainted with this illustrious nobleman when he was pursuing his studies at Christ Church,* and they occasionally corresponded ever after. Their more intimate acquaintance displayed itself, however, during the latter days of Mr. Fox, and after his death their friendship was cemented by their mutual reverence for the departed statesman. It would be a useless task to enumerate those high qualities which peculiarly attached Dr. Parr to Lord Holland—his large views of foreign and domestic policy—his patronage of unlimited toleration—his love of liberty—his supereminent accomplishments as a scholar, both in ancient and modern lore—his correct taste—his unswerving attach-

* About the same time he became acquainted with the late Mr. Canning, having been introduced to him by Mr. Sheridan; but his acquaintance with him was not continued after Mr. C. had a seat in Parliament.

ments—all, and more than all could be proved from the correspondence which has been placed in my hands. I shall publish only a portion of it, regretting that the space will not allow the insertion of every word written by such men as Lord Holland and Dr. Parr, when their minds were in free communion one with the other.

To Mr. Coke, his patron, Parr dedicated Philopatris Varvic., in which his character is so justly delineated, that it is superfluous to add the language of any other feeble testimony; a few letters, however, will at once gratify the reader, and bear witness to the fact, that the friendship of Mr. Coke and Dr. Parr was continued to the last hour of Dr. Parr's life, and that it survives in the breast of Mr. Coke, and still sheds a lustre over the character of our friend.—Vide Appendix.

CHAPTER XV.

Persons protected.

THE Philopatris Varvicensis was read throughout with unusual interest; but the note on the revisal of the laws met with general approbation. The Appendix contains all that encomium can utter on these profound inquiries, and the spirit of mercy in which they are conceived and composed. To love mercy was a part of Parr's nature, and his abhorrence of capital punishment was always expressed when justice was too rigorously exercised, especially on juvenile offenders. This happened to be the case, in his estimation, in one of the sentences of Mr. Burton, a Welsh Judge, and he stated it erroneously, according to the following letter of Mr. Leycester, in the notes to Philopatris:

SIR, *Cheltenham, July* 18, 1809.

In a dissertation upon the criminal law, understood to be written by you, which I was turning over a few days ago, you quote part of a speech of Mr. Burton upon a motion made by Sir S. Romilly on the 15th June, 1808, in which Mr. Burton is supposed to say, that two boys were capitally convicted and suffered judgment (meaning a judgment of death) for privately stealing; this you state on the authority of a newspaper, and though you say you set it forth without venturing to answer for

the correctness of a newspaper, yet, without inquiring whether it was correct or not, you do venture upon assumption of its correctness, to publish several sarcastic remarks, much to the prejudice of the supposed speaker, a gentleman as respectable, and of as much rational humanity, and sound discretion in the administration of the criminal law as any man intrusted with it. As a particular friend of Mr. Burton, I think it proper to inform you that no such punishment was inflicted upon the boys alluded to, and that Mr. Burton never said so; but that "of four boys convicted of that offence, two were transported for seven years and two for life." Whatever concern you may feel for the reflection of your having given publicity, duration, and credit to the misrepresentation of a newspaper, and still more for the unmerited imputation you have thought fit to found upon it, I have no doubt you will be glad to be set right, and to have an opportunity of showing your regard to truth and justice, which I am most ready to believe nobody feels more than you do, by correcting the mistake in such manner as you may judge most expedient for that purpose. I must also take the liberty of observing, that if in the proclamation of impunity, p. 401, you refer, as I presume you do, to the expression of Mr. Burton in the same speech, and if by the *blockhead, however stupid*, you meant to refer to Mr. Burton, or to associate him with that idea, you will find the expression was applied by him to a transportation for years, I think for seven years, and certainly *not for life;* and that it clearly appears so from the very words of the speech as you yourself have quoted them. I cannot help adding that your information, mentioned in p. 777, that a Scotch lawyer, high in station, had moved for leave to bring in a bill to extend the English punishment of child murder to Scotland, is still less founded, the motion alluded to being for a purpose directly opposite to your representation of it. I trust you will think the occasion justifies the liberty I have taken in giving you this trouble. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, H. LEYCESTER."

This letter produced an answer, for which see Appendix, dated July 26.

Against general philanthropy and benevolence,

unsupported by particular acts of kindness and undirected to private and to local circumstances, all those who can read, must have read with pleasure the theological and moral discussions of Dr. Parr, in all his discourses, and especially in the Spital Sermon and the notes attached to it. A kind feeling towards his fellow-creatures, and above all towards his kindred and his friends, we have seen, was an early part of his nature. I trust the affecting narrative of the declining health and the death of his cousin, Mr. Francis Parr, cannot have failed to impart some impression of his benevolent feelings and munificent actions, and more than all of his holy-mindedness and piety. The short abode at Stanmore and Colchester witnessed examples of the same character: and at Norwich they were emblazoned in charity and mercy to many of those who were sick, and needy, and in prison. The case of Matthew Barker, the protection of Mr. Bourn, a learned man of sentiments directly contrary to his own, were specimens of his active and personal benevolence at Norwich. I have hinted at some of the cases which might be adduced to illustrate it in Warwickshire, particularly those of Mr. Oliver and Mr. Brooke, both persons labouring under mental derangement; and perhaps there was no Assize at Warwick in which his humanity was not appealed to, and in which he did not endeavour to mitigate the harsh penalties of law to one or other of the prisoners. Nor did his endeavours and personal exertions stop there. I will appeal to a competent witness, and to a person exemplary and

above common excellence in her situation, to Mrs. Tatnell, wife of the keeper of the prison for the county of Warwick, whether he did not frequently administer to the wants of him who had no other friend, and who was in prison?*

Small is the power, and few are the opportunities of private men to do good; but I cannot resist the impulse of my mind to record his entire agreement in opinion with some enlightened men in regard to the operation of a paternal jurisdiction over juvenile offenders, rather than committing them to the doubtful operation of penal severity. Parum est improbos coercere pœnâ, nisi probos efficias disciplinâ, was a maxim to which he gave unqualified assent. From an education of debauchery, and from the haunts of impurity, which manufacturing towns too often afford, the great body of such offenders is engendered. They proceed from the corruption of the mass—they are its natural swarm. Let us hive them if we can then, ere they are capable of imparting their venom; and neutralize if we can by education, those bad propensities which are sure to be hatched into the worst and most pernicious moral disorders, when they are concentrated and fomented by the associations of bad companions. The separation of juvenile offenders in prisons from the company of the hardened and the guilty, is hardly a question of mere prudence—it is a moral obligation. Shallow is the intellect, and cloudy the optics of him who

* He left a donation to the prisoners in his will.

does not see the difference between the wily and calculating spoiler, and the inexperienced instrument of his temptation; and I shall welcome it as foremost in the amendments of jurisprudence, when, according to the system of my honourable and enlightened friend Sir John Eardley Wilmot, the juvenile offender shall be placed under a sort of paternal jurisdiction—when he shall not be compelled to mingle with ruffian companions in a prison, who will harden the follies of inexperience into the callosity of guilt —but be placed where he shall receive punishment according to his crime and his age, without abandoning him to the horrors of unredeemed, unmitigated, unedifying general condemnation.

There are some words on this subject in the Philopatris. But the whole of the great note on jurisprudence in that work is a body of light—it is a blaze of mercy; and if we may venture to contemplate the progress of opinion, slowly creeping on, yet certainly advancing in all matters of truth, from the darkness of midnight to the dawn, and at length bursting out in full illumination, such opinions as Dr. Parr's must be considered as those occasional lights which break upon our minds, when the clouds are withdrawing. I have alluded before to the particular cases; it will not therefore be necessary for me to pass over this ground again. But benevolence being the topic, we pass by a natural transition to the other ways by which offices of kindness were performed by him.

In various places he had almoners o his bounty; but in his own parish almost every individual was

considered as a member of his family, and the necessitous were generally relieved from his table:

I rarely (says Parr) sent from my door a beggar unrelieved; for, to a great extent, I felt and I reasoned like Dryden's parson:

> "True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
> Were only stewards of their Sov'reign Lord;
> Nothing was theirs,—but all the public store
> Intrusted riches to relieve the poor;
> Who, should they steal, for want of his relief,
> He judg'd himself accomplice with the thief."

The fear that a poor man unrelieved might steal, laid deep in my heart; it occurred to me continually, and I acted upon it accordingly. I was much pleased with Montesquieu's answer to Bayle's Paradox, book ii. chap. 24.

For the relief of beggars, money was daily placed in the hands of his servants, and he never suffered the general abuse of charity to counteract the possible use. "Some were rogues, probably most of them. But others were pressed with grievous necessities: and it was better, he thought, that twenty should cheat him rather than one should perish for want of small relief." That unmeasurable desire of accumulating wealth was not his. He had a soul enlarged above the mean appetite of loving money, and in his bounteous giving, he sometimes embarrassed himself.

In other directions too, in the education of young men, of whose capacities he thought highly, his bounty was bestowed largely. Some of his allowances extended to thirty or forty pounds a year—in other directions, some of his annuities to ten and to twenty: and when he was not himself perfectly

at ease in his circumstances, *I know* that to one family, in one year, his largess amounted to more than eighty pounds. I dwell upon these little circumstances, because, as was the case in the gift of Lord Chedworth's tureen, and afterwards, when he was restored to his grand-children, in his asking back certain pieces of plate, he was accused of littleness. These were false accusations. His mind was large and liberal, but his *manner* of bestowing exposed him to misrepresentation and censure. The generous and the just never doubted him, and it was impossible that they should malign him.

The enlightened teachers of our public seminaries are called upon daily to exercise a sort of public charity in either granting education, on a smaller allowance, to the sons of the needy and the learned, or sometimes in remitting altogether their fees for instruction. Johnson says of Addison, that it was his rule never to remit his fees of office even to a personal friend, when he was the Irish Secretary. Morals, which are permitted to extend their scale of action almost beyond the boundary of strict Christian principle in politics, were not associated in Addison's code with generosity. Proudly may all the professions boast that in this regard they surpass the politician. What Lawyer, Divine, or Physician, ever thought of taking his professional dues from a needy friend? But the Teachers of youth beat us out of the field in munificence. I could record acts of kindness and liberality in this way which honour our nature; and, though I am not permitted to mention what has fallen under

my own notice—" Verily they will have their reward."

Dr. Parr's heart was enlarged, especially towards unprotected, intelligent youth. At Stanmore, Colchester, Norwich, and at Hatton, he received many boys for smaller stipends, and some he educated for nothing. Some he rescued from the infamy of expulsion from public schools by receiving them into his own, after a due and cautious ceremonial with the angry master; and the vigour with which he exacted submission from the scholar, and the politeness with which he yielded to the representation, and the views and authority of the master might be displayed in several instances. The correspondence of Dr. James, of Rugby, and Mr. Henry Homer, on two special cases, are strongly illustrative of his kindness and his caution, and with many other memorials of his benevolence, will probably appear hereafter, when delicacy and personal feelings are no longer an obstacle.

I could here insert names of others who, not received into his house, were yet relieved by his bounty, and protected by his patronage, and enlightened by his advice. The gratitude of these persons, in various instances, reveals their benefactor's praise, and the secret of his liberality in the course of the correspondence.

CHAPTER XVI.

Family Affairs.

Dr. Parr lost one of his children at Norwich. Of his two other children, Catharine died of a consumption at Teignmouth, in the winter of 1805. It was too clear during the summer that she was sinking under pulmonary consumption, and the following letter of condolence, after her death, is too descriptive of her indisposition at that period. Various were the experiments tried to relieve her, and a thousand projects were entertained. It was in the progress to put one of these in execution, viz. sailing, that she stayed at Shrewsbury, and came under the observation of Dr. Butler:

From the Rev. Dr. Butler, to the Rev. Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Shrewsbury, Dec.* 10*th*, 1805.

I learnt yesterday from the public papers the calamitous event which has taken place in your family, and, though to a great and capacious mind like your own, it would be in vain for me to offer topics of consolation, allow me at least to express how much myself, my wife, and all your friends at Shrewsbury, participate in your affliction. I may now confess to you that the perfect pleasure we should otherwise have experienced in your company last summer, was clouded by the prospect of

an event which any eyes but those of fond parents, eager to hope even against hope, must have foreseen; I read them but too clearly in the looks of Dr. Dugard, what he confirmed to me the next day, and, indeed, I saw myself that the intellect was too quick, and the mind too active for the feeble frame in which it dwelt. Of this be assured, my dear Sir, that we shall often revert to the amiable and interesting subject of our regret, whom even a short acquaintance sufficed greatly to endear to us. I shall be in Warwickshire in a short time, and shall take an early opportunity of personally inquiring for yourself, Mrs. Parr, Mrs. Wynne, and my little Mary's rival. Mrs. Butler charges me to say, that she unites in every sentiment of genuine concern, and of unfeigned respect for yourself and your family, with, dear Sir, your obliged and affectionate servant,

S. BUTLER.

Of Parr's feelings under this affliction, his own letters will speak in the truest and strongest terms.

From Dr. Parr, to Mrs. Wynne.

DEAR SARAH, *Teignmouth, Nov. 21st.*

After many provoking disappointments and obstacles, I got from Bristol to Bath, and from Bath to Exeter, on Tuesday morning between one and two. I slept four hours, and reached Teignmouth on Wednesday, at half an hour after two. I am most happy in having come so rapidly. My determination was to take my dear Catharine back to Hatton, by slow stages, if she could bear the journey, but she cannot. Mr. Cartwright assures me she will die on the road; she is carried up and down stairs—she cannot read a book—she has no appetite, no sleep, no mitigation of pain by day or night. Death, my dear Sarah, is the only deliverance now to be wished for from insuperable anguish. Mr. Cartwright will assist me in making arrangements to carry the breathless corpse from Teignmouth to Hatton. I shall return and attend the funeral, so must you. Now, I will send particulars in a day or two, if I am able. You must exert yourself to see part of them executed. Think if you can of four unmarried persons to support the pall; the rest I will manage. The grave must be so contrived as to let her lie between

your mother and myself. Your letters came to day. They were glad to see me so much sooner than they expected. I am dying a thousand deaths.

Tell Mr. Marshall, if he and the parishoners approve, the bell should be tolled all day, with one side muffled as on the day of Lord Nelson's funeral. My heart aches—I will write again soon, be prepared for the worst. My love to the children. God bless you. I am, your affectionate and afflicted father,

S. PARR.

The next day he wrote as follows:

DEAR SARAH, *Friday, 2 o'clock, Nov. 22.*

My beloved child is dying.

Ten minutes before five—She is no more. She died easily. I shall stay a day or two to manage matters, and then we come home. The body will be brought in a hearse. Your mother and I will come in a mourning coach behind the hearse. The body to lie in the library. Think of pall-bearers. She shall be buried as Catherine the daughter of Samuel Parr. Yes, yes. We shall be with you on Monday, or Sunday sen'night. God bless you, my only child, my Sarah. Your affectionate and afflicted father, S. PARR.

Catherine was buried at Hatton; Dr. and Mrs. Parr followed the body from Teignmouth into Warwickshire in funeral procession, and this trait serves to exemplify both his paternal fondness and his love of ceremony. When Mrs. Parr, some years afterwards, died in Devonshire, he exacted the same attention from Mrs. Wynne, who was then in the last stage of consumption. She followed her mother's corpse in the same manner; nor could she fail to contemplate, during the long and sad procession, the near approach of her own fate, and thus to drink some of the bitterest dregs of sorrow.—Not quite the bitterest, though of these she partook to

loathing, and from which, the grave was to her a resting place, as it is a refuge to all those who suffer from the incurable disorders of the wounded heart.

I have said that Parr's character was strongly exemplified in the funerals of his family, and this is strictly true. For in them he displayed not only his fondness for his children, but his love of pomp and ceremony, and his attention to minute circumstances. On these occasions expense was never spared. The illness of Catherine was very burdensome to him, yet he did not repine, or study economy, and even borrowed money to supply the expense. Far remote, indeed, was the anguish that preyed on his soul, during her sickness, from any sordid calculations. He was doatingly fond of her. And so undiminished was her cheerfulness, and so brilliant were the faculties of this charming female, during her too manifest, but protracted consumption, that we were all, perhaps, led on by an unjustifiable hope of recovering her, never to be realized.

The loss of his daughter Catherine, though it became an affliction mellowed by time in the latter years of Dr. Parr, was always sanctified to him by religious hope, and the expressions which I shall now quote, written on the anniversary of her decease, by her mother, will be re-echoed from the bosom of every Christian parent who has lost a worthy child. Extract of a letter from Mrs. Parr to Dr. Parr:

Nov. 22, 1806, *Southampton.*

But, alas! what can relieve a sorely-wounded heart, God alone: and we can only reach him by the grave. You will

receive this on the day which bereaved us of our greatest worldly comfort. She is now rejoicing in the presence of her God, for the pure in heart shall see his face. Oh! how my heart rises with gratitude to the Throne of Mercy, for his blessings to her, and for ordaining me the parent of such a child. But I will not revive your sorrows, and my mind is in such a state, that I cannot think or write on any other subject, so adieu.

I shall insert only the following letter of condolence from the Bishop of Cloyne. There is a character of Catherine Parr in the Gentleman's Magazine.

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Cloyne, Dec.* 7, 1805.

Since Mrs. Wynne's letter to me, which conveyed a most melancholy account of her sister's health, I have not dared to trouble your family with letters of inquiry, but I did not cease to cast many anxious wishes towards Hatton, and augured every thing that was bad from your long silence. Severe, however, as the calamity is, there is some little room for comfort in the reflection of her being removed from all further suffering, and in the consciousness how much, what she did suffer, was alleviated by your paternal and exemplary kindness. Numbers in the late bloody victory of Trafalgar have been, like you, deprived of their children; and of children strong in health, and likely, unless cut off by this sudden stroke, to have added for many years to the comforts of their parents; but how few have, like you, been warned to expect the evil long before, to sooth the last hours of the afflicted by affectionate cares, and to pay every mark of respect and kindness to their remains. Perhaps, at present, this circumstance may have added to your griefs; but, in time, the remembrance of it will tend to diminish them. Man has done his part when he has spared no expence or attention to avoid the evil, and when he has at last submitted to it in patience.

I got safe here in August, after a fatiguing journey with a heavy coach, and a sea voyage still more fatiguing, being stowed in a crowded packet, with an unfavourable wind; and

I am afraid, too, that I remained too long in England to submit with patience to the inferior accommodations of this country for some months, till we have learned to grow callous, and make shifts like our neighbours. My time, too, has passed unpleasantly. For a triennial visitation of the Archbishop having just taken place, I have been plagued with the defence of one man, and the explanation of another, and the expostulations of a third, and the exclamations of a fourth. Nor does this last period (though its composition would do honour to the Duke of Mimbro himself) express sufficiently half the wearisome task I have to sustain. My Archbishop, a well-meaning and honourable man, but irritable and requiring management, is like our old master Dr. Richardson, tediously and offensively particular. Not the rim of a sacramental cup in the diocese, if it happens to be bruised, escapes his notice; and he searches into all our secret grievances with the zeal and minuteness with which my old aunt, many years ago at Shooter's Hill, to your extreme amusement, pulled up the petticoats of little Ned Miles, to find out a wicked pin, or thorn, which ran into the poor boy's posteriors. With a grave face, and laughing eye, I reprove or excuse the offenders, conscious, however, that many serious evils are prevented, by the inspection of superiors into trifles; and, indeed, that the Irish church, detested by the Papists, and plundered by the Protestants, could not exist at all, without some institution of this sort. The great evil I complain of on this side of the channel is want of principle. The man who receives you at his table with the most lavish hospitality, would too often plunder you of your property, and if you left him a legacy to distribute to the poor, would put it without scruple into his pocket.

Let me beg of you, my dear Parr, rather to dwell on these lighter and less interesting topics, than to feed your grief by the serious reflections which your mind, strong in itself, and habituated to view every subject in all its bearings, would be more apt to suggest. Fly from the subject? Learn to trifle, rather than feel? And, above all things, encourage the consideration of the short space of time during which we are separated from those we love? In the mean time, be assured that all who know you must feel deeply for your loss, and will hear with

the sincerest pleasure that though you can never forget, you have learned to endure it. I remain, yours affectionately and truly, W. CLOYNE.

It cannot be concealed, and, indeed, it becomes a part of my duty to relate, that events connected with the marriage of his daughter Sarah became a source of great unhappiness to him. Mr. and Mrs. Wynne, of Plasnewydd in Denbighshire, placed their eldest son under the care of Dr. Parr, at Hatton, in the year 1796. In this situation, towards the end of that year, he became attached to Miss Sarah Parr, and during the Christmas holidays, in some way or other, his attachment became known to his family. On his return to Hatton, in February, 1797, it became obvious also to Mrs. Parr, who instantly made the circumstance known to Mrs. Wynne, Mr. John Wynne's mother. He was sent home in February, but, by a singular fatality, sent back again, "duly cautioned by exhortation," to guard against those "susceptibilities and facilities which had shown themselves in him from his earliest infancy." Mr. and Mrs. Wynne were fully apprised of every circumstance as it passed, by Mrs. Parr; and, whatever might have been her secret wishes, it is due to her to state, that she more than once recommended Mr. John Wynne's removal. Unhappily, for all parties, the advice that was given was not followed, and the plot began to thicken so much, that, in the middle of May, Mrs. Parr deemed it necessary to repeat her warnings. Mr. Wynne's answer, full of wavering and weakness as it is, proves the fact, that Dr. Parr was purposely

kept in the dark, and that on the 17th of May, the date of his letter, he first thinks it necessary to inform Dr. Parr of the transaction.

DEAR MADAM,

The subject of your letter distresses me much; I fear there is no alternative but to remove John from those advantages which I had so fondly proposed for his future good and happiness; I think, on the most mature deliberation of which I am capable, that the best thing is to inform the Doctor of every thing to this very period, and this also; for, as I could not reconcile to my feelings removing John abruptly from under his care, either in honour to the Doctor, or in justice to myself, without assigning a cause (and my mind would recoil at giving any but the true reason), therefore, as he must know it ultimately, I think the sooner the better; but on no account would I have the young ones know that we are now corresponding. It must not be divulged to them that you have acquainted me with these new circumstances; but perhaps the Doctor's authority united to yours, and threatening to inform me if every thing is not immediately dropped, may at least act as a temporary check. Pray when will the Doctor's next vacation be? I am, dear Madam, yours very faithfully, R. W. WYNNE.

When the Doctor was informed of the attachment of Mr. John Wynne he shut up his daughter, and instantly sent off a messenger, to beg Mrs. Edward Johnstone to receive her under her protection. This was the signal for elopement. The young couple fled to Gretna Green. When they returned, Dr. Parr would not receive them at Hatton. They took refuge in a farm-house in the neighbourhood. And Mr. John Wynne's letter to his uncle, Mr. Dodd, on June 17th, contains the following sentence:

We have, both Mrs. Wynne and myself, been very wrongfully suspected by Doctor Parr till Monday night, who was then,

upon the relation of the whole business, confounded, and extremely surprised to hear with what openness and honour we had both behaved, and not only arose out of his insensibility on the subject, but even pitied us exceedingly, who till then was all fire and fury against us. He promised my father that he would not confirm the marriage, and that he would turn us out of doors; he therefore has kept his promise, but most sincerely and bitterly repents. Had the relation of the business been opened to him before, we should now be his inmates, and our marriage confirmed, so truly does he pity us for the manner in which we have been treated by others, and for the manner in which he himself treated us.

Thus it appears that Dr. Parr was very harsh to the young couple, after their return, till an explanation had taken place. Nor would he suffer the banns for a second marriage to be proclaimed; but after a letter from Mr. Wynne, dated June 8, 1797, his paternal affection revived, and his heart yearned towards his daughter, and shuddered at the possibility of her disgrace.

Surely nothing is valid, as he is under age, and if you retain your daughter and turn him out of your house I shall thank you; for if they come here together, I shall be forced to turn them both out; every thing I possess in this world I can give to whom I please, and he shall never have a farthing while he lives, unless he entirely disengages from this business; if this should be impossible, they are both ruined for ever—I am sorry for them; but I must put my next son into the place that was intended for him; and on this I am most peremptorily resolved. I am, my dear Sir, with great regard, yours most truly,

R. W. Wynne.

Dr. Parr wrote a long and elaborate reply to this letter, dated Magdalen College, Oxford, June 25, 1797, of which I shall only copy the close.

You will observe, dear Sir, the delicacy and faithfulness with which I have acted in taking no step to marry again my own

dear child, in resisting the warm but pardonable importunity of my wife, for me so to do, and in requesting a neighbouring clergyman not to ask the banns. *Here* the measure of my duty to you under the present circumstances is filled up. Other duties may and even must arise in *other* quarters; and I tell you unreservedly and seriously, that having acted like an honest man and a gentleman to you in this point, I shall with equal firmness and equal propriety act as the guardian of my daughter's honour, if I should find occasion so to do. Let her be punished by *poverty*, but to *disgrace* she SHALL NOT be exposed. These words are full of meaning, which is to be called out more or less by your actions, and by my own actions depending upon yours. What I have to add is, that important as my meaning is in the foregoing sentence relating to my daughter, it does not include the yet *higher* and more interesting subject to which I called your serious attention in the fifth and sixth pages of this letter. I shall not intermeddle with persuasion and advice; but whatever is *beyond* persuasion and advice flings us all into *another* situation, accompanied in my mind by *other and loud calls to other and sacred duties in my conduct.* In what those duties consist I shall at a proper time explain by words, and if need be, by actions; by words the most unequivocal, and by actions the most undisguised and decisive. Whatever may be included in my resolutions, I assure you, Sir, as a man of honour, and for your entire satisfaction, I now make the assurance *in writing*, that I have no *right* whatsoever, and no *wish* whatsoever to interfere, directly or indirectly, now or hereafter, in *any pecuniary matters* between yourself and Mr. John Wynne. Compared with two subjects which stand at this moment arrayed in all their possible consequences before my judgment, my feelings, and my conscience, all the wealth in the world is to me, and may be to others, lighter than the dust in the balance. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. Wynne and your family. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, yours truly,

S. PARR.

Soon after, the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. John Wynne was solemnized according to the rites of the Church of England, and they went to reside at Ox-

ford, whither Mr. Wynne was sent to complete his education at Jesus College. By degrees, peace was apparently restored, Mrs. John Wynne was introduced at Plasnewydd, and finally on the death of the elder Mr. Wynne, they took possession of and resided at an ancient seat of the Wynne family, Garthmeilio, in Denbighshire. But dissensions arose, and in the end a separation took place. Mrs. Wynne went to reside at Shrewsbury, where she instituted a suit for maintenance against her husband. In the mean time her health declined, symptoms of consumption appeared, and she sought relief in the air of Devonshire, whither Mrs. Parr accompanied her. On the trial coming on at Shrewsbury at the spring assizes of 1810, Mrs. Parr was hurried from the coast of Devon to give evidence, and by exposure to cold on her return, was affected with a pulmonary disorder of which she died. She was brought to Hatton, followed by her daughter: and the like ceremony was observed on her interment as on the occasion of the death of her daughter Catharine. In the earlier periods of his life Mr. Roderick assures me, that Dr. Parr was tenderly attached to his wife. He relied upon her judgment, and committed the care of all his concerns to her management. But it was a match imposed upon him by Dr. Askew, for temporary convenience. Mrs. Parr was not a woman to be loved, and Parr was too inexperienced in the world to make the choice of life at so early an age. Indeed, of this inexperience, Mr. Hetley could tell some ludicrous instances, and from his authority I assert, that Mrs. Parr herself was not cal-

culated to conduct a large establishment well, and that she defeated in the house what Parr did in the school. Mr. Roderick talks of the dignity of her manner. What might have been dignity too often degenerated into haughtiness, and sarcasm, and insolence at Hatton. But there an entire revolution had taken place: *there* Parr took the whole concerns of his household into his own hands, and this habit continued to the end of his life. Whatsoever was the reason for establishing such a system, it was ill-calculated to produce union, and though he continued to express the sense he had of his first wife's sound judgment and understanding, and was always biassed by her opinions, it was too clear that the bonds which held them together, were not those of affection. In certain matters of family interest she continued his friend and adviser; but her sarcasms often wounded his spirit, her want of temper diminished his domestic happiness, and her bitter and false representations sometimes tended to injure his fame.* It is due to the purity of his life and conversation, that I say thus much; for many still survive who might otherwise repeat to his disadvantage the bitter invective, the dark insinuation, or the sly complaint which were too often heard in former times at Hatton. To her children she was as devoted as her husband was.

In a short period all the remainder of Parr's

* I speak this solemnly from a knowledge of the fact, and record it, now my spirit is wounded by hearing imputations cast upon Dr. Parr's moral character.

family that he could call his own, fell victims of disease; for Mr. Wynne's two eldest daughters were separated from their mother, nor could the strongest efforts of a kind and affectionate friend bring them to receive the last blessing of their dying parent. With all the warmth of affection, and all the ardour of friendship—with all that force of kindness which so well marked her character, Mrs. Holyoake made a last endeavour to bring the mother and her children together before the curtain was drawn for ever: but it failed, as the following letter of my dear departed and accomplished friend will testify:

From Mrs. Holyoake, to the Rev. Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Tettenhall, Tuesday night, May* 29, 1810.

I cannot express my concern for all the sorrow and affliction at Hatton! And pray accept my kindest thanks for your attention to me when your mind was so painfully occupied. Poor dear Mrs. Wynne! I fear this last blow will be too much for her; I had vainly hoped for some consolation to offer her, but alas! Mr. Wynne in his better judgment has found in his heart to invent some excuses to refuse my request. His letter I got by to-day's post, and (as contrary to my intention) you knew of my anxious undertaking, I do not keep the result of it an hour from you. I never set my heart upon anything so much in my life as obtaining the dear children to convey to Hatton; and though your most melancholy letter made it ache yesterday, it would now jump with joy if my undertaking had been crowned with success. Had it not been for the assistance of Mr. Holyoake's warm heart, and interest in Mrs. Wynne, together with his good head, I should most earnestly have wished the cause in a more able hand than mine. But I do assure you, my request was so replete with plans for the perform-

ing of it, that had not Mr. Wynne fully made up his mind upon the subject, I am vain enough to believe he could not have resisted. I told him I did not presume to suggest any mode of conduct for himself to adopt, but that if he would allow Mrs. Wynne to see the children, and would do me the honour to entrust them to my care, I would strictly fulfil every wish he expressed, and undertake to restore them to him at any period and place he would appoint. I invited him to bring them here, that Mr. Holyoake would be glad to see him, and in case of that not being convenient, I proposed his conveying them to Shrewsbury, where I would meet them, and convey them to Hatton in my own carriage, and restore them to him there again. In short, my dear Sir, I said every thing that our friendship and Mr. Holyoake's better judgment could suggest to obtain this most desirable end; but I clearly see it never will happen. I hope Mrs. Wynne does not know such a business has been in agitation—I am truly sorry you do, since you consider me entitled to those acknowledgments which in better success we should have been repaid ten-fold. Mr. Wynne says, that an interview between Mrs. W. and her children, although momentarily gratifying, would be the cause of future additional misery to the latter, should their mother die during their stay with her, and to the former, should she survive her present illness, to be again deprived of them, when he might wish to have them returned to him, and *he exceedingly laments* Mrs. Wynne's present melancholy situation! The letter in general to me is as civil as any refusal can be; insomuch that I do not despair but some future time he will let the little girls come here, and that I am sure would be a pleasure to my poor friend. I was so anxious for this letter, and so was our excellent friend Mr. Butler, that in order to give him the earliest intelligence, I have sent up to the office every day the moment the Shrewsbury mail went by, that I might write to him by its return in the evening, and that I did this day, though ill in bed. Since I can do Mrs. Wynne no service, and she, alas! cannot come here, I am now going to Cheltenham next Saturday in search of better health for one fortnight, and an address to the post-office will find me, in case you should have any communication

you are so good to intrust me in. With kind regards to dear Mrs. W., I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your most obliged servant, D. E. Holyoake.

Mrs. Wynne's health, thus broken by domestic affliction, rapidly declined after the funeral of her mother. Her little child Madalina sickened of the small pox and died. Bereaved of the comfort of the society of her other children, nothing was left for her but to die, and she prepared for the last scene with decent composure. I have now before me the expressions of her last will, the disposition of her effects, of her wardrobe, and her trinkets, and there is a melancholy pleasure, even after the lapse of years, in reassembling these last fond associations, these evanescent records of the departing spirit. Mrs. Wynne died at Hatton, July 1810: she bore her grievous afflictions with magnanimity. To the last even, she retained a portion of her cheerfulness and her gaiety; for, notwithstanding the kindness of her father, the grave was indeed a refuge to her.

Character of Mrs. Wynne.

Died July, 1810.—Mrs. Sarah Anne Wynne, aged 38, at Hatton, near Warwick, the only remaining daughter of the Rev. Dr. Parr. The brilliancy of her imagery in conversation and writing, the readiness, gaiety, and fertility of her wit, the acuteness of her observations upon men and things, and the variety of her knowledge upon the most familiar and most profound subjects, were very extraordinary. They who lived with her in the closest intimacy, were again and again struck with admiration at the rapidity, ease, vivacity, and elegance of her epistolary compositions. Whether upon lively or serious topics they were always adapted to the occasion; they were always free from the slightest taint of affected phraseology and foreign idiom;

they were always distinguished by a peculiar felicity and originality of conception and expression; and the genius displayed in them would most undoubtedly have placed the writer in the very highest class of her female contemporaries, if she had employed her pen upon any work with a deliberate view to publication. Her reading in the most approved authors, both French and English, was diversified and extensive; her memory was prompt and correct; and her judgment upon all questions of taste and literature, morality and religion, evidently marked the powers with which she had been gifted by nature, and the advantages which she had enjoyed for cultivating those powers under the direction of her enlightened parents, and in the society of learned and ingenious men, to which she had access from her earliest infancy. With becoming resignation to the will of heaven she endured a long and painful illness, which had been brought upon her by a pressure of domestic sorrows on a constitution naturally weak. Her virtues as a friend, a child, a wife, and a mother, were most exemplary; and her piety was sincere, rational, and habitual.—*Otridge's Annual Register for* 1810.

The above character, dictated by parental tenderness, is, in the main, true. But those who remember Mrs. Wynne cannot fail to recollect that her wit had often too keen an edge, and that she often viewed things through a coloured and partial medium, and represented them accordingly in sarcastic and bitter terms. There are several specimens of her poetry and her composition among the papers; one particularly on Lord Kirkwall's birth-day; but all of little importance. I shall, however, quote one specimen of her sarcastic wit on a more important subject. To gratify her spleen, or her humour, she wrote the following letter, under the signature of Ralph Bincks, a name which she had seen subscribed to some documents in the news-

papers on vaccination, to a Committee at Warwick, established to promote that important object. By the ill-natured sagacity of some persons, this paper was, at the time, falsely attributed to the writer of this memoir. He takes occasion now, in declaring the truth, to express his continued approbation of this experiment—his conviction of the advantages it has already produced—his knowledge of the misrepresentations of its use, and even of its failures —his continued perseverance in recommending the practice of it, and his sincere hopes that time will set the lasting stamp of benefit upon the *experiment*, for such it is.

To the Committee of Vaccination at Warwick.

SIR,

Having seen, by favour of a medical friend, the late most judicious and irrefragable publication of the Warwick Cow-Pox Committee, I am induced, by their conspicuous wisdom and science, to lay before them an accurate account of a new method of annihilating that scourge of mankind, the small-pox. I think, Sir, that the virtuous abhorrence in which the Committee hold this destructive enemy of the human race, will preclude all objections to my methods, and obviate the stale and narrow prejudices which might arise against it as a novelty. It is now, Sir, three years since I was summoned to a young gentleman belonging to Westminster School, who laboured under a disease which greatly alarmed his boarding dame by the strangeness of the symptoms and the suddenness of the attack. I found the patient with a slight degree of fever, attended with a trivial elongation of the ears. I confess, Sir, these symptoms at first distressed me; but upon observing a number of small pimples of an ash-coloured hue, I exclaimed "Eureka," and hailed myself as the discoverer of the ass-pox; for, Sir, upon making the common inquiries, I found the patient had been accustomed to ride in Tothill-fields upon

jack-asses, and he had assisted in rubbing down one which was much diseased, shortly after which he became rather stupid, and the above-mentioned symptoms increased. For the ears I ordered an oleaginous liniment, and then a strengthening embrocation, which soon contracted the ears within their accustomed limits. The patient's dislike to usual nourishments was vexatious, till I luckily ordered thistle broth, with soaked oats, to be administered. On the fourth day he became convalescent, and on the sixth every symptom subsided. He returned to school, and has since been esteemed more acute and docile than before the ass-pox. This young gentleman and many hundreds of patients who have, under my inspection, been favoured with Zebrine inoculation, have since been eighteen, twenty, and even forty times inoculated without any effect. About this time I was called to attend the late patient's brother in the cow-pox, and found, Sir, the horny excrescences on the os frontis had already attained to a most formidable height, that the hoofs were hard and thick, and though I had sustained some surprise from the voice of my other patients, it was nothing when compared with what I endured from the bellowing of a bull in a bed-chamber; indeed, the patient told me, with tears in his eyes, that when he first made complaint of illness, the master, usher, and boys ran with all speed out of the school. I assure you, Sir, that I treated this case according to the Jennerian rules, but more than once I found it would be necessary to have recourse to the knife, in order to eradicate the horns and hoofs, which even resisted the lunar caustic. After a tedious and painful confinement, we at length obtained hope of recovery, which was, however, retarded by the accident of my patient going to wash his hoofs in the Thames just at the moment when a fanatical Methodist preacher was haranguing his congregation on the Devil's visible appearance to sinners. The mob, Sir, espying the hoofs of my patient, exclaimed "that Satan was at hand;" and forthwith his disciples, by their outrages, so disturbed the gentleman's spirits, that his fever was much prolonged. It cannot escape the observation of so wise a Committee, that the symptoms of Zebrine inoculation are even less alarming than those of the inestimable cow-pox, nor can there exist the smallest objection to the propagation of a

disease among the poor, of which the remedy is cheap and so easily procured. In short, Sir, I expect, nay almost demand of your Committee that, in return for my communications, you shall compose another *little book* and exhortation, recommending inoculation in the ass-pox in Warwick and its vicinity, which places, I am told, are remarkably favourable to a trial of this new disease. I shall now, Sir, proceed to state some further most important discoveries, to which I was led by my detestation of the small-pox—my incapacity to endure bellowing—the want of Zebrine matter, and the destruction of four cases of surgical instruments by attempting to conquer horns and hoofs. By accurate investigation I found that matter was frequently formed at the bottom of the quills of diseased geese, and I proceeded to inoculate my two apprentices therewith. The disease answered my most sanguine expectations, except that the intellects of these lads have not been so lively since inoculation, but, as they are intended for country practitioners, this accident is of no consequence. I desisted, however, from Anserine inoculation in London, and, after various experiments on different animals, I was so lucky as at length to find blotches, containing laudable pus, behind the ears of a hog. I immediately requested my wife to be the first porcine patient, but my arguments and entreaties were vain; Mrs. Bincks actually refused so resolutely, that I was obliged to perform the operation upon myself, and found the result favourable. My wife, however, who is strangely prejudiced against novelties, pretends, indeed, to have discovered in me an unusual degree of obstinacy lately; but that I consider as mere calumny.

I am, Sir, your most obedient and humble servant,

RALPH BINCKS.

Thus was Parr deprived of the society of all his children. He outlived them all; and as his grandchildren were not permitted to approach him, he was cast again upon the ocean of life, to seek other connections and other props for his declining age. His grand-children, indeed, were restored to him for a short time, but were snatched back again, and the

family breach was widened by the short and illusory interval of reconciliation. Nor can it be esteemed at all his fault that the reconciliation was not then complete. What motive could he have, now that old age was approaching, to separate himself from his own flesh and blood, and remove those far off who were the natural heirs of his fortune, and the natural props of his old age? The event proved that it was not his wish; kindness was a portion of his very nature; his love for his cousin Frank was almost a morbid sensibility. It is unnatural, therefore, to suppose that he was in any degree instrumental in the breach, much less can the children be supposed to have been influential in it. They, indeed, were the sufferers. Events, however, those great controllers of all our actions, led the way to that ultimate reconciliation which took place, as we shall see hereafter.

Soon after the death of Mrs. Wynne he received an anonymous letter purporting to be from his daughter in another world. It was a solemn appeal to his feelings; and, though written feebly, he professed to set a high value upon it. He did not want such a memorial as this to remind him of his religious duties, and, thoroughly impressed with a sense of the parental duties imposed upon him by the almost orphan state of his grand-children, he summoned up his resolution:

My domestic sorrows weigh me quite down, but I shall summon all my courage; and in truth, dear Sir, I have a very deep and serious sense of the duties which I owe to my grand-children as their protector. I had reckoned much upon the judi-

cious and affectionate aid they and their poor mother would have had from Mrs. Parr. But these hopes are no more. I have long learned to value life chiefly as a sort of trust reposed in us by the Almighty for promoting the good of his creatures, and as a state of discipline preparatory to a nobler sphere of agency. This conviction is firmly seated in my mind; it does not weaken any of the feelings which are natural to the human heart. No, Charles. But it invigorates them, and purifies them, and exalts them from the rank of weaknesses into incentives to virtue: and virtue, mingled with reflection, intention, and active exercise, raises the soul of man to the most becoming and the most animating piety.—Letter to Dr. C. Burney, April 27, 1810.

CHAPTER XVII.

Toleration,—Religious Opinions.

The Union of Ireland with England, brought about by Mr. Pitt to consolidate the resources of the empire, had seemed to promise, not only toleration of the Catholics, but their introduction into power. To a certain extent, the grievances they laboured under had been removed. They were permitted to enlist in the service of their country in all subordinate capacities—they might shed their blood in the field, or display their talents in the forum; but it was deemed unsafe to give them the power of supreme command, and of a vote in the senate, or to place any portion of the patronage of the Church and the State in their hands.

The Catholic question very early became one of the points of discussion between Parr and Bennet. The Bishop had been dislodged from power by those who advocated the Catholic claims, and consequently was not very friendly to them. He says, in a letter, dated

Bath, April 3, 1805.

You are already in possession of my sentiments on the Catholics. As an Irish question I esteem it of no great import. By agreeing to the Petition you will not endanger the Constitution on the one hand, and you will not conciliate the great mass of the Catholic body on the other. Yet these are the points on which, I dare say, both the friends and the enemies

of the question will make their principal stand. I have no doubt of its being rejected in both Houses for the present, by a considerable majority. The time will come when the battle will be fought on other grounds, and with more reasonable hopes of success. I feel, however, no small temptation to be a spectator of the skirmishing on the 9th of May, and, as I dare say you will also have curiosity enough to stay, I flatter myself with the hopes of again seeing you at a quiet dinner, wherever my lodgings may be, sine aulæis et ostro.

The agitation of this question in the diocese of Worcester, and the Petition agreed upon on the 2d of January, 1813, called forth Dr. Parr's particular attention to the subject. The Petition was couched in the following terms:

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, in Parliament assembled. The Humble Petition of the Reverend the Dean and Chapter, Archdeacon and Clergy, of the Cathedral Church and Diocese of Worcester:

Sheweth,

That we are justly alarmed at the high tone assumed by the Papists in Ireland, in their late Petitions to Parliament.

We have no wish, whatever, to abridge the religious toleration they enjoy, but we dread an increase of their political power. We do, therefore, most earnestly entreat this Right Honourable House, in their wisdom, to consider whether such power, if conceded, would not tend to endanger the Protestant establishment, interwoven with the Constitution of these realms. By the statement of the Roman Catholics themselves, the character of their Church is known to be inconsistent with our civil and religious liberties, and to be subversive of the King's ecclesiastical supremacy.

Dear to us is the liberty we enjoy, and revered the constitutional power of the Monarch; but dearer still are the tenets of our holy faith, and the pure doctrines of our Apostolical Church, which, by the most sacred ties, we are bound to continue and uphold.

On the subject of this Petition, and the conduct he meant to pursue in consequence of it, the following letter to Lord Holland gives an account:

MY LORD, *Hatton, January* 16, 1813.

To the same extent with your lordship, for the same reasons of sound policy and justice, and perhaps with yet stronger impressions from religious considerations, I hold the plain and broad principle, that no man, merely in consequence of his creed, ought to be subject to the inconveniences and the insults practically inseparable from civil disabilities. I look with indignation upon that which is now passing among my clerical brethren, and with terror to the remoter consequences which it will infallibly produce upon the interests and the credit of our ecclesiastical establishment. I see not the possibility of danger from concession; but the evils of resistance are inevitable and incalculable.

Yesterday I received from my Archdeacon a circular letter, inviting me to sign a Petition drawn up by a numerous body of Clergy assembled at Worcester, and sent to seven of our great towns for the edification (no doubt) and encouragement of my reverend brethren. I shall not content myself now with silence. I have drawn up a letter, which our Bishop and his orthodox associates will not be much pleased to read, and which the Archdeacon will not fail to show as a proof of my heretical and ungodly propensities. It was not a season for argument, and, to say the truth, the very best arguments would be thrown away at such a time upon such zealots; but they unwisely gave me an opportunity of telling them my mind, and told it shall be, unreservedly and indignantly. I will not annoy them till they have completed their regiment.

In answer to this Petition Dr. Parr wrote an elaborate letter to Dr. Evans, Archdeacon of Worcester, containing his objection to the Petition, and which I shall insert in the Appendix, as comprehending his views of the subject. Dr. Evans, who was a most amiable and exemplary ecclesiastic, replied to him in the kindest terms.

As a question not of toleration, but of political expediency, the "Calm Statement" ascribed, and I believe justly, to a favourite pupil and friend of Dr. Parr, contains plain and irresistible argument, and by one fact demonstrates that those who *publicly* objected to the extension of political privileges, *silently* conceded them to the Catholics. The Grenville administration were thrown out for advocating the principle, the real practice of which was established on "the 10th of July, 1817, under the government of Lord Liverpool, and almost without notice in either House of Parliament." But the question assumes another aspect, and becomes of vital interest and importance, when it is viewed solely as it relates to the pacification of Ireland.

Warburton has endeavoured to prove, in his "Alliance between Church and State," that utility, not truth, is the proper and immediate object of the magistrate; the majority interested in the question have a right therefore to command the species of church; but that church, whatsoever it be, must be useful to the state. Without adverting to that experiment which is now making in the new world, and which seems to prove that there is no *necessary alliance* between Church and State, Ireland on this ground has a right to command her own establishment. Whatsoever order of things she may prefer, and she has a claim on us for a different order from that which now prveails—for one more useful to her—she must be pacified, she must be instructed, she must have a larger share of the blessings of the British constitution, or she will become

our weakness, not our strength or salvation. If this be opposed on the pretext of conscientious scruples, such as a late correspondence with Lord Kenyon has developed, it may be answered:

Let us, however, suppose (says Parr,), that after diligent, impartial, and serious investigation, a King of England should prefer the Greek Church, the Church of Rome, the Church of Holland, the Church of Geneva, or that he should be even led to admit natural religion to the exclusion of revealed, what conduct is he then to pursue? His duty to God certainly requires that he should profess and worship only according to that which he thinks true, and in the opinion of an enlightened sovereign it might, under some circumstances, require *no more:* but the wise and wholesome jealousy of the laws is not so easily satisfied. *They* suppose that a sovereign would be languid or insincere in protecting what he thought false, that he would directly or indirectly endeavour to introduce what he thought true, and considering public utility as inseparably connected with our religious establishment, they have provided against the possibility of the case just now mentioned, and virtually have left no alternative between conformity and resignation. Conceivable it is that a sincere and virtuous King might, in his own mind, enter into all the distinctions between religious and philosophical truth, and that while, as an individual, he practised one mode of worship, he might be disposed, as a magistrate, to protect another. But the laws have not trusted him with the power of thus exercising his own judgment upon the union of his private and his public duties. They have assumed that general utility makes it necessary for him to be bound by express compact to conformity with the established religion; they have placed him in circumstances where he cannot, as a moral agent, withdraw that conformity and *virtuously*, as well as legally, retain his throne; for surely there cannot be a more intelligible or a more important mean of public utility than the observance of a compact made by a sovereign with his people. By surrendering his crown he would be at full liberty to act according to his own views of

religious truth, and he would act conformably to philosophical truth, or things as they really are, and as they are known by himself to be, when in obedience to the authority of human laws, and by virtue of conditions which he is no longer able to fulfil, he ceased to claim the power of maintaining the established religion, after he had ceased to consider it as the true one. Such is the vigilance of our forefathers in guarding our ecclesiastical establishment, that neither the King, as head of the church, nor the two Houses of convocation co-operating with the King, can introduce any material change in doctrine or discipline without the concurrence of both Houses of Parliament. To the collective wisdom and the collective authority of the legislature is entrusted the power of examining things as they are, and of providing for public utility by the accommodation of their measures to the result of that examination.

To that collective wisdom the scruples of every sound mind must ultimately yield, when sufficient time has been given for matured experience. When the two Houses of the British Parliament will, and the King wills not, the consequence must be an immediate appeal to the people, and a new election must determine whether the people coincide in sentiment with their former representatives. A British monarch has no other alternative than by thus appealing to his subjects; and the history of our country has not hitherto furnished us with any other mode of action.

Though Dr. Parr wished to extend the benefits of toleration to all Catholics, as well as to Christians of all sects and denominations, he was neither luke-warm in the cause of Protestanism, nor of that best establishment of it, as he deemed the Church of England to be. When Dr. Milner, the Catholic Bishop, published his End of Controversy, Parr

was struck with the boldness and manliness with which the Bishop asserted his cause, and with just admiration of the vigorous and comprehensive mind which could place that cause in such a conspicuous and almost dazzling light. He was, however, not dazzled; he investigated the work with sobriety and diligence; he criticised it with candour, and has left some remarks on it which will be a guide to future inquirers. Nor did he stop here. Thinking that the Bishop had overstepped the boundary of historical testimony, he wrote him a letter, descanting on some of his general principles, and denying the inference he had drawn from some partial and unrevealed testimony. In removing doubts concerning the opinions expressed by Bishop Hallifax on his death-bed, he has defended the Church of England; and it is fortunate that this appeal was made to Bishop Milner before he himself quitted the scene of earthly contention. Of Bishop Milner, now that he is incapable of being affected either by praise or blame, I should decline saying any thing, did not my personal knowledge of him give me some right to declare an opinion. In his College at Oscott I have frequently seen him preside with dignity, with his amiable and learned colleagues the late Rev. Thos. Potts, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Walsh, and the Rev. Mr. Weedall. Perhaps he was not always very courteous, perhaps even he was above the common arts of seeking popularity. Yet was he truly hospitable, and when he deigned to converse, the strength of his mind always broke forth. He asserted and maintained his opinions with the tone

and manner of one who did not deem that he could be in error: he shrunk not from any statement, nor any opinion which he had once uttered; he told all he thought without hesitation, nor do I believe that he would have suffered much rejoinder with patience. Had Parr met him in the field of argument, I can hardly conceive how the fierce encounter would have ended; and had he conquered him, his letter is a record of the respect he would have expressed for his vigorous intellect and courageous bearing, though it also shows how he would have resented some of his intemperate sallies, and hurled back again some of his insolent defiance. But he never would have attacked the sturdy polemic with unlawful weapons. It was his opinion that on the grounds taken up by certain ecclesiastics, the reformed Church of England can never be defended against such assailants as Dr. Milner. If any other authority besides the Holy Scriptures be allowed, no church can stand against the church of Rome.

Tradition may impart whatsoever fable, superstition, or hypocrisy can invent; the fathers, and the interpretations of the fathers, may be wrested by scholiasts into the most different meanings. In councils and synods, as in all other large assemblages of men, the passions of the human breast are naturally puffed up by the presence and support of multitudes: and that of Constance is an everlasting example, how mercy may be forgotten by those who pretend to legislate for religion. The history of our frail and imperfect condition proves that

man is never to be trusted when his stronger interests, or more violent passions, agitate his bosom. Every phantom of his imagination then turns him aside from right reason: he becomes the sport of the dreams of ambition, or of the licence of uncontrolled power, nor can his moral duties ever be secured but by a divine code of restriction or command. That code has been given him in a preparatory religion which opened the way for introducing THE DISPENSATION, the prop and the comfort of human kind, and its everlasting hope.—"There is but one instance in the world, and never will be another" (says Warburton).

In the defence of Protestantism, be it remembered, he never sought the aid of those harsh terms which have so often disgraced the writings of polemical Divines. The whole of the letter to Dr. Milner is a specimen of calm discussion, perspicuous statement, and manly declaration. Nor is it clouded by one acrimonious phrase, or insolent personality. He was content to speak of some of the tenets of Popery as erroneous and unscriptural only; and in his note on Heshusius (T) Sexcenti Errores pleni Blasphemiis, &c. he says,

He read this book carefully. He found in it often what seemed to him errors in the Church of Rome, but no one doctrine he would venture to call blasphemous. In the late controversy with the Romanists, he was shocked to find this word in the writings of English Protestants; and he would set a mark of the very strongest reprobation upon the word as applied by Barrington, Bishop of Durham, to the sacramental tenets of the Romanists. S. P.

Nor did he ever venture to pronounce that the

Church of Rome was prefigured by those expressions in the Apocalypse, "Mystery, Babylon the Great," &c. He acknowledged her errors, but discussed them with sober argument, not rancorous invective, and enlightened Catholics were often admitted to his confidence and friendship.

Dr. Parr is requested, by the author of these works, (writes the learned Mr. Charles Butler, of Lincoln's-inn,) to accept this copy of Phil. and Bib. Works, as a testimony of his high sense of the Doctor's extensive erudition in sacred and profane literature, his exquisite taste, classical eloquence, and undeviating attachment to civil and religious liberty; and as a grateful acknowledgment of the Doctor's repeated kindness to him.

Signed, CHARLES BUTLER,

φιλόμουσος, et forsan haud plane *ἄμουσος*.

Doubtless Mr. Butler has deserved both these titles. Dr. Parr respected him highly, and I insert some letters in the Appendix, relating to subjects, the answers of which have already been published by Mr. Butler. The letter about Cranmer will be recollected by posterity, when the calumniators of the "blessed Martyr" lie forgotten in the dust.

I might also adduce other correspondence with enlightened Catholics. With the present Earl of Shrewsbury; with that liberal, high-minded, and highly polished gentleman, the late Sir John Throckmorton; with Lord Dormer; with Francis Canning, Esq.; the Hon. Mr. Arundel; and with the Rev. Joseph Berington, well known for his cool, candid, and elaborate inquiries into many parts of sacred and profane learning. But his sentiments are so well known from his correspondence, his conversational

discussions, and his writings, particularly from that part of the note on Mr. Fox's history which touches on all the bearings of the Catholic question, that I forbear enlarging further on this part of the subject. On that question Parr has laid prostrate a host of prejudices by a single quotation:

Πλείστη δὲ χάρις, δαπάνη τ' ὀλιγίστη.—Hesiod.

Gladly, therefore, should I hail the day in which the religious tenets of the Roman Catholics should not be permitted to obstruct the full recovery of their civil rights, and in which the Church of England, providing at once for its own interest, and its own honour, should display to every other Church in Christendom a glorious example of "holding the faith in unity of spirit, and the bond of peace."—Philopatris Varvicensis, vol. ii. p. 620.

When the mind is solely and intensely fixed on one subject, it is very apt to over-rate the importance of the studies that occupy it; but I am very much deceived if every inquirer after truth, as well as every friend of toleration, will not hail the following letter as a precious addition to his knowledge, or to his recollections:

From Dr. Parr, to Lord Holland.

MY LORD, *April 26th*, 1819.

I am charmed with your wise and interesting letter, and I consider all your distinctions as just. Now, for these fifty-three years I have been a studious reader in theology, and a vigilant observer of theologians. Through the whole time I have been a stedfast advocate for freedom of inquiry, and for toleration more or less extended. Till the year 1793 I held the *principle* of a test, but avowed my disapprobation of a sacramental test, because it makes religion the stalking-horse of politics; but on reading a work which is ascribed to Sergeant Heywood, who evidently was assisted by several enlightened

Dissenters, I gave up the whole principle of a test. Get this book if you can, and remember, my Lord, that it is the *only* sensible book which the attempt to procure a repeal of the Test Act produced from our contemporaries. There were two or three paltry pamphlets from Churchmen, and one very acute book written by Sherlock was republished. My Lord, I have read carefully the whole Bangorian controversy, in eleven volumes, and I am acquainted with no Ecclesiastic who, like myself, has gone through the whole. Hoadly saw, and enabled his discerning reader to see, what was the province of the Magistrate. Warburton in his Alliance boldly proclaimed the fact, "the Magistrate (he says) finds his proper concern in *utility*, not in truth;" and then, to shelter himself from his brethren, he runs out into an elaborate and useless metaphorical dissertation, on the coincidence of utility and truth. I told this to your uncle, when somebody had furnished him with some idle paradoxes which are to be found in Warburton, and I added for his amusement, that the Alliance to which Ecclesiastics then *appealed* was reprobated upon its first appearance, and ludicrously called an alliance between William and Warburton. I cannot help scribbling as a Parson, and delighted I am with the shiftings and inconsistencies of my Reverend brethren. My Lord, I wish, but perhaps in vain, that you would employ your sound judgment and ingenuous spirit upon the subject of toleration. I shall venture to point out the best books. The Preface to Thuanus, which extorted praise even from Lord Mansfield; Locke on Toleration; the Bangorian controversy; the *first* English book and the *best*, written by Jeremy Taylor, and called the Liberty of Prophecying. Well must your time be employed in Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, and your own sagacity will suggest to you that many parts relate to the disputes *of the times*. Do not forget John Hales of Eton. Of course you will study Warburton's Alliance; Voltaire's book upon toleration is worth reading, though not profound. There are minor works by Turneaux and others, but I point out the best books. Well, I have now to tell you one striking fact. In the last century, and part of the preceding, all the writers in favour of bold inquiry in religion are hostile to the Romanists. Jortin, descended from a family which emigrated after the

revocation of the Edict of Nantz, imbibed such a hatred of Popery as often counteracted the dictates of his benevolent mind. Hoadly, the great champion of religious liberty, was equally hostile; but Archdeacon Blackburne, who had more acuteness, and more historical reading than Hoadly or Jortin, was the fiercest of all the Anti-Romanists; he dreamt of Popery—he raised against it a hue and cry—he saw, and in this perhaps he was not singular, some traces of the Romish intolerance and hierarchy in his own church. I have had some vehement controversies on the subject with Dr. John Jebb, and once he pleaded guilty to the charge of inconsistency. Bishop Watson was merciless towards the Romanists. This, my Lord, is the history of my own times. All the writers were not only disgusted with the doctrines, but alarmed at the intolerant spirit, of the Church of Rome. They did not sufficiently distinguish between time past and time present. I allow with them, that in the constitution of the Church of Rome there is a direct tendency to intolerance, and that which is now passing in Spain, and in other countries, is a decisive proof of the fact. No wise statesman will ever trust the priesthood with power, and this, mutatis mutandis, may be said of our own country. Bishop Milner, the great advocate of the Romanists, is a persecutor of the very worst order; but how does this reach the question before your House? You are not going to increase the power of the priesthood—you are going to extricate the laity from a part of the priestly power—you are going to soften the angry passions to which the priests appeal—you will enable and encourage the nobility and gentry to be on their watch against their pastors, and to employ their secular influence in relieving their inferiors from bondage. Be assured, my Lord, that the Romish priesthood foresee and dread the consequences of emancipation. They get nothing by it directly, and indirectly they apprehend a diminution of their authority. Eldon is going to take the very ground which has been *already* taken by Dr. Burgess, the Bishop of St. David's, and Burgess has been quite confuted by Milner, in the preface to a book which he published last year, called the "End of Controversy." There are three volumes, and for thirty reasons I wish you to look at them. Burgess is a good scholar, and a

good man, but he is a weak reasoner, and he is also an intolerant bigot, without the consciousness of being so.—Lingard, the Catholic, is a mighty reasoner—he is a profound thinker—he is a conqueror in his conflict with the Bishop of Durham, Le Mesurier, and the doughty polemic, Herbert Marsh. If you were an ecclesiastic, I could show you the dangerous tendency of some tenets in our churchmen, who have very incautiously stirred the question of tradition. I could point out safe distinctions which they knew not, but they have given very great advantages to their Catholic antagonists. My Lord, if you and I conversed together two or three mornings, you would drive Eldon from his post, when he tries to defend it by such as Locke, Hoadly, and Milton; they were enemies to a Protestant hierarchy, such as what we now have. While Eldon, &c. set these heroes in array against the Catholics, will they adapt their objections to church power as it now exists in England? Apparently Locke, &c. disapproved of that power, and such disapprobation was the legitimate result of their general attachment to toleration. Will Eldon, &c. follow up Blackburne, who was a root and branch man against the doctrine and discipline of the English Church, and an enemy to all subscription to Articles? Will they follow Jortin, who wished for a very extensive reform among ourselves, and who hated, what he thought, intolerance in all Christian communities? Were I in the House of Peers, I should check the exultation of Eldon in his new allies. Nothing, my Lord, can be more pertinent than your distinction about *times*.

When Locke and when Hoadly wrote, there *was* some danger of Popery; they saw that danger and raised the alarm. If the Jacobites could have restored the Stuarts, despotism in the state would soon have been followed by Popery in the church. Pray remember what passed in the days of James the Second; the clergy preached as their fathers had done through three, if not four preceding reigns, in favour of passive obedience; but when the proceedings at Magdalen College, and the trials of the seven Bishops brought within their view the danger of their own church, *then*, and *not* till then, they opposed the Crown. Somehow or other priests are not friendly to liberty.

You have seen Lesley's book, chiefly taken from those manuscripts of James the Second which your uncle could not find. By the words and opinions of James himself the Revolution is completely justified; but he strikes a home blow at the English Bishops, who had been preaching up passive obedience in the state, and then opposed their Sovereign upon the concerns of the church. What could induce the Prince Regent to encourage the publication of such a book? You and I exult in it. My Lord, you must take your stand upon the difference of times—there is no Popish Pretender—there is no danger of Popery—the Catholics are not very numerous in England or Scotland; a civilized age is unfriendly to their doctrine and their discipline. The Union with Ireland will exclude Popery there, because English and Scotch members must out-number and outweigh the votes of Catholics; the present danger of the Church is from Methodists, not Papists; the policy of the Church is to conciliate the Papists and the Unitarians, and to get their aid against the Methodists within the Church and without it. If Locke were now living, he would extend toleration to Papists. Hoadly, who wrote when there was a rebellion, and when the Jacobites were numerous, would have reasoned as you and I do now. As to John Milton, he would have subverted every *kind* of hierarchy—he hated Protestant Bishops—he hated even Presbyterian discipline—he would have hated the most temperate establishment of a national religion. As to Middleton, what shall we say? As the ally of Protestants I could convince you, as I did convince Sir William Jones, that Middleton was secretly a Deist; his opinion about the time when miracles ceased is secretly adopted by such of my brethren as deserve the name of inquirers, and that opinion is a barrier against Popery. He said so, and he said it at a time when the Stuart race was not extinguished; when their adherents were numerous, and when high churchmen were contending for principles not altogether at variance with the spiritual views of Catholic Ecclesiastics. How far will Eldon go with such heretics as Hoadly, Jortin, Locke, and Middleton? It was *the power*, my Lord, of the Church of Rome which alarmed all of them—*here* we have the real motive of their antipathy; but in our times there is no danger of

such power in these realms. My Lord, you, and Lord Grey, and Lord Grenville, will stand aloof from doctrines, and leave them open to discussion, and I add the very freest discussion, among the contending parties. You are to look only to the interests of society, and those interests must always be secured by toleration. My Lord, I hope you have Sir Richard Steele's History of the Roman Catholic Church; it is a duodecimo. Read the dedication to Pope Clement, and you will see that the writer discerned both intolerance and dogmatism in another church. What will Eldon say to this? The wit and the argument were above Steele. The dedication was written by Hoadly, who, for a time, concealed his name; he afterwards avowed himself the author, and I entreat you to consult the first volume of Hoadly's works; there you will find the dedication, and it will supply you with powerful arguments ad hominem. They who call in the aid of Locke, Milton, &c. are short-sighted polemics. They not only confound the distinctions of times, but they are blind to such consequences as require a very extensive reform in our own Church. Let me once more express my unqualified assent to the arguments which I found in your admirable letter. The most ferocious enemy of the Church would rejoice when the appeal is made to the writer whom Eldon has shaken hands with, and, after all, he is only the echo of Burgess; and I, who from conviction am a Protestant, must be compelled to acknowledge that Burgess has deeply injured our cause. Let me now tell you of another ally, who, perhaps, is unknown to Eldon. There is now living at Exeter a restless, acute, violent parson, whose name is . . . . ; he has lately stirred up his brethren against the Catholics; he is a most intrepid fellow, and a very industrious reader of ecclesiastical laws and civil statutes. Now mark what at the present moment is doing by this *Anti-Catholic* hero; he wanted to be returned as the representative of Exeter Diocese. At the last Convocation he was in a minority of eight. He appealed to the Convocation against the persons returned; his appeal is now before the Convocation, and in consequence of it they did not venture to adjourn sine die, as they had been accustomed to do for near a century. The tumult is serious; but this is not all. He is determined to move the

Court of King's Bench against the Bishop of Exeter for holding an Archdeaconry with the Bishopric, and here I think he will fail. He is determined to move the Court against Dr. Barnes for holding an Archdeaconry with the Chancellorship, and here, perhaps, he will succeed. He is determined to move the Court against four minor canons of Exeter for holding livings which he says are incompatible with their minor Canonries. All these things are now going on. He is at war you see with Dignitaries of his own Church as well as with the Catholics. What will Eldon say to this zealous ally? And pray observe, that he not only has a resolute and vindictive spirit, but he is a very shrewd fellow, and is largely furnished with arguments from ecclesiastical laws.

He it is, who circulated the report that the Regent told the Bishop of Exeter that he would put in his veto if the two Houses voted in favour of the Catholics. Somebody should advert to this in Parliament. What the truth may be I know not. . . . . will hardly lie; yet I cannot believe the Regent made such a declaration, or that Pelham is foolish enough to report it, even if it were made; but the story is in circulation, and ought to be noticed. Pray let Eldon be worked upon his new alliance with republics, heretics, and perhaps one infidel, and . . . . . I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

April 26th, 1819. S. PARR.

There is another topic of great importance which I shall enter upon, deviating from the chronological order, because it is essentially connected with Dr. Parr's religious opinions. On the question of repeal of the test laws, I took occasion to treat on the liberality of his views, and the candour of his opinions, and the generosity with which he met men who thought differently from himself.

In the republication of Rapin he has very often quoted Dr. Priestley with honour; but it was chiefly in regard to his political opinions. He

there speaks of the " hasty, but well-meant and ingenious effusions of a Priestley." And in a long critical note, he concludes:

> The sentiments of Dr. Priestley upon every subject are entitled to respectful attention. Τό μὴ σιωπᾷν αἰσχρόν.

In a noble note on ecclesiastical establishments he takes, however, occasion to mark the attacks of this great philosopher with a certain degree of reprobation when those attacks were directed against the Church. He speaks of

> The peevish sarcasms of certain fashionable writers, who have set up I know not what exclusive claims to every social virtue, and to every literary accomplishment, to the urbanity of scholars, and the impartiality of philosophers. But these men give no very honourable proofs of their sincerity when they measure their own importance by the degradation of an order of men, in consequence of whose exertions religion and learning have been rescued from false refinement, placed upon the broadest foundations, and applied to the most salutary purposes.

What he said of Dr. Priestley in the Sequel I have noticed before.

It is fortunate for the memory of Dr. Parr that the history of his opinions does not depend on traditional testimony or on recollection. I shall be able to deliver it in his own words, and nearly to the last period of his life.

With Dr. Magee, Lord Archbishop of Dublin, so celebrated for his work on " The Atonement," Parr became acquainted at Leamington, in 1823. He had been accustomed, before this time, to speak of his Grace's writings in measured terms of eulogy;

but personal acquaintance compelled him to alter some of his pre-conceived opinions concerning this most enlightened prelate, whom, although stedfast in the highest dogmas of orthodoxy, he found liberal in discussion, tolerant of contradiction, and most agreeable to him as a companion, capable of entering upon the most abstruse points of religion and metaphysics, and the most refined delicacies of polite literature. We may judge of the spirit of their conversations and communications by the following letters:

From Dr. Parr, to Dr. Magee, Lord Archbishop of Dublin.

MY LORD, *Hatton, Sept. 25.*

Though differing widely from your Grace upon some important subjects of controversial theology, I hold, and therefore always shall avow, a very high opinion of your talents and attainments. With much pleasure have I read two of the Charges which your Grace has lately published. I have praised them in the hearing, and recommended them to the perusal, of some enlightened Clergymen. I found in them very useful matter, and very splendid diction. But, with surprise and with concern, I observed that in one of them your Grace has spoken sweepingly of the Unitarians as illiterate. The expression, my Lord, astonished me, and called to my mind the language which Cicero, in his celebrated speech for Ligarius, employed about the cause of Pompey; and which, mutatis mutandis, I shall apply to your severe and contemptuous animadversion upon a well-known, and, perhaps, increasing sect. Speaking of Unitarianism, "alii errorem appellant, qui durius, pertinaciam, qui gravissime, impietatem—ἀμαθίαν præter te adhuc nemo." In a dispute, which about one hundred and fifty years ago was carried on with great violence, Bishop Wettenhal wrote a very judicious, candid, and conciliatory pamphlet, which I found in a huge mass of controversial writings, in which he

describes the Socinians* as active, as zealous, as acute, as dexterous in disputation, as blameless in the general tenour of their lives, and, he adds, even pious, with exception to their own peculiar tenets. Every man of common sense, my Lord, will perceive that the qualifying words are the result of discretion and episcopal decorum, and were intended, probably, for a kind of sop to soften the Cerberean part of the priesthood. Be this as it may, the representation which Bishop Wettenhal gave of his Socinian contemporaries corresponds nearly with my own observations upon my own Unitarian contemporaries.

Now, my Lord, I know nothing either by report, or my own reading, about the number of Unitarians in Ireland, or their writings, or their erudition, or their want of erudition. I, at the same time, am justified in saying, that among my own learned acquaintance in this country there is not one teacher in the established church whom I could safely pronounce an Unitarian. Without the pale of that church, indeed, there are several Unitarians with whom I think it an honour to be acquainted, and I shall make no apology for introducing into this letter their names, and avowing the sincere respect which I feel for their intellectual powers, their literary attainments, and their moral worth. Let us look round a little, my Lord. Will any scholar apply the word "illiterate" to Grotius, to Curcellæus, to Susius, or to Le Clerc? These are the distinguished Unitarians of former days. I have not been a slovenly reader of the Fratres Poloni, and I could mention the names of several persons whose tenets seem to me erroneous, but whom I should not dare to call illiterate. In the last century lived Dr. Lardner, Dr. John Jebb, Mr. John Baynes, of Trinity College, Cambridge, the friend of Sir Samuel Romilly, and an academic distinguished in his day for his proficiency in science and his skill in classical learning. Perhaps Edmund Law, Bishop of Carlisle,

* The appellation Socinian might have been taken from the Soccini, a family which submitted to voluntary exile from Sienna with Lactantio Ragnoni and Mino Celso, on account of the persecutions they suffered for having adopted the reformed opinions in religion; as well as from the writer Socinus.—M'Crie's History of the Reformation in Italy, p. 130, and Giannone Storia de Nap. iv. 149.

may, without injustice, be supposed to look upon Unitarianism rather with a favourable eye towards the close of a studious life. Was Bishop Law illiterate? Was Dr. John Taylor of Norwich illiterate? And, slender as might be the pretences of Dr. Priestley and Theophilus Lindsay to any critical accuracy in the languages, or to any delicate taste of the elegancies of profane authors, Greek and Latin, yet their attention to scriptural Greek, though it did not preserve them from what you think heresy, was more than sufficient to protect them from the application of illiterate. Was the late Duke of Grafton illiterate? Were the writers of the Free and Candid Disquisitions illiterate? I was not personally acquainted with the late Mr. Cappe of York, but his writings furnish abundant proofs of eloquence, acuteness, and, I add, erudition. Was Encedinus illiterate? Is Wegscheider illiterate? Was Semler illiterate? Is Eichorn illiterate? Let me not pass by some dissenting Clergymen who are avowedly Unitarians, and upon whose claims to be considered as scholars I can speak, and therefore do speak, with confidence. Mr. Berry of Leicester, who to Greek and Latin erudition adds no inconsiderable portion of oriental; Mr. Cogan, a school-master at Walthamstow, whom from conversation and correspondence, I know to be an accurate Greek scholar, and a diligent and discriminating reader of the best critical books which have of late been published at Berlin, Leyden, Göthingen, Leipsic, and Paris; and at home, by Porson, Blomfield, Gaisford, Elmsley, &c. Is Cogan illiterate? No, no. My mind passes on to Mr. Corrie, of Birmingham, who not only is well acquainted with natural philosophy, and is a fine writer of English prose, but has an exquisite taste for the compositions of Greek and Roman writers, and is a reader of what Bentley, Dawes, and Toup have written upon philology. My neighbour, Mr. Yates of Birmingham, is one of the most studious men I know. I have seen his admirable collection of books, and I consider him as a diligent and intelligent reader of the most abstruse and elaborate writings of theologians, both in Greek and Latin. Mr. Roberts of Manchester, had a classical education in Norwich school. He is an excellent writer of English prose, and can such a man be called illiterate? It becomes me after many interviews, to bear my testimony to

the merit of Mr. Shepherd of Liverpool, and in truth, so far as classical learning is concerned, his proficiency would do him honour, if he sat upon the episcopal bench. My lord, from motives of delicacy, I will not enlarge upon the learning of Mr. Belsham. He neither understands, nor professes to understand, very critically, those profane authors who are taught in our public schools and our two universities; yet I think and speak respectfully of his biblical learning; and I am pretty sure that Archbishop Newcome, if he were now living, would, upon this subject, speak and think as I do. In my own neighourhood lives a lineal descendant of Oliver Cromwell. He does not pretend to be a profound classic, but he is largely furnished with general knowledge; he is a diligent reader of the Greek Testament; he has great dexterity in reasoning; he excels in clearness and vigour of style; he is not contentious; he is not conceited; but upon two or three occasions, when provoked by insulting calumnies against himself and his sect, he has confuted and silenced some accusers, whose orthodoxy was not accompanied by a due share of sense, learning, or moderation. Your Grace will do me the justice to observe, that I mean not directly or indirectly to defend the heretical opinions adopted by any of the worthies whom I have enumerated. But I should say of them, whether I adverted to them in the senate, or from the pulpit, or from the press—yes, my Lord, I should say in the hearing of all the conclaves, and all the convocations in Christendom, "utinam essent nostri." I hope, therefore, my Lord, and if you were not an Archbishop I should advise, that in some future edition of your excellent Charge, you would withdraw the word illiterate. There are many other points upon which your sagacity, learning, and eloquence, may be employed with the greatest propriety, and far better effect. If you were more intimately acquainted with myself, you would find that no man is more ready to bestow prompt, sincere, and ample praise upon the talents and the learning, which the ecclesiastics of the Established Church have in our own days displayed in the defence of their tenets. Glad I am, that so large a part of that praise falls to the share of the distinguished prelate to whom I am now writing. In natural religion, and in revealed, there are some truths bright as the sun in meridian, and

solid as adamant itself; but in both there are quæstiones perdifficiles et perobscuræ, upon which a man of reflection will often think it his right and his duty ἐπέχειν, and will apply to speculation what has been well said of practice:

Nunquam ita quisquam bene subductâ ratione ad vitam fuit,
Quin res, ætas, usus semper aliquid adportet novi;
Aliquid moneat, ut illa quæ te scire credas, nescias:
Et quæ tibi putaris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.

For more than fifty years I have attended diligently and seriously to theology; at me ipsum, quondam et animi quodam impetu concitatum, et vi naturæ elatum, et recentibus præceptorum studiis flagrantem, dies tandem aliquando leniit, ætas mitigavit. As to the conflicts in which other men are engaged, I cannot, from habit, and perhaps nature, be a careless spectator, but being far advanced in my 77th year, I am upon my guard against the perils to which partisans are exposed; and, as a lover of letters, and a religionist, I am content γηράσκειν αἰεὶ πολλὰ διδασκόμενος.

It was acknowledged by the Archbishop in the following terms:

MY DEAR SIR, *Leamington, Sept.* 26, 1823.

Accept my best thanks for your letter of yesterday.

Any remarks coming from your pen, I deem of value. So that (independently of the kind things you have done me the honour to say of myself) I feel grateful for those which your letter contains, however we may differ on the subject with which they are connected.

One of the chief graces of the literæ humaniores is, that they enable those, who have felt their influence, to differ amicably.

When I have the pleasure of seeing you, I hope to satisfy you, that you and I have been looking to different descriptions of persons in the different estimates we have formed of their knowledge and acquirements. At the same time, I must confess, you have named some, whom, even the mighty impress of *your* judgment cannot induce me to acknowledge as competent expositors of Holy Writ.

Indeed, you can hardly expect this from one who has la-

boured through three bulky volumes (I trust to your generosity not to substitute the word heavy) to prove the contrary.

It has mortified me much, that I have not yet had it in my power to solicit the pleasure of a morning's conversation with you at Hatton. I have been looking forward to that gratification from time to time; but have been obliged to devote my horses and my time to the service of an invalid daily. I hope in a short while to be able to accomplish what I so much wish for.

Mean time, believe me to be, my dear Sir, with great respect, your very faithful and obedient servant, W. DUBLIN.

Some calumnies having been circulated in Ireland against the Archbishop, they were sent by his Grace to Dr. Parr, with the following letter:

MY DEAR SIR, *Leamington, Warwick, Sept.* 30, 1823.

I thank you cordially for the two instances of your kind attention which this day (cretâ notandus) has so richly supplied.

How refreshing! amidst the weariness and disgust of vulgar and malignant ribaldry to be treated with the effusions of a scholar and a friend!

Your first letter abounds with the overflowings of the former, and you must allow me the liberty of tracing in the second the feelings of the latter. The interest it so warmly manifests, in what affects the credit of my name, bespeaks a something which I have a pride and pleasure in classing as I have done. And I know too well, the value of the service which it proffers, not to be gratefully affected by the consideration of the boon, no less than of the motive.

You will, I know, enter into my feelings, when I say, that I rate my own estimation in society (and in this I include the idea, not only of the present, but of the future) too high, to think it necessary to present myself in its defence against every low and scurrilous attack. On this principle I have uniformly declined giving any answer to the numerous falsehoods that have been industriously circulated against me, in newspapers, placards, and pamphlets, for the last twelve months. And on the same principle I am unwilling now to descend to the con-

tradiction of the lies at present current respecting my share in the transactions of the late funeral in Dublin, which has been literally nothing.

Fortunately, the sworn testimony of the sexton (a copy of which has been sent to me by the Archdeacon of Dublin, in whose church-yard the disturbance arose) relieves me from any necessity that might even be supposed to exist for such contradiction. The deposition of the sexton, the government ordered to be taken by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, to be submitted to the law officers of the Crown, for their opinion on the case. To avoid the trouble of transcribing, I have had a few copies of this statement printed, one of which I have the pleasure of sending you.

You will see from this, that one great object with the parties concerned was, to draw from the sexton some admission of my connection with the proceeding. That object was particularly laboured at, but in vain, as, indeed, must have been the case; for neither in general, nor in particular, on any recent or remote occasion, had I ever given any order whatever upon the subject, or supposed any order to be necessary; the uniform practice, and undisturbed law would have rendered any such order (in my mind) altogether superfluous or indeed visionary. As to the occurrence itself, you will see that it took place on the 4th of September; and I beg leave to remind you that the alleged author of all the dreadful turmoil and savage barbarity of that day had the pleasure of paying you a peaceful visit on the 5th, and has been passing his time in this town since the 3rd quietly and unoffendingly, and until awaked from ignorance by the friendly flapping of the Irish papers, altogether unknowing of the great deeds which had gained him such unenviable distinction.

If you happen to have a copy of priest Blake's letter, it will amuse you to compare the language of that, with the sexton's sworn report. Please to recollect that the letter, or avowed publication of a Popish priest in Ireland, is always the deliberate production of a *conclave*. That is the established rule. The sexton, it is to be observed, uses an expression, which, did it stand alone and uncontradicted by the rest of his narrative, might be argued as implying an admission that there was *some* order

from the archbishop; "the sanction of the bishop." But it appears, as he denies the knowledge of any order from the archbishop, that he meant by these words nothing more than the generally received and established usage of church authority. Whereas, è contra, "Dr. Magee's name was rung in" priest Blake's "ears," &c. There was, as I said before, no order in any shape, or at any time, issued by me relative to the Catholic interments. Whilst, however, I say this to you, I shall offer no such statement to the public. These matters ultimately right themselves. And whilst I have the approbation and the testimony of such men as Dr. Parr, I shall feel but little concern about the crowd.

I must conclude. Indeed, I fear I have wearied you; your eyes I mean, certainly not your good nature.

I should, indeed, like to turn back to your "philologies." But this is forbidden to me. Stern necessity commands me in another direction; and I must only treasure them for a future regale. I am now preparing to set out for London and Albany. I move to-morrow, and have much to do.

Believe me to be, my dear Sir, with a high sense of your superior talents and acquirements, and a grateful feeling of your kindness, your faithful and obliged friend and servant,

W. Dublin.

Whatsoever might have been the differences of opinion on certain theological subjects, between his Grace the Archbishop and Dr. Parr, we have seen even that a strong representation only called forth expressions of approbation and esteem. In the following year, and within a very few weeks of that period which was to put an end to Dr. Parr's mortal existence, the Archbishop wrote to him as follows:

MY DEAR SIR, *Leamington, Oct.* 4, 1824.

I am truly concerned to find by your report of yourself, that you have not benefitted by your visit to Worcester, and must request that you will not think of coming over to Leamington,

on a point of etiquette. As soon as my coachman returns from town, and enables me to use my carriage (I have no riding horses with me at present), I will have the pleasure of calling upon you, instead of giving you the trouble of calling on me, and thereby effect the only rational object of a call from either side, the having the satisfaction of half an hour's conversation with you.

I must return you my best thanks for your kind wish that I should partake of your hospitality on Friday next. Part of my family is setting out for Ireland this day; and the rest of us follow (according to our present plan) in the end of the week. I am therefore afraid, though very desirous to avail myself of your polite invitation, to answer in the affirmative. Another day, however, will fix certainly our movements, and if you permit me the liberty, I will withhold till to-morrow, a definite answer on the subject.

I had hoped to have the pleasure of meeting you at the Worcester Meeting; but various difficulties prevented. With best respects to Mrs. Parr, I have the honour to be, my dear Sir, your very faithful and obedient servant, W. DUBLIN.

I shall close with another document, which will prove that his conduct, and his manner of performing the service were watched by the zealots on all sides. Not only by those who had the folly and insolence to remark to the congregation of Hatton that a stranger should be introduced to them, viz. Jesus Christ; but by one who, from his having published the document in a party work, obviously came to watch and to detect, not merely to pray.

From the Rev. Dr. Parr, to the Conductor of the Christian Reformer.

SIR,

In number xxxviii, page 68, of the "Christian Reformer," a correspondent, who dates his letter from Warwick, January 4, 1808, and who evidently bears towards me the greatest good will, has communicated some particulars about my manner of

performing the service at Hatton, on the preceding Christmas-day. He relates very correctly, what I said about the first lesson from Isaiah, and about the introduction to St. John's Gospel. He is not incorrect when he describes me as not reading all the sentences of the Athanasian Creed, as it is usually denominated, with the same slowness and the same solemnity; and as I profess to have read the writings of St. Athanasius, and did not believe it the production of that great polemic.

I cannot, at this distance of time, take upon myself to say what precise terms I used about the contents of the creed. I was not very likely to express any marked approbation. But I am inclined to believe that your correspondent has inadvertently imputed to me language somewhat stronger than I really used; and probable it is, that my strictures were pointed more directly to the writings of Athanasius himself, than to the creed, which is commonly, but improperly called by his name.

While that creed is retained in our venerable church, I hold it my duty never to omit it. But while I read it faithfully and audibly, I think myself quite at liberty to lay more or less emphasis upon particular parts according to my own discretion, and for the benefit of my hearers. I have now and then taken occasion to select some passages from a celebrated history of the creed written by the learned and orthodox Dr. Waterland, who, like myself, does not ascribe the composition of it to Athanasius.

Your correspondent, in another sentence, writes thus: "as Christmas day happened upon a Thursday, the Litany was not appointed to be read, but I have before heard it read there, and instead of saying, as it is at the commencement, 'O God the Son, have mercy upon us miserable sinners; O God the Holy Ghost, have mercy,' &c. the following was substituted, 'O Son have mercy upon us miserable sinners; O Holy Ghost, have mercy,' &c." Your correspondent does not distinctly say whether the above mentioned omission was made by myself or any other clergyman, nor do I know whether by the word *here* he means Warwick, from which town he dates his letter, or Hatton, where he attended on Christmas day, 1817; but I beg leave to assure him that neither at Hatton, nor any other place whatsoever, did I ever omit the important word of which he

speaks, when the Church requires it to be used in the Litany, the Nicene Creed, or the Sacramental Service. He will excuse me for adding, that his premises will not bear him out in a broad and unqualified assertion, that I neither believe nor inculcate the doctrine of a Trinity. But he will, at the same time, permit me to declare, that I do not inculcate what I do not believe, and that upon abstract and controverted points of theology, I very rarely introduce any observations of my own into the pulpit. My talents, such as they are, seem to me much better employed in reasoning of righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come. I am your correspondent's sincere well-wisher and respectful obedient servant, S. P.

The Sermons, published for the first time in the 5th and 6th volumes of these works, coincide with this document in proving Dr. Parr's sentiments consistent with his practice; and that, although settled in his own creed, he did not suffer differences to weigh against his intercourse with men of all persuasions, whose lives were in the right. We have seen how manfully he stood up against the champion of orthodoxy, when he denominated the Unitarians illiterate; and how fully he acknowledged his intimacy with them. Like his divine Master, he had no exclusions; and genius and virtue were his delight, wherever he could find them.

Mr. Robert Hall was one of those conscientious dissidents from the Church, for whose talents, and rich and impressive eloquence, Dr. Parr entertained the highest respect. He had not frequent opportunities of personal communication with Mr. Hall, but I have seen them together. There was no distance or distrust; and though there were none of those nice attractions which insensibly draw men's minds together, when the idem velle and the

idem nolle are reciprocal parts of character, yet there were admiration, frankness, esteem, and respect.

Mr. Hall, like Bishop Taylor, has the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint.

With the Rev. Edward Irving Dr. Parr's acquaintance began in 1824. They afterwards enjoyed the company of each other, and warmly did our friend express his admiration of this singularly talented orator and truly pious man.

From his earliest life Parr's mind was deeply impressed by religious feelings, and his inclination devoted him to the church. At school and at college, but especially at the time he received holy orders, his piety was conspicuous. He has himself said, that his first profound theological studies had infused doubts into his mind, which were afterwards cleared up. For the established religion of his country he ever professed and manifested by his conduct the most unfeigned respect. But as a moral being, deeply interested in the genuine doctrines of Christianity, and firmly convinced of their truth,

I cannot (said he) condescend to learn my creed from the sophistry of the hypocrite, or the dogmatical jargon of the bigot. I cannot aspire to the smallest participation of popularity with those who are eager to guide, or with those who are content to follow, the groveling and vulgar prejudices of hoodwinked superstition and unhallowed zeal. At the close of the 18th century, I think myself excusable for some hesitation, when I am called upon to believe that any honourable cause of any Christian church, is to be with propriety supported, not by the efficacy of virtuous example, nor even by the weight of rational

argument, but by calumny, by plunder, by conflagration, and the sword.

This noble sentiment, which he put into the mouth of Mr. Greatheed, contains the first principles of toleration. Those principles he now admitted to the fullest extent, and wished to put them in exercise, wherever professions were made with sincerity and truth. The weight of rational argument, he contended, should never be put aside by power, or by superstition,

And it ought to be made impossible for men, to unchristian, unchurch, or declare out of God's favour, any of their fellow-creatures, upon any lesser, or indeed any other consideration, than that of a wicked dishonesty and insincerity; of which, ni these cases, God alone is judge.*

I enter on the subject of his religious opinions with awe; nor should I venture upon any detail, was I not fortified at every step with the support of his own written documents. Mr. Courtenay, on account of some sceptical doubts, had been advised by Dr. Blair, the celebrated Scotch divine, to read Butler's Analogy, which he did, but was not convinced, and his doubts were finally communicated to Dr. Parr, who sent him an analysis of the Analogy, which is copied in the Appendix. These discussions were contained in a series of letters; part of which I possess, through the kindness of Lord John Townshend, but many others are quoted, which I have not.

The belief of a future state (says Parr in one of them) may be a part of natural religion, but it is not a proof of it. Again,

* See Sherlock's Apostrophe on Sincerity, in answer to Hoadly's demonstration in the Preface to Stebbing's Remarks.

the belief of a future state is necessarily a part of the religion of a Christian; but it is the religion which proves to his mind the future state, and not the doctrine of a future state itself, which merely, as such, proves the religion; though, as I told you before, the conditions and the circumstances attending the doctrine, may give additional strength to other direct proofs for the credibility of Christianity.

The analysis gives a full account of Parr's view of Butler's ("the profound Bishop of Durham") Analogy of Religion, natural and revealed, to the constitution and course of nature." Butler was the theologian whose tenets he professed to follow. I have heard him repeatedly declare that his notions of the Trinity were precisely those of the profound Bishop:

On the Trinity I thus think, (says Parr in one of his Mem. books,) "Dogmate Ecclesiastico ad sanæ rationis principia revocato, ignorare non licet, *primum*, omnem pluralitatem in Deo rationi aperte repugnare, deinde quamlibet Trinitatis explicationem philosophicam, vel unum subjectum et triplicem ejus rationem sive operationem, vel tria subjecta intelligendi et volendi (Matth. 26, 39) facultate prædita defendentem, (necessario *says my book, but I substitute) posse* abire vel in *Sabellianismi*, vel in *Tritheismi* aut *Arianismi* errores. . . . . Quod si autem dogma illud ex fundamento suo biblico atque ex historia dijudicatur, clarissime patet, formulam ejus publice receptam nusquam a scriptoribus ss. disertis verbis traditam, nec nisi tribus fere seculis præterlapsis in ecclesia effictam et sancitam esse.

Quo plura ac graviora damna et nefanda facinora per male sanum dogmatis illius tuendi studium in ecclesiam Christianam illata sunt, eo minus symbolica ejus forma, quæ simul tot tantisque opprobriis contra religionem Christianam ansam præbuit, nostris temporibus urgeri ac premi debet.

Trinitatis dogma ad hancce formulam revocare licet: Deus pater, per Jesum Christum (*my book says* ut, *I substitute* et,)

Spiritum Sanctum hominibus se manifestavit.* Ut autem quævis super hoc dogmate opinio, dummodo ne virtutis nervos infringat, summa cum indulgentia tolerari debet, ita caute versari doctores publicos oportet in pertractanda ista doctrina, ne vel conscientia oneretur Christianorum fide provectiorum, vel imbecilliorum religio offensionis aliquid experiatur. Wegscheider, Institutiones Theologiæ Dogmaticæ. Halæ, 1819, p. 223, 225.

I am pleased with this passage in Doederlein.

From the Synodus *Illyricana* he quotes,

Qui consubstantialem Trinitatem non prædicant, anathema sint. Nempe sua cuique vera primum, dein gravia ac pia, denique necessaria creditu videntur; quod si quis contra ausit statuere, hæreseos primum, post usitato cognomine impietatis arguitur, e quo crimine sententia damnatoria sponte profluit. Vol. i. p. 397.

Every heterodox and every orthodox man would do well to consider the following passage in Doederlein:

Quanquam igitur hoc dogma ob baptismi fidem pro præcipuo et Christianæ religionis characteristico habere haud dubitemus cum Basilio adv. Eunomium, l. 11, p. 58, tamen refugiamus in judicio de eo temeritatem multorum, qui unam fidei normam omnibus scribunt, quæ nec extitit olim, nec esse potest, nec sine injuria ergo Deum ponitur, penes quem solum esse profitear arbitrium, in salutis conditionibus statuendis. Sed hoc vitium, cum sæpe objiciunt Antitrinitarii orthodoxis, ipsi haud raro committunt, invidiosis criminationibus ac clamoribus, quibus catholicas hypotheses, ut absurdas, lacerant, irrident ac condemnant. Finiam pio ac gravi *Lessii (practische Dogm.* p. 151) monito: Tu quisquis ingenue scrutaris sacras literas, si Trinitatem non vides, tene, ignorantiam vel errorem, qui haud venit a culpa tua, non verti crimini: sin contra vides: noli,

* In speaking of this mystery, Paü (Sermon xl. p. 453, vol. vi.) says, "The Son was united to the Father by a principle of union utterly incomprehensible."

temeritatis humanæ conscius, veritatem divina authoritate suffultam ac commendatam, etsi difficilem ac non omni dubio carentem, repudiare. *(cf. Toellner vermischte Auffaeze, T.* 11. *Samb.* 1. *et theol. Untersuch.* 1 B. 1. st. p. 18.) Vide Doederlein, vol. i. p. 398.

This precise declaration serves to prove how unjustly he has been aspersed by those who, mistaking the veracity of religion for the liberality of philosophy, have chosen to represent him as all their own. No, he was not a partisan—he was neither of Paul nor of Apollos—he was the follower of Jesus, and the preacher of him crucified.

"The bigot has spyed in me the taint of heresy," said Parr; and many worldly aspirants have raised themselves into notice, since his death, by kicking at the dead lion under this pretext. *Trinity* Jones openly attacked his orthodoxy in the life of Bishop Horne, and he was about to avenge himself, but was dissuaded by Dr. Routh and Mr. Glasse:

The language of which you so justly complain (says Glasse), made little impression upon me. We will consider the whole affair as at an end. The peculiar situation of the poor old philosopher, who is now in a state of living death (a wretched cripple of paralysis), would alone plead any apology. Hanwell, Aug. 13, 1799.

His notions of the Deity were lofty and noble. He was an entire truster in the immutable "verity of the Divine veracity;" and though he hated to look at that Being as an avenger, yet he feared "the great and terrible God that keepeth covenant and mercy." He never mentioned that name without lowly reverence. The moral government of the world, and the order of the universe, were the me-

dium through which he contemplated the Creator. In the moral government he saw the goodness of paternal Deity demonstrated, and in that order his omnipotent wisdom. His views of religion were enlarged beyond the boundary of all sects; he troubled himself little about "Pelagian pride," or "Antinomian licentiousness," or any distinction of polemics or schoolmen:—he knew that the grace of the Gospel would work its way through God's protection, in spite of what man could do against it. Whatsoever the nature of the Godhead might be—whatsoever its essence, or the form of its existence, those dark subjects not having been revealed, were esteemed by him of minor importance, and fitter for the bandying and tanglings of sophists and casuists, than for the discussions of sober and practical Christians. Well he knew the distractions that had been occasioned by forms of words, and justly did he consider the conversion of religious controversy into malignant animosity, as one of the most contemptible, although one of the most mischievous, of the perturbations and insanities of the feeble race of man. With pity and compassion, like a being of a superior nature, did he look on these heavings of the ant-hill of human society; those wretched squabbles which had spilt the blood of nations, and destroyed the happiness of generations. In fine, he was tolerant towards all those who differed from him, and a protector of all who suffered for conscience sake. He wished to place all the religious duties and feelings of man in a perfect reliance on God through Christ in that theocracy which looks to

immeasurable happiness, which makes evil itself a part of good—of that good which by a slow and certain progression, invisible to us, is gradually ascending its highest ratio:

> The wheels of nature are not made to roll backward; every thing presses on towards eternity; from the birth of time an impetuous current has set in which bears all the sons of men towards that interminable ocean. Meanwhile heaven is attracting to itself whatsoever is congenial to its nature, is enriching itself by the spoils of earth, and collecting within its capacious bosom whatever is pure, permanent, and divine.*

On the subject of miracles, he has not only delivered an opinion, but written a discourse in White's Bampton Lectures; and this opinion, founded on the theocratical system on which the universe is governed, supports the doctrine of Revelation. He followed up this discussion in some of the sermons now published for the first time, with a devotion, and earnestness, and conviction, which must demand the respect of the infidel, and which adds stability to our faith.

Of his particular opinions concerning those mysterious doctrines, some of which are laid down as articles of faith necessary to be believed by the Church of England, he has delivered some sketches in divers parts of his works already printed, and more will come forth in those now published. On the subjects of justification, election, and predestination, he was not a Calvinist; nor was he fond, like Milton's angels, of reasoning

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* Hall's Life of Ryland, p. 49.

> Of Providence, fore knowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free will, fore knowledge, absolute,
> And found no end, in wand'ring mazes lost.

On such abstract and controverted points of theology he seldom entered into argument, whether in or out of the pulpit. On these points, indeed, he appears to have been of opinion, that the articles of the Church needed reformation.* That the Liturgy itself required alteration to adapt it to the spirit of the times, and he looked on the lukewarmness of the present age, and the obdurate resistance to all change as demonstrating a pusillanimous temper in those who govern the Church. That when the articles were first adopted, they were as much articles of conciliation as of faith. That so far did this conciliation extend, that at first the doctrine of purgatory was admitted in a 40th article; and that the Liturgy itself had been altered no less than fifteen times—that opinion, like every thing else that proceeded from man, was mutable—that to talk of "man," and "for ever" in alliance, was futile and absurd—that the progression of things demanded change, which, if not conceded in time, would be compelled and enforced by subversion and revolution. He believed that it was entirely impossible to attain unity in religious opinion, and therefore that the endeavour to maintain uniformity of worship was as tyrannous as the aim of Procrustes himself.†

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* See Sermon on Justification.

† See Philopatris Varv. vol. ii. p. 641.

Nevertheless, he was a strict enforcer of regular attendance on Divine worship:

In regard even to men of literary accomplishments, and distinguished talents, let them boast as loudly as they will of the strength which is *not*, and let them varnish over as skilfully as they can the weakness which really *is*, devotion even in *their* minds will languish, and faith will waver, unless reinforced by the aids which stated and exterior acts of devotion can alone supply.

"It is dangerous to be of no church," said one who believed and revered his Bible, and who saw through all the proud and shallow features of that which calls itself liberality, and of that which is not genuine philosophy. I am no advocate, be assured for the abject prostration of the devotee, or the frantic extacies of the fanatic, but there is a superstition (says the immortal Bacon) in shunning superstition; and he that disdains to follow religion in the open and the trodden path, may chance to lose his way in the trackless wilds of experiments, or in the obscure labyrinths of speculation.

His aversion to intolerance did not, however, bias his judgment, nor induce him to separate the interests of the Church of Christ from those of the State, nor to act upon those abstractions* which naturally sprang out of an enlarged view of the question. Of the utility of establishments he was convinced:

After a serious and diligent attention (said he) to the subject, I am led by reasons of public utility to declare myself a most decided advocate for a National Church; and for reasons of the same kind I should wish to see it erected upon the broadest and most comprehensive plan. Thus I should despise the narrowness, and detest the intolerance of a system, which admitting the Socinian should exclude the Athanasian. But I

* See Notes to Rapin on Whigs and Tories.

should venerate the wisdom and the generosity of an establishment into which the Pelagian and Predestinarian might be allowed to enter, without the necessity of declaring their sentiments, without the power of defending them in a controversial form from the pulpit, and without the slightest restraints from declaring and defending them through the medium of the press.

By reducing the number, and changing the form of doctrinal points, by substituting intelligible terms for confused ideas, by excluding the obscure jargon which philosophy has introduced, and by employing the simpler language in which the Scriptures are written, we might avoid the supposed inconveniences of a subscription, either to articles as they are now framed, or to the Bible *only*.—Non enim pietas subtiles arduarum et difficilium quæstionum disceptatores, et curiosos latentium et abditarum rerum investigatores, sed simplices verissimi verbi hoc est, mortui et resuscitati Christi Professores, et fidos voluntatis suæ executores requirit. G. Cassander de officio pii et Publicæ Tranquillitatis vere Amantis Viri. p. 29.

Between dogmatism, which decides too much, and latitudinarianism which confounds all distinctions, there is a middle point where good men may safely rest, and which candid men may easily find. There is a spirit which, by moderation is able to multiply the friends of the Church, and by firmness to counteract the designs of its enemies. There is a possibility, at least, for wise and good men to unite in constructing a system with precision sufficient to secure the great interests of religious truth, with discrimination sufficient to accomplish all the purposes of political utility, and with purity sufficient to give the Church of England a decisive superiority over every establishment, and every sect which have hitherto appeared in the Christian world. Under such a system we might look for that peace which Bacon has so beautifully described. "It establishes faith, it kindleth charity, the outward peace of the Church distilleth into peace of conscience, and it turneth the labours of writing, and reading controversies into treatises of mortification and devotion." We should be rescued from the false unities which the same writer thus laments;—"the one is when the peace is grounded upon an implicit ignorance, for

all colours will agree in the dark, the other when it is pierced up upon a direct admission of contraries in fundamental points." But these surely are few and simple; they require little explanation, and admit little controversy.

When the artless perspicuity of Scripture is overlaid by the abstruse subtleties of metaphysics; when reason either refines away what is made clear, or dogmatizes on what is left doubtful by omniscience; when ceremonies, which ought to adorn religion, engender a motley brood of doctrines which deform and disgrace it, it is to be feared that assent will often be professed without conviction, and conformity often practised without approbation. "Truth and falsehood," as Bacon says, "would then become like the iron and clay in the toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image; they might cleave, but would not incorporate."

From his earliest youth he had been caught by the attire in which the Church of England clothes her service, and his fondness for the ceremonial of her worship continued to the end of his life. At the beginning the ardour of youth made him, if not superstitious, at least enthusiastic. In the first period of manhood he caught the tone, and assumed the habit of a dignified ecclesiastic. In the print of the arrow shooting at Harrow, he is dressed in the gown and band of an ecclesiastic, and Dr. Sumner, who accompanies him, can hardly be distinguished by any other mark than the staff in his hand. In his own little church he displayed the same fondness for ornament and ceremony; the service was performed with all possible order. He loved, indeed, the "gaudy trappings of the hierarchy." I do not wish to conceal that he was no Iconoclast. He admired the productions of the arts, and he would have been glad to employ

them in architecture, in pictures, in statuary, in every ornamental decoration in the sanctuary. Solemn music also was his delight—the pealing organ—the choir—the chaunt—the hymn, he employed to the utmost of his power, and I know that it would have feasted his soul could he have seen St. Peter's illuminated with her myriad lamps, perfumed with rich odours, and sending up a still more grateful incense in the song of praise, of a peerless and triumphant choir. Philosophical as his views were of the usefulness of public worship, he knew that these auxiliaries could not be disdained by beings whose reason was originally grounded on the senses, and who, though they are called upon to worship God as a spirit, yet are of too gross materials to worship ONLY in spirit and in truth.

Was he then superstitious? No. Was he fanatical? No. Was he a latitudinarian? No. Was he dissident in any form or in any respect? No. I maintain that he was a true son of the Church of England; an admirer of the "majestic simplicity of her prayers," and of the "sober dignity of her ceremonies," One who loved her as a dutiful son, though he had no great reason to be grateful to her, as a bountiful mother; who thought her establishment founded by wisdom, though the original intentions of her founders were not carried into full effect. He wished to see her lift up her mitred head in courts and parliaments. He wished to see her house decorated with all the splendour of architecture and of arts, rich in all that could em-

bellish the sanctuary, and by embellishment elevate the soul. But, above all, he wished to see her priests clothed with righteousness. A band, who despising the grovelling measure of earth, aspired to things eternal.

Men pursuing a different course, he knew would become zealots for worldly policy, without being zealots for God, who, assuming that perfection is unattainable, dismiss all improvement, and reprobate all change. Hence they become impatient of contradiction, and finally intolerant, and

> For the sake of a false and corrupt persuasion, set the world on fire, dissolve all the bonds of natural and revealed religion, and sanctify even the cruelties of an inquisition.*

Such a Church of England man Dr. Parr was not. He loved her as founded by Cranmer, as blessed by Latimer, as defended by Hooper, by Ridley, and the holy army of martyrs, their brethren of the Reformation.

From many of those who were her supporters, he drew his chief intellectual sustenance. From Jewell, Hooker, Hales, Chillingworth, Pearson, Barrow, Taylor, Stillingfleet, Tillotson, and the hundreds of learned authors of less name, though still of great account; and in later days, from those who mingled in controversy, Hoadly, Sherlock, Waterland, Warburton, aye, and even Hurd, besides those dear friends to whom he has done ample justice, and some of whom are yet alive.

> In the days which are past, indeed, (says he) but to which

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* Sherlock.

every scholar looks back with gratitude and triumph, the Church of England was adorned by a Gataker, a Pearson, a Casaubon, a Vossius, a Bentley, a Wasse, and an Ashton. Within our own memory it has boasted of Pearce and Burton, of Taylor and Musgrave, of Toup and Foster, of Markland and Tyrrwhitt.*

His own writings can now be added to the list; and perhaps I am too enthusiastic a disciple to speak of them in the more subdued terms of admiration. They appear to me unrivalled, as pure and classical compositions, as eloquent and wise discussions, and lessons fitted for improving man's condition. The sermons on education are a code. The doctrinal discourses, twelve in number, strengthen the foundations of our holy faith, not in "rash curiosity about mysteries," but by the justest positions concerning miracles and prophecy, and the right interpretation of scripture. In the rest, those sacred duties resulting from piety to God, firm faith in his revealed word, and from love to our neighbour, are enforced by the strongest arguments of exalted and enlarged intellect, in the most select and purified terms of human discourse.

Although thus firmly attached to the Church in reality, yet was he often libelled as an unbeliever, or a sceptic, or a latitudinarian.† In the John Bull

* British Critic, Review of the Var. Hor.

† A clamour has been raised by the assertion of one signing himself Frederic Bewley, Salisbury, in Gent. Mag. Sept. 1827, that the words "he does not convince me," alluding to a written opinion of Parr on Bishop Burgess's "Divinity of Christ proved from his own declaration, attested and interpreted by his own living witnesses, the Jews," are suppressed in B. P. Dr.

newspaper he was accused, in a squib, of being a disciple of Voltaire,; and we have seen how he spared the attack of one zealot, because he was enfeebled by disease. The documents I have produced are triumphant refutations of all these calumnies. He was nevertheless, left unnoticed by his clerical superiors, in every act of public display of duty to a late period.

In a letter to Dr. C. P. Burney, in 1816, he says:

I read in the newspapers that you had preached the Consecration Sermon for Bishop Legge; and Bartlam and I are glad you mean to publish it. As a novitiate in theology, you have a triumph over your veteran god-father, who has holden preferment in Lincolnshire, Leicestershire, Northamptonshire, Warwickshire, and Huntingdonshire, and yet never received the ordinary courtesy of being desired by any prelate or archdeacon, to preach a Visitation Sermon. He perfectly understood the spirit which from time to time has exposed him to studied and marked neglect.

Life did not close, however, without this mark of respect being paid to him. In the spring of 1822 he was regularly invited to preach at the next visitation of the Archdeacon of Huntingdon, either in person, or by deputy, both which he declined on

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Parr has so often attested his own belief, that I refer to his *own* writings for proof of his orthodoxy. That Bishop Burgess's "living witnesses" may not have convinced him is very probable. The question turns not on Parr's conviction of the doctrine itself but on his opinion of the Bishop's arguments; and with this learned Prelate Parr did not agree in his pertinacious adherence to the interpolated passage about the "three heavenly witnesses." Mr. Nichols has not discovered such a person as Frederic Bewley. The communication therefore may be considered as anonymous. Surely Dr. Parr should only be made responsible for that which is published from authorised documents!

account of age. "On Sunday June 16, 1822, Dr. Parr, at Hatton, had the honour to receive from the Rev. Dr. Hook, Archdeacon of Huntingdon, late Dean of Worcester, (says Parr himself,) a letter, of which the following is a copy:"

Whippingham Court, Isle of Wight,
REVEREND SIR, *June* 14, 1822.

I have just received a letter from my Registrar at Huntingdon, enclosing your answer to an official request, on my part, that you would undertake the office of preacher at my next visitation.

I will say nothing respecting my present regret in being deprived of the honor your attendance on that occasion would have conferred upon me, a regret which is not diminished by the circumstances which compel you to withhold it; but when I recollect that it is just seven years since the present Bishop of Winchester nominated me to the Archdeaconry of Huntingdon, and now learn from yourself, that within that period you would gladly have complied with my wishes, had they been made known to you, I cannot but reproach myself with an omission, however occasioned, through which I am so severe a sufferer. It would savour of presumption in me to labour at extenuating this apparent inattention by any assurances that it arose not from a want of due respect and veneration for the character of Dr. Parr. I will simply advert to the general rule observed in these cases, of naming the incumbents in succession, to the office of preacher at the archdeaconal visitations, and the very natural conclusion on my part, that this rule had been strictly complied with in your case, as in that of others. It was the casual observation of an individual, when I was last at Huntingdon, who expressed a doubt, whether Dr. Parr had ever preached on such an occasion, that induced me to decide the question, and place it at your option to comply with or decline the invitation, I felt myself deeply interested in making. To you, reverend Sir, this explanation can be of little value, but it is essential to my own satifaction, and your well-known liberality will, I feel confident, pardon my forcing it upon you.

As there can be no substitute for Dr. Parr, I have only to request that you will give yourself no further trouble on account of this unseasonable application, as we have only to revert to the roll for the next incumbent in succession. I have the honour to be, reverend Sir, with the most perfect respect, your obedient and faithful humble servant, JOHN HOOK.

Dr. Parr's answer:

REVEREND SIR, *Hatton, June* 19, 1822.

I beg leave, respectfully and thankfully, to acknowledge the letter with which you have honoured me. The matter and the spirit of that letter, convinced me that I should have had great pleasure in your society, if it had been in my power to attend your visitation in May 1823. Be assured, reverend Sir, that your explanation does *not* appear to me of little value. On the contrary, I feel myself very much obliged to you for it; and I should be happy to shake you by the hand, at my parsonage, and to thank you personally if you were to come into my neighbourhood. I have the honour to be, reverend Sir, with great respect, your well-wisher, and very faithful, obedient servant,

SAMUEL PARR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Metaphysical studies—Projected publication of Collier's Clavis Universalis—Hartley—Copleston—Dugald Stewart.

Philology was one of the favourite studies of Parr—not philology concerned in the weighing of phrases—not philology digging out bare meaning and bald derivations—not philology connected merely with etymology, but occupied with the philosophy of mind itself.

As a teacher, the use of words was continually before him. From the beginning of his labours he was accustomed to hear the luminous and elaborate instructions of Sumner, delivered as they were, like lectures to the elder boys. He owed an important part of his mental progress to the hints given in these lectures. But with a more capable and capacious intellect he reaped greater fruit. The philology and etymology of Sumner were converted by him into metaphysics and philosophy.

The profound dogmas of religion are nearly allied to the abstruse speculations of metaphysics, and from his early life Parr was a diligent student of theology, and thinker for himself His Norwich sermons are

deeply tinctured with this lore, and we may observe in the Bishop of Cloyne's early letters, that he is sometimes laughed at for his doubts and refinements. Those doubts were the serious reflections of a searching mind; and those speculations and refinements, if they were not borrowed from Butler and Waterland, were justified by their hypotheses.

Parr's strength lay not merely in transcendental metaphysics. Like every other superior mind, he loved to try his power occasionally on these subjects, and to soar in the upper regions of mystery, or to pursue those wandering mazes in which all human reasoning is finally lost. Such subjects were, however, not his chief study. Benevolence, utility, the vindication of God's ways to man—the virtue of real sincerity, and honest industry to find out what God requires of his creatures to believe—the power of conscience; these were the topics he delighted in, and to make religion practical, he has poured forth the whole riches of his learning and intellect upon them. All his Sermons will prove this assertion; and those on Conscience, in the following volumes; on the Habit of Judging unrighteously; on avoiding the appearance of Evil; and on Prayer, and on Benevolence, are of themselves a code. Still philological inquiries, and metaphysical disquisitions were favourite studies. In searching into the meaning of words, and their etymology, he laboured with indefatigable industry to trace the word to its root, and its root he dug out of the soil of intellect in which it had been planted. He investigated the

seed from which it sprung, the waters which had nourished it, the support it had received from all adventitious aids, and thus his philology became the history of the human mind, so far as any one word belonged to it.

The treatise on Sublime, written in illustration of Dugald Stewart's philosophy of the human mind, will be evidence of his diligence, his zeal, and his learning in this branch of knowledge.

Parr's system of metaphysics is unfolded in the Spital Sermon, and the notes: and in the 24th Sermon of vol. VI. more at large than in any of his other publications. All his charity sermons touch upon it; but he has there pointed out the sources he drank most freely of, Locke, *Tucker's Light of Nature,

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* The following letter of Sir J. Mackintosh was an answer to inquiries about Tucker:

MY DEAR SIR, *Serle-street, 1st Dec.* 1800.

I thought it useless to answer your letter till I could answer your inquiries about Tucker, which I now do by informing you that he was of Merton College, Oxford. Whether he took a degree there or not I could not ascertain, but you will easily ascertain that point by inquiries at Oxford. The person whom I employed to make these inquiries was Malthus, the author of the essay on the Principle of Population, who lives in the neighbourhood of what was Mr. Tucker's seat. Sir H. St. John Mildmay, to whom Malthus applied for information, is the grandson of Tucker, and has an intention of publishing a complete edition of his grandfather's works, including some detached tracts, and an unpublished Dissertation on the Logos. He is to send me a sketch of the life of Tucker, written by his daughter Mrs. Tucker. I am very willing to assist him in his edition, and I hope it is not too late to recover more particulars of the life of this great philosopher than are contained in

and Hartley, whose first work he had some intention of publishing.* Fifteen years afterwards he

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his daughter's sketch, as some of his contemporaries are still alive. It seems to me, that an analysis of the *Light of Nature* would be an useful part of such a republication. It is a work which needs to be analysed. It is never concise, and not always methodical. I should be under the necessity of charging Search with ungrateful plagiarism from Hartley. His chapter on "translated passion" is a very mean attempt to hide his theft by a paltry change of expression. It will be painful to lay such an offence to the charge of a great and a good man; but the morality of literature requires that severe justice should be executed on such thefts, and especially on those men of genius who stoop to such petty larcenies, &c. &c. Ever yours,

JAMES MACKINTOSH.

* Whose first work he had some intention of publishing. Warburton (in his true slashing style) calls Hartley a philosophic visionary. Hartley published a Latin treatise, conjectures on the origin of ideas, and afterwards an English Precursor, as Hartley calls it, to his celebrated theory. His Latin treatise was published in the same volume with a treatise on Mrs. Stephens's Lithontriptic. "De Lithontriptico a Joanna Stephens, nuper inventa, Dissertatio epistolaris auctore Davide Hartley, A.M. R.S.S. &c. accedunt etiam quædam conjecturæ de sensu, motu, et Idearum generatione. Bathoniæ, 1746." What a very curious coincidence in the history of the human mind is Hartley troubling himself about Mrs. Stephens's Lithontriptic, and Berkely about tar water!

The two following letters from David Hartley, the diplomatist, give some account of his celebrated father:

DEAR SIR. *Bath, Jan. 21st*, 1791.

I am very much obliged to you for the favour and assistance of your observations when I had the pleasure of seeing you at Bath. I will only trouble you with the reformation of the principal topic which you pointed out respecting the subscription to the 39 Articles. I wish to hold out a flag of truce, and

took up another metaphysical writer, and at that time actually reprinted Collier's Clavis Universalis, and intended to add a large introduction of his own.

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to avoid all possible constructive offence either to church or lay subscribers, viz.

He was originally intended for the church, and proceeded for some time in his thoughts and studies towards that object; but upon a closer consideration of the conditions attached to the clerical profession, he was restrained by some scruples which made him reluctant to subscribe the 39 Articles. In consequence of these scruples he became disqualified for the pursuit of his first plans of devoting himself to the personal functions and service of the church. However he still continued to the end of his life a well-affected member of the Church of England, conforming to its general doctrines, and to its public worship. Though his talents were very general, yet undoubtedly his pre-eminent faculties were formed for the moral and religious sciences. These talents were displayed in the earliest parts of his life with so much distinction, as could not fail to hold out to his ambition a future career of honest fame in the service of the National Church, if he could have complied with the conditions, consistently with the satisfaction of his own mind. But he had at all times a most scrupulous and disinterested mind, which disposed him in all parts of his life, and under all circumstances, to adhere firmly to those principles which appeared to him to form the strict and conscientious line of moral duty. It proceeded therefore from the most anxious scruples irresistibly impressed upon his mind, that he relinquished the first favoured profession, which may properly be called the prerogative profession of moral and religious philosophy.

I think no oblique reflection can be construed out of those words that he adhered firmly to those principles which *appeared to him to form* the strict and conscientious line of moral duty. It is simply the relation of a personal sentiment without inferential strictures upon conformists, which I take to be your sentiment, and if it is not now fully and properly expressed, I

Some of the materials for this introduction are left; but I am doubtful whether they are copious enough to form even a syllabus of what was originally con-

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shall be much obliged to you for your assistance to express it in an adequate manner.

I shall be very happy at all times to cultivate your friendship and good opinion, and to derive instruction from your communications. I beg my best compliments to Dr. Gabriel. I am, dear Sir, your much obliged, and most obedient servant,

To the Rev. Dr. Parr. D. HARTLEY.

DEAR SIR, *Bath, Jan. 22,* 1791.

A thought has occurred to me respecting my flag of truce, "a well affected member of the Church of England." The Dissenter denies the consistence of this with non-subscribing. I prove it thus—because he was a metaphysician, a moralist, a religionist, and not a politician. That was not his province—*Ne sutor ultra.* The Dissenter replies, if there had been no political spirits to resist usurpation over the temporal and mental rights of man, the bloody flags would still have been flying over the Bastile and the Inquisition. Granted. But the moral philosopher has with meekness and fortitude expounded the rule of life equally to tyrants and Popes, and spiritual princes and hierarchies. His sphere of duty is didactic and spiritual counsel, not the secular arm of resistance. He leaves it to the will of Heaven to raise up more fiery spirits from the deep, to avenge the insulted rights of mankind. The meek moralist renders to Cæsar; whether given or granted by the Commons, are terms not in his vocabulary. *He* (the moralist) is *a true* labourer, glad of *other* men's good, content with his own harm. If it be not Cæsar's, let Cæsar answer it. To rescue our philosopher from the construction of bending the knee to spiritual or temporal idols, I think the argument should be put upon that character. I have, therefore, inserted the following solution of the enigma, "well affected to the church," &c.

After the words, "to its general doctrines, and to its public

ceived. They shall be collected and printed hereafter, if they can be compounded into any satisfactory shape.

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worship." As the Church of England maintains all the useful and practical doctrines of Christian morality, he did not think it necessary to separate himself from their communion on account of some excepted articles of speculative and abstruse opinion. He was unconditionally a Catholic Christian, in the most extensive and liberal sense of that term. On the subject of religious controversy he has left the following testimony of his sentiments in the last section of proposition 88, on religious knowledge: "The great differences of opinion and contentions which happen in religious matters, are plainly owing to the violence of men's passions, more than to any other cause. Where religion has its due effect in restraining these, and begetting true candour, we may expect an unity of opinion, both in religious and other matters, as far as is necessary for useful practical purposes."

Again—to stand in a short paragraph by itself next after the words—He has left no additional papers whatsoever.

The learned and ingenious Dr. Priestley published, in the year 1775, some parts of Dr. Hartley's works, in an octavo volume, intituled; "*Hartley's Theory of the Human Mind on the principle of the Association of Ideas, with Essays on the subject of it.*" He had commenced a correspondence with the author a short time before his death, and has remained ever since a constant and zealous advocate for his metaphysical and moral system.

Do you like this? If not, pray give me a philosophical and metaphysical nosegay, liberal but not lavish. I am, dear Sir, your much obliged friend, and most obedient servant,

D. HARTLEY.

1st P. S. I have this moment thought of a final compromise under my flag of truce; viz. to insert practical doctrines instead of general doctrines—thus: He continued to the end of his life a well-affected member of the Church of England, conforming to its practical doctrines and to its public worship.

Collier's system resembles that of Bishop Berkeley:

Every thing not absolutely impossible, or implying a direct contradiction in terms, may be equally proved by this *comprehensive logic.* Thus the *external material world* is proved *not* to exist, because it is *possible*, and in THEIR language who use *this* argument *more than possible,* that *it may not.*

Such is Hoadly's sly observation on Collier's system, as, I believe, while he laughs at Dr. Snape, and converts him into a Papist by the same sort of

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It certainly does require some explanation that non-subscription should be called *well affected.* But I think the phrase "practical doctrines" is the *omne punctum*, and perfectly coincides with my father's words, *as far as is necessary for useful and practical purposes.*

The truth of the matter is, that my father had some partiality for the Church by habit and inheritance, but was totally cold to every other Communion. His idol was useful, practical, (and, if you please, mechanical,) Christian morality, *quocunque modo.* He would have joined hands with Roman Catholics, or Dissenters, or any other sect for that object, leaving the sect to God and the sectarist. I have now advanced my flag of truce to the Church as far as I can go, especially as they have done so little for my father's memory, and the Dissenters all.

2d P. S. I have this moment received a letter from my brother, in which he says: "I think all mention of any person's *approving* our father's work had better be left out, that it may proceed upon its own merits." I entirely agree in this, not to adduce *testimonia.* Suppose it should be altered thus: instead of—and has remained ever since a constant and zealous advocate, &c.—and has, in subsequent literary works, commented with great acuteness and erudition upon his metaphysical and moral system.

Be so good as to give me a little assistance—it is a delicate point.

logic.* This remark of Hoadly is the first notice I have ever seen of Collier's system. Parr had not observed it. In the Grub-street Journal, No. 107, the following notice is taken conjointly of Berkeley's theory with that of Collier. Collier was the first: he published his Clavis Universalis in 1713. I have not the first edition of Berkeley's treatise before me.

Some years ago, Mr. Berkeley, of Trinity College, Dublin, and Mr. Collier, of Langford Magna, near Sarum, without having communicated their thoughts to each other, hit upon a new scheme of the principles of philosophy, which, notwithstanding the character of the Authors, and the importance of the thing, has not yet been publicly canvassed.

The titles of their Essays are "The principles of human knowledge, and the impossibility of an external world." The great point they advance is, that in nature there is, there can be, nothing but spirit and ideas.

Mr. Norris, incumbent of Bemerton, in the neighbourhood of Langford, published some work on humility, so excellent in sentiment and composition, that Sir James Mackintosh recommended it to the notice of Dr. Parr, and advised him to follow it up by a treatise of his own on the same subject. Mr. Norris was Editor also of some Poems, of considerable merit for the thoughts, though not of a high cast of poetry. He was a disciple of Malbranche, of course, as seeing all things in God, an anti-materialist. Sir J. Mackintosh thinks it possible that Collier may have taken a hint of his system from Norris. Parr had noticed this before

* Letter to Dr. Snape, by Lord Bishop of Bangor, prefixed to Mr. Pilloniere's reply to Dr. S.

from Reid, who gives a sketch of Collier's opinions, which he somewhat underrates.

Professor Dugald Stewart, to Dr. Parr.

Kinneil House, Jan. 11, 1820.

MY DEAR DOCTOR PARR,

I would have written to you long ago, had not our friend Leonard Horner led me to expect a letter from you on your arrival at Hatton. Your portrait (with your kind note) I am happy to say arrived safe here without suffering the slightest injury from its long journey. Mrs. Stewart and my daughter agree with me in thinking it an admirable likeness. Of the quick and varied play of your features it was impossible even for the skill of Opie to convey an idea; but he has done all that was within the compass of his art. He has seized a fortunate moment, and has produced one of the most pleasing as well as powerful pictures I have ever seen. In this light it strikes even those who are strangers to your person; but how much more does it present to the imagination of your friends! To myself it recals the original so very strongly, that I never look at it without being somewhat provoked that it cannot answer the questions I would wish to put to Dr. Parr, were he sitting beside me.

Along with the engraving I received your most acceptable present of Reinhold's work. No book could possibly have reached me more opportunely at the present moment, when I am employed in filling up, as I best can, that part of my Dissertation which relates to German philosophy.

I need not say how much the value of the present was enhanced by the affectionate, though much too flattering, inscription in your own hand. I have also to thank you for a present which, through your means, I received very soon after you left Scotland, of Dr. Kaye's *Concio ad Clerum*. I read it with much admiration of the talents, sound judgment, and classical taste of the Author. It was accompanied with a very obliging note, in which he expressed his apprehensions that "the kindness of Dr. Parr's heart, and the fervour of his eloquence," might have led me to expect more from his Sermon than its

merits would be found to justify. I can very truly say that this was not the case.

In mentioning these instances of your kind attention, I must not forget to acknowledge the heartfelt, though melancholy, satisfaction I received from your *eulogium* on our inestimable friend, Sir Samuel Romilly. It touches, with singular precision and felicity, on the chief features of his character, both intellectual and moral, and conveys a more perfect idea of his peculiar style of eloquence, than I should have thought possible, in the same number of words. From the manner in which you propose to record it, I am somewhat afraid that you may think the publication of it during your own life-time improper; but if this objection (which does not appear to me very weighty) could be got over to your own satisfaction, I cannot help thinking that it would be of more use to our friend's memory at the present moment than at the future (I trust *distant*) period, when the book is to be deposited in the library of Emanuel College. You are the best judge, through what channel it would be most expedient to give it to the public; but I shall not be happy till I see it in print.

I wish much for some information about Arthur Collier, author of a book entitled *Clavis Universalis*, &c. (London, 1713.) The book is now so scarce that I never saw it till about a year ago, when I met with a copy of it (at Bowood) belonging to my old friend, Dr. Fowler, of Salisbury. I think you told me that you either had printed, or intended to print, a small edition of it. If this be already done, I should like extremely to have a copy of it in my own possession. But, at any rate, if you happen to know any thing of the Author (whose name I cannot find in any of our biographical dictionaries) you will oblige me extremely by sending me some short notice of his history, such as I can easily comprise within the limits of a foot-note.

Do you understand the meaning of the following passage in one of Locke's letters to Anthony Collins, dated 6th March, 1703?

"Were you of Oxenford itself, bred up under those sharp heads which were for damning my book, because of its discouraging *the staple commodity of the place;* which, in my time, was

was called hog's shearing (which is, as I hear, given out for the cause of this decree), you could not be a more subtle disputant than you are." Will you have the goodness to explain to me this sentence; and more particularly to tell me what Locke points at, when he speaks of *the staple commodity of Oxford?* Does he mean any thing more than the study of the Aristotelian logic?

When I had the pleasure of seeing you at Kinneil, I mentioned an expression which Gibbon applies to Mr. Allamand, a very learned clergyman of the Pays de Vaud; *est sacrificulus in pago et vulgus decipit.* You told me that this phrase was borrowed from Vossius. May I beg of you to tell me in what part of his works it is to be found?

I have heard from my son since his arrival at Malta. He assures me that he has not forgotten his promise to send Dr. Parr some Lyrian tobacco. I shall be glad to hear from you, if it ever should reach Hatton. I hope you found Mrs. Parr in good health, and that you will bring her along with you to Scotland on your next visit, which all your friends at Edinburgh look forward to with eagerness and confidence. I was delighted to find what an impression you had left behind you. Mrs. Stewart and my daughter unite with me in best and most affectionate respects, and I ever am, my dear Dr. Parr, with the sincerest and highest regard, your most obliged and most faithful friend and servant, DUGALD STEWART.

Collier, besides the Clavis, published afterwards a "Specimen of true Philosophy, or a Discourse on Genesis, chap. 1. ver. 1." In this he says, p. 21,

In truth, however intelligent I would willingly suppose my reader in this place, yet I cannot proceed with a quiet mind till I have told him, that unless he has perused and seen the *Evidence* of the *little book* (*the Clavis*) before mentioned (which, except a single passage or two in *Dr. Berkeley's three Discourses*, published in the same year with the other, is the only book on that subject which I ever heard of in the world), it will be as much in vain for him to go with me any further in

this discourse, as if he was one of those whom I took my leave of in a former paragraph.

I presume Parr's intention in re-printing Collier was not merely to display his author. Collier is not very attractive in style, nor very methodical in composition, but inventive and original; whatever may be objected to him concerning Norris, or suspected concerning Berkeley. Parr's metaphysics were clearly those of Locke, expounded as Locke had been by Law, and illustrated by himself from Plato, Aristotle, and the philosophers of antiquity. Masses of learning of this sort have been copied by him from the books, and two good boys at Shrewsbury, and Mr. Fonblanque at Cambridge, were employed many a wearisome hour to copy pages from Petrus de Valentia, Olivet, and other learned commentators. On personal identity Parr thought with Bishop Law; and this question he has laboured under most of its aspects. In reviewing the metaphysicians, Kant and the Germans were brought before him; but their complex and peculiar language could only be construed by one of those initiated into the mysteries of German metaphysics, as they are involved in the German language. In this he was no Hierophant, and being obliged to employ a translator, who could only expound by periphrasis, he was at length either wearied, or satiated, or disgusted. His endeavours to understand Kant, brought the sublime before him in a novel point of view; and I believe led to those profound speculations which afterwards flowed from his pen, in his correspondence with Professor Dugald Stewart

and Dr. Copleston, then Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, and now Lord Bishop of Llandaff.

With the latter he began to correspond in 1808, and I add the Bishop's first letter, in answer to Dr. Parr, as a testimony of the value he set on his acquaintance. Parr had met Dr. Copleston at Oriel, and on March 15, 1808, wrote him a letter of which I shall copy only a few sentences.

DEAR SIR,

The satisfaction I felt in your conversation, the respect I owe to your learning, and the favourable accounts I have heard of your moral character, dispose me very strongly to cultivate your acquaintance, and to tell you frankly and fairly my opinions upon any doubts which may occur to you in the course of your reading. After this declaration, to which they who have known me longer and better than yourself, would readily give credit, I shall proceed to resume some of the topics on which we entered when I chatted with you at Oriel.

The letter dated Nov. 10, 1816, reveals a σκότιαν ἀπόκρυψιν, now known to all the world; but it also contains a generous appeal, which must sink into the heart of every scholar. Two other letters enter on the theory of the derivation of sublimis. Dr. Parr's theory is, that sublimis is derived from limus; Dr. Copleston reasoned at first that it came from super limen; but at length yielded. The letter, in which Dr. Parr assigns his reasons, and supports them with his criticisms and authorities, occupies twelve pages of forty lines each, and in each line eleven words; so that I must reluctantly refer it, to be published hereafter with the work on Sublime sent to Professor Stewart. Of the other letters

of Dr. Parr to Dr. Copleston I subjoin the following.

Dr. Copleston, now Bishop of Landaff, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Oriel College, April* 29, 1808.

Nothing but the strong desire I felt of doing something more than make acknowledgments for your kindness, has prevented me hitherto from saying how much I feel indebted to you. The few hours during which you favoured me with your company were among the pleasantest I ever passed, and I shall greedily embrace the offer you kindly make of cultivating an acquaintance, which has already afforded me so much happiness. All this, and more than this, is due to the friendly tone of your letter; but the criticism which it contains deserves more than thanks, and it was from the hope of more leisure than I have met with, that my answer has been delayed so long.

I perfectly understand the friendly intention with which you have opened the way to similar communications from me, and as no man has a higher sense of the advantage thus held out to me, so there is none who is less disposed to neglect it. But to speak plainly, I have been of late distracted with such a variety of cares that I have literally had no time for gratuitous researches. Sufficient for the day has been the evil thereof. My Lectures in the schools, added to very extensive employment as tutor, and the duties of the Proctor's office, have hardly left me a moment's interval; for the different capacities in which I have been compelled to act, have involved also a pretty extensive correspondence. But of this enough. My anxiety to stand well with you, and to clear myself of the most distant suspicion of indifference, have led me into a tedious apology.

Be assured, however, dear Sir, that I have read your criticisms more than once with great interest; and I will tell you honestly that the interest has not arisen so much from the fame of the writer and from the *learning* they display, as from their candid and philosophic cast. It is a vein of criticism which the ordinary run of scholars never open; for, in truth, it requires a frame of mind and habits of reflection which mere

philologists seldom possess. But in the little excursions which I have made (and they have been, I confess, few and desultory), I have always derived more satisfaction from being able to elicit a canon which approved itself to my reason, than to fix the use of a word by authorities, or to correct a reading by lucky conjecture. It is this union of philosophy with criticism which dignifies the art, and, in my opinion, tends to soften and subdue the acrimony which is apt to mingle itself with philological disputes. Certainly the nearer we approach to demonstration the less room is there for angry contention. For in pure science it finds no place. And I believe that personal jealousy, with which critics have been reproached, arises chiefly from this, that their opinions depend upon individual experience, and cannot therefore be opposed without calling in question the judgment and authority of those who hold them.

There is besides a delightful sensation which accompanies the discovery of these principles, analogous to that which springs from the contemplation of final causes in nature, the most beautiful as well as the most edifying part of natural philosophy. To know not only that a thing is so, but why it is so, gives unmixed satisfaction. It is a pleasure which, to use the words of Aristotle, τελειοῖ τὴν ἐνεργείαν. In this branch of literature it appears to me that much remains to be done. A theory of language, not so refined and abstract as to carry us up to the first elements of speech, but which will serve to explain the phenomena that occur in all languages, and point out their connection with the laws of human thought, a collection and system not of the highest principles, but of those *media axiomata*, which are useful in practice, as well as delightful in speculation, is a work which the world has not yet seen, but which I do not despair of seeing, if the talent and learning the world possesses were directed towards it.

To the particular points of your discussion I must, at present, omit to give any answer. The rule respecting *non modo* and *non solum*, is indeed impregnably established. On the subjunctive mood I have some loose and unsettled opinions, which I will endeavour to render more worthy of being compared with yours by the time we meet. It will not be long, I trust, before you give me an opportunity of shewing how desirous I

am of improving the acquaintance with which you have honoured me. I remain, dear Sir, with unfeigned respect and esteem, your very obliged and faithful servant,

E. Copleston.

Dr. Parr, to Dr. Copleston.

DEAR, LEARNED, AND WISE DR. COPLESTON,

I throw myself upon your candour to excuse me for troubling you with this letter. In Dugald Stewart, and in Mr. Napier, you have quite as warm admirers as I am of your profound erudition, your correct judgment, your well-regulated taste, and your rare and exquisite talent for philosophical research. Mr. Stewart laments that he has not the honour of knowing you personally, and therefore was compelled to put to me a question, which, under other circumstances, he would have addressed to yourself. In his letter, which now lies before me, he states the anxiety of Mr. Napier, and his own, to know distinctly what person you had in view, when at the close of some sentences most worthy of you as a scholar, and as a sage, you say "there have been men so variously gifted, though few, and some perhaps there still are; one I know there is, who could not render a more acceptable service to the lovers of ancient learning, than by guiding their footsteps through this perplexing labyrinth."

The two celebrated North Britons, whom I just now mentioned, are strongly impressed with language which bears upon it the stamp of your authority. I this morning told Mr. Stewart that I could not solve the difficulty, but that I would go a short and a sure way by writing directly to Dr. Copleston. Now, dear Sir, I leave it *entirely* with your wisdom and delicacy to grant, or not to grant to me this favour of enabling me to answer the question which has been sent to me.

I was much struck with some observations which you once made in my hearing, on the importance and the difficulty of such a work as you describe in the passage to which Mr. Stewart alludes, and from two or three hints I inferred the possibility of your own undertaking it; I will not yet relinquish the hope. Again, and again, I have inquired about your health;

I rejoiced to hear favourable accounts of it, and I am sure, that knowing the importance of it to literature, criticism, and the philosophy of the human mind, every enlightened contemporary will join with me in my wishes, and let me add my prayers, for the continuance of your life, and will exclaim as I do

Næ istiusmodi jam nobis magna Civium
Penuria 'st.

I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with great and unfeigned respect, your well-wisher, and obedient, humble servant,

Hatton, Nov. 9th, 1816. SAMUEL PARR.

Dr. Copleston, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *Oriel College, Nov.* 10, 1816.

There is only one scruple in the way of my returning a direct answer to Mr. Stewart's question. It will be an admission that I am the author of publications which I have never avowed, except to confidential friends, and which, notwithstanding the approbation you have kindly pronounced, contain in them many things which I am now heartily ashamed of. From you I have certainly no wish to conceal any thing; and therefore I state at once that you were in my contemplation when that sentence was written; and I am still convinced, as firmly as ever, that if there is a person living qualified to throw light on the structure of the Greek and Latin languages, by the aid of philosophical investigation, it is yourself.

I do not wish, my dear Sir, to restrain you from making known this admission of mine to your learned correspondents, because I am sure you will do it in such a manner as will secure to me the privilege of that secresy which I have hitherto maintained. At the same time allow me to express my joy at this inquiry, because I regard it as a ground of hope that you will exercise that rare combination of talents which every one knows you to possess, in the prosecution of a work much wanted, and not unworthy of your hand.

Perhaps, indeed, you may meditate some greater task, and instead of employing metaphysics as a key to the difficulties of language, turn these philological facts into a means of discovering more important truths; the laws of human thought, and

the causes of popular error. The influence of opinions and habits upon language has been long observed, and pretty well illustrated. The re-action of language upon opinions has also been observed, but how little has the observation been followed up? From beginning the inquiry at this end it is, that I suspect much useful and surprising truth might be discovered; and in the course of the inquiry such principles might be elicited as would form the basis of a philosophical language. This has been long a favourite speculation of my mind; not because I think myself capable of doing it, but because I wish to see it done, and am persuaded that it would tend more than any thing else to strengthen the human faculties, and to enlarge the empire of human intellect, by perfecting its great, and, I may say, its only instrument.

I must, however, apologize for indulging thus far in the statement of my own reveries. Be assured, I am not the only one of your friends and admirers, who wish to see your great stores made productive of some proportionate work. We all draw upon you freely, as occasional criticism has need; but yours is a capital which ought also to be employed in some great and independent concern. May you long enjoy health and spirits for such occupations. Believe me ever, my dear Sir, with the greatest respect and esteem, your most obedient servant, E. Copleston.

The tract on the Sublime, sent to Professor Stewart, to be introduced into his work on the Philosophy of the Mind, consists of more than one hundred pages, with thirty or forty of notes. It is so rich from the stores of Parr's classical, philological, and metaphysical learning, that the Professor was desirous of having it published of the same size, and in a like type with his own book, that they might go together, but declined accepting it as a gift, and incorporating it in the body of his work, on account of its importance and magnitude.

I trust neither this essay, nor the letter to Dr.

Copleston, will be lost to the public. At present they cannot be printed, as the works already exceed the bounds prescribed, and we are anxious not to expand them over too many volumes. If the public receive the present volumes with the favour which we presume to hope for, these works, with the materials for the life of Dr. Sumner, and divers classical morsels, with a further selection from the correspondence, may appear at some future time. Meanwhile, I shall close this part of the subject with repeating Dr. Parr's opinions of a friend and a philosopher, which cannot be misapprehended, and to which the following letter will be a proper sequel:

> Of one whom I am proud to call my friend, because he has explored the deepest recesses, the most complex qualities, and the remotest tendencies of human action; because, to the researches of philosophy he adds the graces of taste; because with powers commensurate to the amplitude and dignity of his subject, he *can*, and he also will state without obscurity, reason without perplexity, assert without dogmatism, instruct without pedantry, counsel without austerity, and even refute without acrimony.

Such is his opinion of Professor Dugald Stewart, of Edinburgh: whose own letters display the confidence which he reposed in Parr, and his admiration of his learning and talents. I lament that it has not been permitted me to insert the letters of which they are the answers, or to which they reply.

They were personally acquainted in London, and Parr visited him at Kinneil, a place which had furnished another great philosopher with a retreat; for here resided Dr. John Roebuck, one to whom Scotland owes a statue for his advancement of the

arts and sciences in that kingdom, and for his patronage of the celebrated James Watt, who, under his roof, brought to maturity his own improvement of the steam engine: so that Kinneil may be considered as an academy of the two philsophies. Thither Parr went in 1819, and there was received as one great man must be received by another; and how he was estimated we may learn from Mrs. Dugald Stewart's declaration, that she had never seen any one there before who was equal to her husband, but she was proud to have Parr under her roof, who was his superior.

Professor Dugald Stewart, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Edinburgh, 30th May,* 1801.

The pleasure I received from your very kind and flattering letter was increased to a degree, which I am unable to express, by the subsequent perusal of your sermon. A coincidence of opinion with so superior a mind on some of the most important subjects of human speculation, I feel as a substantial addition to the happiness of my life. Nor can I help reflecting, with a new satisfaction, on the tendency of what I have written, when I find myself numbered by Dr. Parr among the authors who have attempted to throw "a pure and steady light upon moral truth."

The general train of thought and reasoning which runs through your discourse, meets with my warmest approbation; and the powerful effect of your eloquence in all your appeals to the heart, I consider as the most unequivocal test of the soundness of your philosophy. The admirable strictures on Godwin are, at the present moment, peculiarly seasonable. I know of no book, in our times, which has done so much mischief among half-informed readers; nor, indeed, can I conceive a system more dextrously contrived in all its parts for retarding the progress of human improvement, or the cause of rational freedom.

Your sermon, however, (luminous as it is in its principles, and pathetic in its practical application,) has scarcely instructed and delighted me more than the philosophical erudition, and discriminating criticism, displayed in your *notes*. The liberal and benevolent spirit so conspicuous in all of them cannot fail, with candid minds, to operate powerfully in favour of the truths which you have laboured to recommend.

In looking over the works of our modern Divines, I have been often astonished and mortified to observe the facility with which so many of them have joined issue with Mr. Hume and Helvetius, in depreciating the powers of the human intellect, and in ridiculing what is commonly called *the light of nature*. That "to be a philosophical sceptic is, in a man of letters, the first step towards being a sound, believing Christian," is a maxim which might have been expected to awaken some suspicion, when connected with the general scope of Mr. Hume's writings. That "Christianity, on the contrary, *presupposes* the truth of natural religion, and that whatever weakens the evidences of the latter, must *a fortiori* injure the interests of the former," is a proposition sanctioned by the opinions of Dr. Clarke, and consonant to the common sense of mankind. And yet I am much afraid that the language of the Divine, in this instance, accords less than that of the philosopher, with the theological doctrines of the present day.

The eloquent and philosophical strain in which you have expressed yourself on this subject, added to the just celebrity of your name, and to the authority of those earlier writers of the English Church whom you have called to your aid, will, I trust, go far to discountenance so dangerous an error. Many of the passages which you have collected from *these* are highly valuable; and they contain, (as you have justly remarked,) "without any attempt to preserve the peculiar *forms*, or to employ the *technical* language of philosophical investigation, the *germ* of thoughts which have been expanded into fuller luxuriance, in the more popular productions of latter times."

Among your predecessors of a more modern date I am particularly delighted with the praise you have bestowed on *Butler*, whose conclusions concerning the productions of morality (although they seem to me to approach nearer to the truth

than those of any other author) have had hitherto very little influence on the speculations of subsequent writers in the southern part of the island. Nothing has indeed surprised me more, among the capricious directions which public opinion has taken, since I first began to reflect on such questions, than the popularity which has been acquired by such ethical systems, founded on principles long ago exploded, so completely, by that excellent author.

I am by no means insensible to the merits of Mr. Paley; but I can scarcely persuade myself that Butler's discourses on Human Nature, and his Dissertation on Virtue, have been perused by him and his followers with the attention which the importance of the argument demanded.

Upon the whole, I can with great truth assure you, that I regard your volume as a lasting and splendid monument to your learning, eloquence, philosophy, benevolence, and piety; and I shall indulge the hope, that it may prove the *precursor* to other works from your pen, in further illustration of the same doctrines.

I am very sorry to learn from your advertisement that your health has been indifferent; and from your letter that your sight is weak. I hope, however, that these circumstances will induce you the sooner to accomplish your visit to Edinburgh. You will find a comfortable and quiet apartment in my house ready for your reception, and a most cordial welcome from Mrs. Stewart and myself.

I shall request your acceptance, in a few weeks, of a biographical account of our late principal, Dr. Robertson. The undertaking was not altogether a matter of choice, as I have neither talents nor inclination for that species of writing; but some particular circumstances rendered it, on my part, an indispensable duty. I have found myself also obliged to yield to the wishes of some of my friends in drawing up a short memoir with respect to the life and writings of Dr. Reid. With *this* performance (which is now nearly finished) I hope to close for ever my attempts as a biographer.

I ever am, with the greatest respect, my dear Sir, your much obliged, and most obedient friend and servant,

DUGALD STEWART.

CHAPTER XIX.

Terentianus Maurus, &c.

Among Parr's other projected works, when he was released from the drudgery and cares of a Preceptor, was an edition of Terentianus Maurus de Literis, Syllabis, Pedibus, et Metris. This book had been sent forth from the press of Colinæus by Nic. Brissæus, with a very imperfect Commentary, and there were other editions so little illustrative of the obscure subjects, that Mr. Tunstall, of Christ's College, Cambridge, was encouraged to publish a new edition; for which purpose, through the patronage of Dr. Seale,* Chaplain to Archbishop Moore, the MS. notes of Dr. John Taylor on Terentianus Maurus, belonging to the University of Cambridge, were confided to his care. There are several letters from Mr. Tunstall on this subject, written to Dr. Parr, of which the following will display sufficiently Mr. Tunstall's occupation, and Dr. Parr's assistance in it:

DEAR SIR, *London, June* 21, 1787.

I have met with nothing but disappointments in the very objects where my success could have made me happy. The world, I am afraid, is not much my friend, and therefore, whatever may be the occasion of my misfortune, the fault will be said to lie in myself, and not with my employers. As I feel

* John Barlow Seale, D. D. Fellow of Christ College.

within myself the greatest reverence for the generosity of that patronage which has already protected me, I should be most miserable were I to appear as an object where your favours had been misapplied. But I think a detail of the littlenesses of my accusers, and the unimportance of the accusations, below the dignity of epistolary correspondence, and hope you will extend your usual candour to me till Dr. Shepherd or myself may have the pleasure of seeing you. As you had the goodness to say that you would revise the collection that I should make of Dr. Taylor's notes, I have taken the liberty of sending it to you. My poor thanks for your kindness are but of little moment; but Terentianus Maurus will be a testimony to the world how much I am indebted to you. Mr. Seale, who has just left London and gone into Kent, tells me that he thinks it will be two months before I can get Terentianus Maurus to the press; and I am not very sorry for it. Taylor seems to me to have made little progress in the final execution of his work. There are not, I think, complete notes to above 200 lines. But though the ground-work still remains, yet the superstructure will be much lost; for Taylor seems to have had an excellent method of embellishing and raising his work. I have collected all his notes, references, &c., which are more dispersed and confounded than ever the Sybil's leaves were. I have aimed at accuracy, though there are yet some references whose affinity I cannot discover. I have found great inconvenience from his short hand, and not being able to apply to his references. In his Analecta he seems to have taken no notice of the annotations of Mr. Hotchkiss and some others; but I have given place to all those I thought the most plausible. I rather suspect he must have had some other manuscript; for in the Sanct. edition, which I have sent you, and which I suppose he meant to have printed by, there are many observations which I have not met with in the old Adversaria. The punctuation, as far as it goes, seems much the same as this edition of Brissæus; I have therefore proceeded in the Sanct. edition, where Taylor left off, with the punctuation after the old Adversaria. As to the Gerund in *do*, I find that Terentian has made it short in four instances. Taylor refers to Servius, Æn. 4th, 413. So upon the diphthongs, rhythm, &c. he gives references without drawing any conclusions. Are the references sufficient?

I have made the alterations which you hinted at, and beg leave to send the Preface at a future opportunity.

I have to add in English, and, what is much more to me, the great respect with which I am, dear Sir, your most affectionate servant, JAMES TUNSTALL.

Mr. Tunstall failed in his purpose. Terentianus Maurus was not edited by him, though he lived some time at Hatton to be imbued with the necessary qualifications, and had obtained divers MSS. from the University of Cambridge.

After he left England (says Parr) I employed his uncle, the late Dr. Shepherd, Plumian Professor of Astronomy, to restore them to the University.

There are several letters of Dr. Seale on this part of the subject, and in one letter there is a note of Archdeacon Paley, who wanted to send a clever boy to be under Parr's tuition, at Hatton, in 1795, but he then declined taking fresh pupils.

On Tunstall's failure, Dr. Parr strongly advised Dr. Charles Burney to undertake this learned work in the following letter:

DEAR SIR, *Oct.* 26, 1789.

The random reports I heard at Oxford of your intending, at *that* time, to be the Editor of Terentianus Maurus, raised only a smile. I had often talked with you on the subject, and could not suppose a design quite concealed from me, which you had so far formed as to proclaim it at Oxford. You had read, I knew, as every good scholar in our sense of the word has, some difficult metrical parts of Terentianus Maurus. You had a general view of his subject and his merits—you had a curiosity to see Taylor's papers—you had met, and, it may be, made particular remarks and emendations upon him. Here my mind stopped, or, if it went farther, it only suggested to me that, if Tunstall had sent forth his edition, you would have bestirred yourself and written a good critique. As I have carefully

examined Taylor's papers, and have twice read his Author, I have some right to judge about the qualifications of an Editor, and I wish you to undertake the work, as it will be very pleasing to the Cambridge men; if not, *resolve* boldly at once upon *Photius*, and *propose* the Epitome of Athenæus.

I am glad you are so well with Glasse. I read the last Review, and, as you ask my opinion, I must add that I did not read it with approbation. You and Porson have directed your minds with great earnestness and splendid success to what is wrong. I once intended to show, not merely the diligence—it is a very unjust and unseemly word—but the erudition and taste Glasse shows where he is right; and I should have brought a long list of critical auxiliaries, but I long ago gave up the design, and shall not resume it. I consider Glasse as having done what no scholar since the revival of letters has done at all, and which no scholar within the circle of my acquaintance could have done so well. I mean not to palliate his faults; and I never shall cease to insist upon his excellencies.

And in the following letter, dated Nov. 9, 1789:

DEAR SIR,

I am delighted to hear that you will think of Terentianus Maurus, and undertake him under the very judicious restrictions which you mentioned to Dr. Farmer.

I had a letter from Seale, quite in his manner, unguarded, but zealous and full of right meaning. I answered him in such a manner as to confirm his resolution, quicken his activity, and at the same time restrain his tongue. By all means let Santen finish and insert his notes—by all means republish Brissæus's notes, and let the Cambridge edition contain every thing. Great as are the blunders of Brissæus, his erudition is vast, and his notes are what all scholars must wish to possess and to read. Insist upon this with the University, and remember, I insist upon it, dear Sir, with you. The fundus of Taylor's edition is the Sanctandrean edition, and into the interleaved copy are already inserted the readings Taylor had collected or made. Bentley's are in red, and worthy of him. Hotchkiss's are numerous, and many of them happy. Tunstall, with Seale's aid, and after many quarrels with Seale, supplied

metrically much of what is wanting. I am in possession of his papers, and will apply for leave to send them you, when you are in the way of being able to use them. But pray mind what I say about Brissæus. You will be puzzled at Taylor's short-hand, and amused with his diagrams.

Believe me most truly yours, SAMUEL PARR.

Remember me to Porson.

There is a good review of Gregory's Chatterton, and a letter of Taylor. Did you write the last? I do not like the close. He is an odd, absurd, ingenious sort of fellow, and is not to be pelted with nouns in apposition. And as to the blunder, gross and palpable as it is, I have seen worse in our Scaligers and Bentleys, and where not. Downright right was Partridge, when he said,

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit.

Dr. Burney replied:

Oct. 1789.

As to *Terentianus Maurus*, I certainly, *early in life*, before I had seen Dr. Parr, formed an idea of publishing him; but I dropped the scheme from the difficulty of the writer, and from my studies taking a different turn. When Askew's MS. library was sold, my intention involuntarily revived. I copied, with Dr. Farmer's permission, Taylor's notes; but again the crabbedness of the text, and the particular kind of reading, (namely, the Greek and Latin grammarians and *musical* writers, and, above all, every *Moorish Latin author*, with Apuleius and Isidorus at their head,) again made me shrink from the undertaking. I did not yet quite give it up, but absolutely paid thirteen guineas for the *editio princeps* at the Pinelli sale; though I have looked forward to my edition as a work of a distant period, and have *ever and anon* set down a reference, &c. in an interleaved copy. That I never mentioned such a scheme to you may seem strange; but I was myself too irresolute about it to think it worth while, nor should I have had an idea of stating to Burgess that I ever *had such a design*, if he had not mentioned Santen's desire of an application for the use of Taylor's papers. So much for Ter. Maurus. Now to business in order.

Berdmore met Farmer and Seale on Sunday, and then related my wishes respecting Photius, and my assent to Ter.

Maurus. They then settled that we should all dine together at Berdmore's on Thursday.

We met yesterday. The sum of what was said by me amounted to my perfect submission to the wishes of the University, and my readiness to perform, to the best of my ability, *any* work which they would honour me with a permission of publishing under their auspices. If it were Ter. Maurus, I begged leave to have it understood clearly, that I could not attempt a *full, complete, and regular* edition, such as I knew ought to appear, and would supersede the necessity of any future re-publication, but that I would, first, transcribe and arrange Taylor's and Bentley's notes; secondly, collate all the editions which I could procure, of which I had *two* in my own possession, which were no where scarcely to be found; thirdly, add such notes and references as were to be gleaned from the works of modern Critics; to which, fourthly, I would add such remarks of my own as might occur, which would probably be *few* in number, and *trifling* in value.

My own wishes, I confessed, led me to Photius, which I would transcribe for the press, and add a completer index of authors cited than Alberti's, which is deficient; and mention the passages in which this Lexicon is quoted by modern Critics. Still, however, I had no *wish* but to comply with the *wishes* of the Syndicate. Athenæus was scarcely mentioned. Seale was warm for Ter. Maurus, and I could discover that his eagerness proceeded from an idea that the University thought him in some degree, bound to the work, from the share which he had in Tunstall's recommendation, &c. Farmer appeared to understand the matter thoroughly, and said that, because Ter. Maurus appeared an object to Seale, Mr. Burney was not to be tied down to a book which he disliked. He, however, promised to set the matter in agitation as soon as he returned to Cambridge, and in about a month he is to write to either Berdmore or me.

Again, dated Nov. 20, 1789:

Affairs remain much as before. I have, indeed, twice seen Farmer, and put *Photius* into the back ground, and have bidden the *honest Black* stand forward. I have also written to Seale to

state thus much to him. All my Greek volumes I have restored to their due places, and my table is covered with *Moorish trappings*. My own editions are these:

Editio princeps.....Milan...1597. Folio.
— Colinæi.....Parisiis..1531. Quarto.
— Petrecini.....Venetiis.1533. 12mo.
— Sanctandreani...Heidelb.1584. 12mo.

Putschius, Maittaire, and some other *incorporated editions*, of little value. But I want the rarest of rare books; a quarto Venice edition of 1503, *apud Joan. de Ceret.* A folio Milan edition of 1504, by Janus Parrhasius, in a collection of grammarians, and an edition, by Jacobus Micyllus, published at Francfort, 1532. These three editions, or any of them, I would purchase at ANY PRICE, and think *exorbitancy cheapness;* but alas! they are not to be had in England I fear. Santen, I find, by the sheets which Burgess brought over last year, has either collations of the *two first*, or the books themselves.

The Cambridge edition must surely contain ALL; nor should a line of Brissæus be omitted, though he is sometimes most wrong. In due time I will submit to you two plans for the management of the edition, if *it* will ever be *allowed* to have a title to that name. Brissæus's erudition and reading were of no common magnitude. I propose, among other things, to collect what anecdotes I can about him and other Editors.

I am carefully reading Ter. Maurus through in his edition, and marking the lines to which the notes belong. I can read but slowly. My avocations are so numerous, and my business so unremitting, that I can do but little—very, very little every day. Many thanks for the offer about Tunstall's papers. In the use of them I must be guided, I suppose, by the University. The *fundus* of *my* edition should certainly, with my own good will, be the *Milanese* of 1497; that is certainly from a MS. All the subsequent editions which I have examined have been unmercifully, and too often injudiciously garbled. Putschius follows the *Sanctandrean;* but you, who know his *Corpus*, know how *licentiously* he has edited every Grammarian whom he has inserted, and particularly Priscian, which circumstance much lessens the value of his stupendous volume.

To this letter Parr replied, Nov. 23:

You are sure of having me on the side of the Moor, for I am already with the Turks, and *White* will unload Mahomet of his old name by sharing it, &c.

The books may be consulted, and Porson shall do it, and he will do it. I know his price when he bargains with me; two bottles instead of one, six pipes instead of two, burgundy instead of claret, liberty to sit till five in the morning instead of sneaking into bed at one: these are his terms.

Again, Nov. 25, 1789:

Did I mention my having Burman's Valesius, and having long since marked the reference? The note, I remember, is full, and will not, I fancy, admit of *large* additions, though it may of *some*. As to books, I have *most* of the Authors modern, and *all* the ancient whom I want, and nearly all those cited by Brissæus, and those which I have not I will purchase if possible; and if not, these the Museum, Bibl. Reg. or Oxon. may supply. I shall, however, take the liberty of sending you a list of my wants, as your library, I well know, contains many, many treasures. Do you know how much Ben Jonson has quoted Ter. Maurus in his English Grammar? Had I full time, I do think that I could make a good, an useful, and even a valuable book. I have read and marked Brissæus nearly to the 900th line, and have started a *copia* of emendations. Porson will do more for me than for most men, and I shall try to rouse him when occasion requires. Of the authors who quoted Ter. Maurus I have a long list; and they are on my shelves, except St. Augustin and Lud. Vives. The former, from his situation in Africa, would naturally enough quote a Moor. Brissæus's edition, in some places, is far inferior to Petrecinus's, who also gives a short Commentary, which shall be re-printed. I am taking measures to get over Santen as soon as he is out. You have one of Micyllus's works I think. His great one, in three vols., *De Re Metricâ*, 1530, is, I believe, in the possession of Sir William Burrell. In the winter I fancy I shall be able to get at it. But, for his edition of Terentian, where is it to be found? I propose rummaging all the libraries in London, those of the Inns of Court, Royal Society, &c. &c. Where did Bondam get

his copies of the Venice, 1503, and Micyllus, 1532? The first edition must be the fundus of the Cambridge. It is often right where Brissæus and Commelin are wrong. Dr. Milman,—by the way a good Foxite, and a good physician,—is delighted with the Warburtoniana. "That a man who can write such wonderful English should ever write Latin," exclaimed he. I love both, retorted your faithful C. BURNEY.

Burney did not edit Terentianus Maurus, and it is possible that he slept on the shelf of Parr till fresh occasion recalled his attention to him. At the end of 1804 is the following letter from Burney to Parr, accompanied with a large mass of emendation and criticism:

MY DEAR FRIEND, *Nov.* 12.

A most puzzling MS. finds me deep in your seventeen questions. I will send you a satisfactory reply to all, and soon. I have returned to my old Moorish flame, after fourteen or fifteen years' neglect, with all the ardour of a gay lover.

.....I am glad that my notions please you. It is so long since I *studied* Terentian that his peculiarities, and the blunders of his Editor Brissæus, had almost escaped from my memory. As I read, however, my former notions revived, and though I have not been able to find my cargo of notes and memoranda, yet my editions are all safe, and form such a collection as no library, public or private, in this kingdom can show.

Beware of Brissæus, and be assured that the omission of the τόμη in the Trochaic verse, whenever it occurs in Terentian, arises from corruption; so does the non-elision of Maurus, and the hiatus. These are three points about which I had formerly made up my mind, and they may be proved to demonstration.

Terentian is incomplete. He illustrates metres, indeed, which are not in Horace, but then he omits some which are. Do not, my dear learned friend, with sword in hand, cut knots which you may untie. *Dia* as a monosyllable cannot be justified. Down with the dactyls in those trochaics, they are but few, and all corruptions. Pray make them not worse. The passage which justly offended you, in p. 1248, is thrust into the

text by Maittaire, from the notes of Brissæus. I do not think that Terentianus is a book fit for a young man.

Terentian shortens all gerunds in *do*, adverbs in *o*, and dissyllabic verbs in *o*, of which the former syllable is long. This the poets do easily. Yours in haste, but always with affectionate and kindly respect, C. BURNEY.

P. S. I have by no means given up all thought of publishing Terentianus myself.

Dr. Parr, in his Appendix to the Memoirs of Dr. John Taylor,* published by Mr. John Nichols, in 1819, gives an account of some of the foregoing, and of many other particulars respecting the editions of Ter. Maurus; and from this work it appears that he was diverted, and estranged from his purpose of editing the book himself, by Dr. Burney's withholding his collection of the different editions from him.

Dr. Burney had all the editions I desired him to lend them to me, *because with very little trouble I could have made no very contemptible edition of Terentianus Maurus.* But Burney told me that they were pre-engaged by the very learned Mr. Gaisford.† Gaisford asked me whether I had any Collectanea, and I gave such an answer as ought to be given to a scholar, with whom I had not the honour of being much acquainted. I should have answered honest John Taylor very differently.

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* The notes to the Memoirs of Taylor, and to his Sermons, both written by Parr, are choice literary morsels. The distinction between preceptor and pedagogue is marked in the latter, and the former contains an account of Parr's inquiries about Ter. Maurus.

† Parr obtained part of Santenius's edition of Terentianus from Holland, by the kindness of Mr. Walpole, in 1810, and afterwards through Mr. Palgrave, of Yarmouth, another portion; but both were much mutilated on account of the interested views and fears of the Dutch booksellers. The work of Van Santen is now completed and published. (Vide Bibl. Par.)

On this part of the subject Parr wrote to his learned godson Dr. Charles Parr Burney, in 1819, as follows:

Charles, exert yourself—look in your father's catalogue for a quarto edition of Terentianus Maurus. It is not the edition of Brissæus. It has a few, and a very few notes, and a few various lections. But both are very good. I forget the name of the editor. It is a scarce book. There is a copy in the Bachelor's Library at Trinity College, Oxford, which had been long lost. But I set Kett and Benwell upon the look out, and they found it. John Taylor, in his MSS. upon Terentian, refers to it. If you can ascertain it, send word immediately to John Nichols. But be sure, and remember my stern accuracy. Set about this directly, for we have no time to lose. Good by. I was not quite pleased with your Daddy, when he told me that he had engaged his precious editions of Terentian for the use of Gaisford. I now and then wrote to your Daddy about particular passages, and he helped me out from his precious stores. I believe that I have noticed all and every of the peculiarities both of metre and language in Terentian. Your Daddy told Gaisford something about *Alterius;* I have found another, and an earlier instance, and some day or other I will tell you another story about another writer, and your Daddy, and myself.

The question which Parr declined to answer, I can distinctly reply to. He thought Professor Gaisford somewhat hasty in making this inquiry about Collectanea; but Parr could not be unjust, and has left among his classical papers the following tribute to his merits:

Mr. Gaisford, who, like his amiable and venerable countrymen, Mr. Tyrwhitt, and Bishop Burgess, unites the best sense, and the best spirit, with the best learning, has, in his notes on chap. 16th of Hephæstio de Polyschematistis, quoted from Cratinus a series of verses, &c. &c.

The remainder of the quotation, had I room to insert it, would *prove* to Professor Gaisford that Dr. Parr had made some Collectanea. There is not only a large bundle of references and remarks, but there are emendations of passages and notes in books; and the correspondence with Dr. Burney, and many other of his *most* learned friends, is full of it. On the hiatus, the gerund in *do*, and several grammatical peculiarities, and critical niceties, there are distinct treatises.

Perhaps of all modern scholars Dr. Parr was best qualified to edit and *improve* Terentianus. In his first studies, metre, and the structure of language, held a prominent place; and in the progress of his education, and the exercise of his duty, they were so diligently studied that, in the esteem of all his contemporaries, he was considered *the* master. He was constantly appealed to, and it was deemed bootless inquisition to seek further, when he was at hand to give an opinion. The hyperbole of Longinus may be almost applied to his devotedness to metre, προηλθε δὲ τὸ μέτρον ἐκ Θεοῦ κ. τ. λ.—E cod. Par. He was so full, indeed, of learning on all questions relating to language and metre, that you had only to touch any one of his associations regarding them, and instantly you were overwhelmed with a torrent of illustration. The Appendix is full of proofs of this assertion; and if the walls of the library, or the summer-house, at Hatton, could re-echo* what has been declaimed or taught within

* Rabelais, book iv. ch. 55, 56. for the unfrozen or thawed words heard by Pantagruel.

them, there is no part of the history of language, and of its connection with intellectual operations, that would not be illustrated.

On the particular qualities of Parr's scholarship, its comprehension and depth, it may be expected that something more be said. By consent of the most learned men of his day, he was proclaimed the master of scholars, and, as Archdeacon Butler emphatically characterised him, "in classical knowledge supreme." But he has done nothing, say the objectors, which places him on a level with Bentley, with Toup, or with Dawes, or Porson. This I deny. Hitherto I have not failed in my duty whenever these topics were started; and I hope that I am sufficiently impressed with the γνῶθι σεαυτόν, not to venture on particular disquisitions beyond my depth. The preface to Bellenden is a conspicuous specimen of Latinity, which admits of fair criticism and comparison, and concerning which we may ask, without invidiousness, what composition of the age, and of the kind, is better? If it be called a cento of quotations, let him who calls it so bring a hundredth part of its erudition out of all his stores, and he will be still a learned man. The series of inscriptions now published is another example. So much for his *published* Latin. But do we not *know*, that his Latin compositions are in a hundred hands; and that he was the writer in a hundred places from which the voice of acknowledgment and gratitude has not yet been heard? Besides the grammatical treatises he wrote, which are so numerous, the concios, acts, orations, letters, prefaces,

the treatises on the Sublime, and other philological works, would supply volumes. Of some of his lighter Greek compositions one or two specimens will be furnished in another chapter. These alone would prove the sort of scholar he was, did no other proofs of his Greek and Latin learning exist; but the criticisms in the British Critic, are before all other proofs of his peculiar talents for erudite contemplation. Wheresoever he stepped over the classical arena he has left traits of his judgment, his penetration, his quickness, his subtlety; of his assiduity, and unwearied industry in seeking out illustration; of his full and bursting memory; of the acumen and velocity of his genius, and the zeal which animated him in the cause of letters. These talents and accomplishments in which he so much excelled all other men, are, however, infinitely less estimable in their importance, than his labours in the cause of virtue and religion. He was truly, with Socrates one of the αὐτουργοὶ τῆς σοφίας, and his noble exertions for the uninstructed—his treatises on Benevolence, on Education, on Faith, and Morals, will survive, when the writings of the Scaligers, the Salmasiuses, the Casaubons, and the Stephenses shall be sunk in oblivion.

CHAPTER XX.

Reviews, — Magazines, — Parr's lighter Poetical Compositions.—Assistance given to Authors.

Dr. Parr's contributions to Reviews he has himself noted; but I believe we may trace him in the correspondence further than he at last recollected. In the Remarks, pp. 37, 38, he says:

The reader will, I trust, excuse me, if, for reasons of delicacy, I now take an opportunity to state the whole extent of the share I have ever had in Reviews. To the British Critic I have sent one article, besides those which were written for the Horace. For the Critical Review I have furnished a few materials for two articles only. For the Monthly I have assisted in writing two or three, and the number of those which are entirely my own does not exceed six or seven. In almost all these critiques my attention was to commend rather than to blame, and the only one in which I ever blamed with severity, related to a classical work, the editor of which deserved reproof for the following reasons: He clothed bad criticisms in bad latinity. He had not availed himself of that information which preceding editions would have supplied to any intelligent editor. From the stores of other critics he collected very little, and from his own he produced yet less that was valuable. But he had indulged himself in rude and petulant objections against Dr. Bentley, and for this, chiefly, I censured him. Here ends the catalogue of my crimes hitherto committed in Reviews; and as I now have somewhat more leisure than I formerly enjoyed, it is possible that I may now and then add to their number.

I should be glad to transcribe here the whole that he has written

> On the utility of Reviews, and upon the opportunities which they furnish to men of learning, for rendering some occasional service to the general cause of literature. There is no one Review in this country but what is conducted with a considerable degree of ability. By posterity, too, Reviews will be considered as useful repositories of the most splendid passages in the most celebrated works. They will show the progress of a country or an age in taste and arts, in refinement of manners, and in the cultivation of science. They mark the gradations of language itself, and the progressive or retrograde motions of the public mind upon the most interesting subjects in ethics, in politics, and religion.

In regard to particular Reviews, his connection, while at Norwich, was chiefly with the Monthly. There was also some contribution to the Critical, which Mr. Griffiths looked at with a jealous eye. From the correspondence with Dr. Charles Burney, it appears that he revised the critique on Huntingford's Monostrophics; and that he protected this early work of a most learned and venerable ecclesiastic from the harsher fangs of criticism. In the same manner he threw his shield over the Greek translations of George Henry Glasse; and how he estimated them will be seen in the letters. The critique on Manilius, in the Monthly Review, was one of the first of his contributions. How far his additions to Badcock's review of White's Bampton Lectures were carried, the papers in my possession give no account. It is unlikely that Badcock's request would be denied; and if it were granted, the combined review of two authors, criticising or pane-

gyrising their own work, one being entirely ignorant of the share the other had in it, must be considered as a great curiosity. It also is proved by the correspondence that he was engaged in a review of Warton's Milton when Mr. Colman gave it up on account of bad health; and the Bishop of Cloyne speaks of a review of some edition of Xenophon, in which Bishop Hurd's sneers at D'Orville are severely reprimanded. He also reviewed some of the works of Gilbert Wakefield, and probably the Plato of the President of Magdalen. I fear he did not carry into effect his intention of publishing a review of the Reliquiæ Sacræ. There can be no doubt, that through various channels he sent a little stream of praise, or cast a small beam of sunshine over the works of most authors who sought his patronage. There are many such applications. That which was fairly asked, and liberally granted, it is not my business to reveal, while the parties survive.

The British Critic received his most elaborate article on the variorum edition of Horace; and a letter published in 1802, containing criticisms on Horace, occasioned by a quotation in Dr. Maltby's Concio, which Dr. Parr thought had not been sufficiently noticed by Dr. Marsh, who reviewed the "Illustrations of Christianity." I have entered so much at large on the controversy that sprung out of this review of the Horace, that I must refer to what has been said before on the subject.

Let me, however, (says Parr) hope to be excused, if I feel some little predilection for a work which I suppose to be patronized by many distinguished members of the Established

Church, and which I know to be in part conducted by a learned man, who was once my own scholar. With sincerity do I say, at the same time, that I harbour no prejudice against the characters, and that I entertain a very high respect for the talents of the gentlemen who are employed in the Critical, the Monthly, the Analytical, and the English Reviews. Among the writers in the three last, there are persons whom no enlightened and ingenuous clergyman would blush to call his friend; and, in truth, I think it a circumstance equally advantageous and creditable to myself, that I live upon terms of great intimacy with some of them, and even of confidential intercourse with others.

To the Gentleman's Magazine there are very many contributions; for Mr. John Nichols, though a Tory and a high churchman, was respected and esteemed by Dr. Parr, as one of the most worthy, diligent, steady, sensible, and honourable of men. In 1785, 1795, 1796, 1805, 1806, 1807, 1809, 1810, 1813, 1814, 1819, 1822, are contributions from him, besides numerous epitaphs and characters.

The correspondence of Mr. John Nichols, sen. begins with 1786, and continues to the end of Dr. Parr's life. There is one letter which he never read, dated Feb. 1825. These letters, with few exceptions, relate to contributions to the Gentleman's Magazine, which Sylvanus Urban solicits with great eagerness, and always receives with thankfulness; for hints given for various publications of Mr. Nichols; the Memoirs of George Hardinge; the History of Leicestershire; and the Literary Anecdotes. At the table of Mr. Cradock, of Gumley-hall, the merits of the Music-speech of Dr. John Taylor, and his Oration on the 30th of January, became the

topics of discussion between the learned host and Dr. Parr, in the presence of Mr. John Nichols, who, taking the hint, determined to reprint them. This he has done with various additions, and with memoirs of Dr. Taylor, to which Dr. Parr contributed an appendix. By the same advice Mr. Nichols afterwards published Four Sermons, two of Dr. Taylor, one of Bishop Lowth, and one of Bishop Hayter. To Dr. Taylor's sermon, preached at Bishop-Stortford school feast, Dr. Parr has appended five learned notes; in the fourth he has made remarks on the distinction between pedagogue and preceptor, which Dr. Taylor seems to have confounded. The others have the usual characteristics of Dr. Parr's luminous and exact comments. There are several particulars in both appendixes extremely interesting to scholars—Taylor's connection with Charles Yorke—his MS. notes on Ter. Maurus, and his spirit free from all acrimony in controversy. Perhaps a portion of Dr. Parr's fondness for Dr. Taylor may have had another and more amiable foundation. Taylor was the friend of Mr. Henry Hubbard, of Emmanuel, Dr. Parr's tutor, and in his favour resigned the registrarship of the University, on obtaining the Canon Residentiaryship of St. Paul's.

Mr. Griffiths, editor of the Monthly Review, was Parr's correspondent while he lived at Norwich, and to the end of 1790. His letters chiefly contain acknowledgments of contributions to the Review, solicitations for others, and in one or two instances complaints that articles promised were long and

inconveniently delayed. It may be noticed, as proved by this correspondence, that Dr. Parr always disdained to receive pecuniary remuneration for his labours. I shall only copy one of Dr. Griffith's letters; but that letter touches on Manilius and Cicero, Bishop Bagot, Professor White, and Mr. Badcock:

DEAR SIR, *Turnham Green, Nov.* 28, 1784.

I am favoured with yours, dated this day se'nnight, and am very much obliged by the contents. When your articles relating to *Manilius and Cicero* arrive, you may depend on all possible care being taken as to correct printing, &c. but I do not conceive that it will be advisable to insert them *both* in the same Review, as the disproportion in *quantity* of that kind of learning (which is, certainly, not for *the million*) might be deemed too great for *one number* of a miscellaneous, and rather popular work. With your leave, good Sir, Mr. Burney and myself will lay our heads together, and manage the matter in such a way as to us shall seem best and fittest.

I was much pleased with your well-written accounts of the two sermons inserted in our last; but have been at once astonished, vexed, and diverted at the printer's *rabbinical* blunder, which most unaccountably escaped the press-corrector, Mr. Burney, and myself; though I well remember, that in *running through* the proof, (for our last sheet never affords us time for a due *reading,*) I thought it a very strange word, and at last wisely accounted for it by concluding that you referred to Biblical learning; not once adverting to the Irishism of *Rabbinical Christians.*

I did not recollect that Dr. Bagot is Bishop of Norwich; if I had, I certainly should have objected, (as many here now do) to the praise you have so liberally bestowed on him; for he is generally looked upon, in this part of the world, as a high church bigot, (I do not mean to *pun* on his name,) and therefore the wonder will be to see him so complimented in the Monthly Review, where he was never complimented before. Even Dr. Priestley's "Criticism"* exclaims much against it, apprehending, I

suppose, that it will be put to his account. I hope, however, that if the Bishop is not *all* that he is said to be, your praise will give him a good hint of what he ought to be, and eventually tend to make him such. After all, it is probable that you know him better than we do; and on that supposition I make myself easy with respect to this matter.

Mr. Professor White has sent a copy of his Bampton Sermons to the Reviewer above alluded to, who is now on a visit at my house; and who (at his own desire) has undertaken the critique. The book arrived last night; my friend is busy in reading it, and promises to execute the article *con amore*, in his best—his very best manner.

I beg, Sir, that when any new work comes out which you would like to peruse, with your critical pen in your hand, you would favour me with an *early* intimation of the matter, that I may procure the work immediately, and that I may also be prevented from engaging *other* assistance, perhaps less to my own satisfaction, possibly, too, less to the advantage of the Review.

When you do me the honour of your further commands, please to direct to me at this place, where I shall be very happy to see my present highly honoured and esteemed correspondent, whenever he revisits these parts. I remain, dear Sir, your much obliged, humble servant, R. GRIFFITHS.

I must remain your debtor for this postage, as well as for more important considerations, of which I shall not be unmindful.

These remarks on the Bishop of Norwich drew forth a warm eulogy from the pen of Dr. Parr.

While Mr. Fellowes was editor of the new series of the Critical Review, there are notices of several contributions of Parr to that work; I am not at liberty to publish Mr. Fellowes's letters to Dr. Parr; and lament that I have had no communication with Mr. Fellowes, though I did seek it. I understand

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* Mr. Badcock.

that Mr. Fellowes has intimated his intention of publishing a survey of Dr. Parr's Philosophical and Theological sentiments. I shall not, therefore, at present anticipate what doubtless he will deem just to the memory of his friend, an exact account of those literary effusions of Dr. Parr's mind, which were permitted to pass through Mr. Fellowes's hands for public service.

I have alluded before to Dr. Charles Burney's connection with the Westminster Magazine in his early life, and his request that Parr would give him assistance. Probably some of the classical dissertations, with which the correspondence of these great scholars is enriched, were printed in this miscellany; but I have no leisure to collate and compare, and therefore cannot point out particulars.

With Dr. Thomson, editor of the English Review, Parr was on the most intimate terms, and corresponded with unbounded confidence. The letter at the end of the Sequel was much admired by him to whom it was addressed, but like many of Dr. Thomson's other letters to Dr. Parr, has been considered magna et verbosa, and therefore has not been reprinted. Dr. Thomson was less fortunate than his learning and his diligence entitled him to be. He often sought Parr's literary assistance, and Parr in his turn used him frequently as a political writer. For these services he claimed a larger remuneration than the party thought fit to give him, and hence coldness arose.

The editors of newspapers were among the other petitioners for the favours of the great scholar.

With Mr. Perry, editor of the Morning Chronicle, he was on good terms; but Mr. Perry finally led him into an error, which occasioned a breach between him and one of his most accomplished friends. Happily the breach was not irreparable, and Mr. Perry himself helped to make it up.

With Mr. George Street, sometime editor of the Courier, Dr. Parr was also in correspondence; Mr. Street was nephew to one of Dr. Parr's parishioners; he was employed by him to superintend the press on the publication of the remarks on Dr. Combe's pamphlet, and he discarded him from his acquaintance when Mr. Street turned round in his politics.

The superintendants of the press have, from the invention of printing, consisted chiefly of men of the higher class of intellect. What could have brought printing to bear, and what could have brought it to perfection, but zeal combined with knowledge? The Stephenses and Alduses of former times exceeded in learning the printers of our own country, and our own day, but have hardly equalled them in zeal and intelligence; and so large is the list of those deserving to be enumerated, that I shall not enter upon the invidious task of making the exceptions.

Mr. Bathurst, of Fleet-street, was Parr's first bookseller, and his devoted friend; from him he fed on paper, and it would be a curious document to produce and compare the shillings set down for the price of books with the high prices of a subsequent period.

With Mr. Dilly, Mr. Mawman, Mr. T. Payne, and Mr. Nichols, he was on visiting terms; and whenever he came to Birmingham he never failed to smoke his pipe with Mr. Belcher.

The affecting preface he wrote for the catalogue of Mr. Lunn, is only one out of the many memorials of kindness he wrote for members of the trade when they were in distress; but this memorial is a tribute to humanity as well as letters, that will not soon perish. The Messrs. Valpy, sons of his friend Dr. Valpy, of Reading, were entitled to his esteem, no less on this account, than that of their own personal merits; but their intimacy was cemented by the connection of Edmund Henry Barker with them. The republication of the critique on Horace, and various articles furnished for the Classical Journal, proceeded from his influence, and by his solicitation.

Dr. Parr has left other Classical compositions behind him besides those already enumerated.

There are Greek verses on Bishop Horsley, with Latin and English translations, which have been long circulated among scholars. The topic on which they turn is the Bishop's assertion in the House of Lords, that "Laws were made to be obeyed, not discussed, by the people."

The Greek alone follows:

Αὐτὸν γραφῶν κήρυκα τῶν θείων σοφὸν
Ἵππωπον εἶναι φησὶ καὶ διδάσκαλον,
Καὶ δῆλός ἐστι κομψὰ ποικίλλων ἔπη·
Δεινὸς φλυαρεῖν καὶ φενακίζειν ὄχλον

Παλαίσμασιν χαίροντα, καὶ τύφῳ κενῷ.
Βουλῇ δὲ μιχθεὶς τοῖς βεβῶσιν ἐν τέλει,
Τοῖς μὲν σοφισταῖς, τοῖς δὲ μηχανορράφοις,
"Ἔλεξεν, ὑπὸ τοῖς δυναμένοισιν ὢν ἀεὶ,
" Διχόμυθα," λόξως σκληρὰ συγκολλῶν καλοῖς·
Νεωστὶ δ' ἀγορεύοντος ὡδ' εἶχεν βρόμος·
" Κοινῇ μέλειν μὲν πλουσίοις κοινῶν ὕπερ,
" Τοῖς γ' εὖ φρονοῦσι τῇ 'γαθῇ τάξει μόνοις,
" Πόλεως μόνοις τ' οἴακα νωμᾶν εἰδόσι,
" Μόνοις τε γῆν σώζουσιν ἐν χρείας ἀκμῇ·
" Πένητα δ' αὖ δεῖν σχέτλιον στέργειν βίον,
" Καὶ μὴ βλέπειν βλέποντα, μηδέ που κακῶν
" Κλύοντ' ἀκούειν, μηδὲ πάσχοντα στένειν.
" 'Αλλ' ἥσυχον, ταπεινὸν, αὐτουργόν τ' ἀεὶ,
"Ἴσως δικαίους κἀδίκους αἰνεῖν νόμους,
" Ἐᾶν τ' ἀπηνεῖς, οὐδ' ὑπευθύνους κρατεῖν.
" Τὸν δ' ἀγρίως ὀκνοῦντα μὴ οὐ ποιεῖν τάδε,
" Αἴσχιστα καὶ, τάχιστα μανθάνειν, ὅσῳ
" Αὐθαδίας ἄμεινον ἡ πειθαρχία,
" Ὅσον τε χειρωναξίαν νικᾷ γένος,
" Ὅσῳ τε πένιας πλοῦτος ἐσθ' ὑπερφέρων,
" Χὥσον τό τ' ἄρχειν καὶ τὸ δουλεύειν δίχα."
Οὕτω μὲν ἀνὴρ, ἀθυρόγλωσσος ἐν λόγοις,
'Ηλευθεροστόμησε, καὶ πίσυνος θράσει,
Βλοσυρόφρονι χλιδῇ τε, καὶ σκυθρῷ ῥέθει,
Κατεφρόνησε δημοτῶν—" τὰ δ' ὄμματα
" Φαίδρωπ' ἔδωκε τοῖσι βασιλέως φίλοις·
" Τὸ γὰρ γένος τοιοῦτον· ἐπὶ τὸν εὐτυχῆ
" Πηδῶσ' ἀεὶ κήρυκες, ὅδε δ' αὐτοῖς φίλος
" Ὅς ἄν δύνηται, πόλεος ἐν τ' ἀρχαῖσιν ᾖ."

VERSES ON PHRYNE.

Φρύνην λοιδορίαις ὑβρίσας, καὶ δεινὰ βοήσας,
Ρήτωρ τις μόνον οὐκ ἤγαγεν εἰς 'Αΐδου·
Τοῦ γὰρ ὑπαχθέντες γλώσσης βελέεσσι δικασταὶ
Παῖδ' ἂν δήσαιεν τλήμονα πρὸς σανίδι.
Ἣδε κάτω βλέψασα κριτῶν παρὰ ποσσὶν ἐκεῖτο
Σιγῇ, καὶ πολλὰς ἐξετάνυσσε χέρας.

Μάζον δ' ἐξέφερεν, θάμβος δ' ἔχεν εἰσορόωντας,
Καὶ θελξας ἔλαθεν πευκαλίμους ἔλεος·
Τοῖον ἀπὸ στηθῶν ἀπαλῶν ἐστίλβετο κάλλος,
Καὶ τοῖον πειθοῦς ὄμμασιν ἄνθος ἐνῆν.
Οὕτως ἡ φεύγουσ' ἀποφεύγειν Παρθένος ᾔδει,
Ἡ γυμνὴ νικᾷν, ἢ τ' ἀκέουσα λέγειν.

There *was* also a Greek Epithalamium on the marriage of Dr. Charles Burney, of which I have no copy.

The Episcopal Gallery is another composition of Dr. Parr, esteemed by him the child of his old age, and nursed with parental tenderness. I shall copy the beginning and the end as specimens of his skill in writing English poetry. He had not practice enough to write smoothly, and perhaps he thought too vigorously to be a good versifier.

GALLERY OF DIGNITARIES,
By Episcopus Episcoporum.

In the Epilogue to his Epistles Pope writes thus:

" E'en in a Bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundle has a heart;
Manners with candour, are to Benson giv'n,
To Berkeley ev'ry virtue under Heaven."

Keeping these verses in view, ὁ δεῖνα sketched a rough outline of his opinion of the Prelates of our own time.

In Bishops I can see and praise desert;
Burgess is learned, Bathurst has a heart;
Lambeth and York two well-bred Prelates grace;
Nor pride, nor selfishness, in Van I trace.
King mild and noiseless o'er his Church presides,
Nor basely for translation changes sides.
Taste charms in Howley, science Kaye explores,
And each of learning has abundant stores.

To Lambeth's turrets well may one aspire,
And London's mitre raise the other high'r.
Grey hairs to Buckner are a crown of glory,
And Majendie is pleasant, though a Tory.
A scholar, free from pedantry or spleen,
In thee, kind-hearted Huntingford, is seen.
Unsoil'd by Courts, and unseduc'd by zeal,
Fisher endangers not the public weal.
True piety in Ryder I admit,
Manners in Pelham, and in Cornwall wit.
Turn we to Exon, Lichfield, and Carlisle,
None frown indignant, some approving smile.
To Law and Legge candour and sense are giv'n,
Bright gems on earth, and surest lights to Heaven.

* * * * *

Yet some there are whose merits I proclaim,
As shedding lustre on a Patron's name.
Thy virtues, B——ss, consecrate the choice,
And favoured P——y wins the public voice.
Talent in P——t would more brightly shine
With less prostration at his idol's shrine;
Why hurls he curses at the Church of Rome,
And strives to thwart a Patriot's views at home?
Why, but to prop his Patron's tottering fame,
His weakness flatter, and his favour claim?
Prelates of ages past, whom, blest above,
Nor praise nor censure from this earth can move;
Martyrs who form'd our Church in days of old,
Cranmer the mild, and Latimer the bold;
And later Sages, whom, to science reared,
True moderation to the good endear'd;
Omniscient Taylor, spotless Tillotson,
Hoadly the calm, and dauntless Warburton,
Brave Watson, steady Shipley, Law profound,
And Newcome, 'midst the best and wisest found;
Pour forth your prayers before th' Almighty throne,
To guard those altars which were once your own:
Long may your writings charm our rising youth,
And point the way to wisdom and to truth;

Long your example their affections guide,
From mean ambition far, and far from pride;
Long may our Church teach Kings what Kings should be,
And form a people worthy to be free:
And long our Pastors, faithful to their Lord,
Receive in Heavenly bliss their just reward.

Of the exercises Parr wrote at school and College, some are retained; but they are scarcely to be decyphered. There are many of Jones's and Bennet's exercises preserved in Dr. Sumner's book of the best exercises of his pupils, which is now in the hands of Mr. Holme Sumner; but none of Parr's, because he left school before Sumner began to keep this book.

He who attacks must not expect to remain unattacked. Besides the regular answers to his printed controversial works, there are some characters of Dr. Parr, and some squibs upon his character, deserving of notice.

That of Mr. Philip Homer, a learned and excellent clergyman, and teacher in Rugby school, for whom Parr entertained sincere regard, is the best, evidently imitated from Martial.

To brutes humane, to kindred man a rod,
Proud to all mortals, humble to thy God—
In sects a bigot, and yet lik'd by none,
By those most fear'd whom most you deem your own.
Lord o'er the greatest, to the least a slave,
Half weak, half strong, half timid, and half brave;
To take a compliment of too much pride,
And yet most hurt when praises are denied.
In dress all negligence, or else all state,
In speech all gentleness, or else all hate.
There most a friend where most you seem a foe,
So very knowing that you nothing know;

Thou art so deep-discerning, yet so blind,
So learn'd, so ignorant, cruel, yet so kind,
So good, so bad, so foolish, and so wise,
By turns I love thee, and by turns despise.

These very animated verses were written by Philip Homer, when, from some unknown cause, he was extremely angry with me. I was pleased with the verses, and I took proper and effectual measures for explanation. He is rather irascible, but sincere, honourable, generous, learned, ingenious, and truly pious. He is the brother of my ever-to-be-lamented friend Harry Homer; and happy am I to add, that my friendship with Philip Homer was quickly restored and permanently established. S. PARR.

July 11, 1822.

I do not reveal any confidence that has been reposed in me, nor any secret contained in the correspondence, when I touch upon the literary assistance given by Dr. Parr from the beginning to the end of his life to his pupils, his friends, and sometimes even to those who were little acquainted with him. His knowledge of the construction, and of all the niceties, intricacies, and idioms of the Latin tongue, from a very early period of his life, made him the constant referee, when any difficulty was started; and after the death of Dr. Sumner, the master and decider of doubts. We shall see with what deference Sir William Jones bows to his opinion in the critical letter on the Epitaph on Sumner; and the Bishop of Cloyne frequently alludes to his superiority above all his fellows. In process of time it seems to have been a common wish, that he should publish some piece of Latinity to prove that superiority. The Preface to Bellendenus left all competition behind; and notwith-

standing the infelicity and impolicy of its leading topic, has ever since continued, the admiration of scholars. His duties as a schoolmaster kept him in practice; and his superiority as a Greek scholar was also generally acknowledged, excepting by the few who had risen to fame by their attention to metre, in which department, however, he was himself inferior to none, and *more extensively* informed than any of them. In general classical sense, and an entire knowledge of the structure of the language, and of the finest compositions belonging to it, I would venture to ask which of the living Pleiades* would say, I am better than he. But I have before alluded to this topic, when Mr. Porson's name was before me.

Where such supereminent learning was generally acknowledged, we cannot wonder that it should be often appealed to, and it was appealed to from the east to the west, from the north to the south, from the beginning of his didactic labours even to the end; for in the winter of the year 1824 his last task was the composition of a Latin Concio for a friend about to take the degree of S. T. P.

Of this sort of assistance there are so many notices scattered through the works of authors, that I

* In his Diary Parr writes thus: "In the reign of Ptolemy Greece boasted of her Pleiad; England, in my day, may boast of a Decad of literary luminaries—Dr. Samuel Butler, Dr. Edward Maltby, Bishop Blomfield, Dean Monk, Mr. E. Barker, Mr. Kidd, Mr. Burges, Professor Dobree, Professor Gaisford, and Dr. Elmsley. They are professed critics: but in learning and taste Dr. Routh of Oxford is inferior to none."

forbear to make any enlarged enumeration. To some living authors the exposure would be unpleasing; to others the display would be invidious; I therefore select myself as an example of the willingness with which he bestowed these literary kindnesses. Of those imperfect treatises of which I am the author, the Reply to Dr. James Carmichael Smyth, and my Harveyan Oration, are those alone in which he favoured me with his assistance. In the reply to Dr. Smyth he suggested none of the topics; but he corrected many of the errors into which I should have fallen from the use of strong and needless expressions, and very much spread out the narration from pages 151 to 181.

The only alteration in the topics of my Harveyan Oration which he proposed, was the introduction of some metaphysical doctrines.

Multa Glissonius de materiâ primâ et secundâ, multa de causâ formæ materiali, multa de naturâ substantiæ energeticâ, subtiliter disputat. Ingenii autem vis ejus maxime splendescit, illo in capite, in quo axiomata quædam, etsi Suarius et Cartesius obnixe ea defensitassent, vitæ naturæ ostendit repugnare," &c.

But I was indebted to him for clearing my Latin of all its rubbish—my oration is, in fact, what it is, from his corrections.

To men of celebrity, who had no claims upon him, he was equally liberal in lavishing his assistance.

Malcolm Laing, an advocate at the Scotch bar, became known to him by the part which he took in the continuation of Henry's History of Great

Britain, a work devolved to his care after Dr. Henry's death. He was struck by the manly tone of freedom which characterised his opinions, by the general philosophy of his views, and the harmony of his style. But he was shocked by his Scotticisms, and took occasion therefore to make known to Mr. Laing the faults of his composition through Mr. Mackintosh. Mr. Laing acknowledged the justness of Dr. Parr's objections, which were more copiously communicated to him when he published the History of Scotland, and when the second edition was coming out. The letters in the Appendix will shew the course of the communications, and the manner in which the emendations were received.

CHAPTER XXI.

Inscriptions.

Among the writings of Dr. Parr none have been so much sought for as his monumental, or tabular or biblical inscriptions; and in no part of learning has his supremacy been more fully acknowledged. In the earliest part of his career, inscription composition appears to have been his study; and his first known endeavour proves the justness of his taste. In a copy of the Aristarchus of Gerard Vossius, we have the following:

Die Veneris septimam ad horam id. Jun.
mortem sibi invitus contulit, catapultæ nimirum ictu confectus,
Carolus Williams, Scholæ Etonensis olim alumnus,
Trin: Aul: Cantab: socio-commensalis,
A. D. 1766. æt. suæ xx.
Fortuna juvenis amplissimus,
forma pulcherrimus,
moribus optimus.
Vixit omnibus amabilis,
cecidit omnibus deflendus,
Die Lunæ sequenti templo Sancti Edwardi
inhumatus est, circum horam undecimam,
G. Hallifax, LL. Professore, et Collegii ipsius tutore preces
legente.

This is rather a history than an inscription, nevertheless it was a good beginning. The book itself in which it is written is inscribed, ex libris Sam. Parr, Coll. Eman. 1765.

I know not whether he wrote an inscription for his father, mother, or Francis Parr. The next public exhibition of this talent was for the tomb of his master, Robert Sumner, D. D. This epitaph has been criticised by the pen of Sir William Jones, whose fastidiousness of taste, and copiousness of learning, leave nothing unsaid concerning it. Certainly it is too redundant, and in this respect may be placed on a like footing with the inscription written by Parr for the monument of Dr. Charles Burney in Westminster Abbey. But redundance was not the usual fault of Parr in penning these compositions; his only fault, as some may have thought, was too closely following the antient method. The unspeakable trouble he gave persons who applied to him for inscriptions, will be, in part, revealed by the correspondence. In the computation of time he sometimes counted minutes. In the inscription on Johnson, he employed his pupil Maltby to count correctly as to the years, months, and days the great Moralist lived, as some perplexity was occasioned by the change of the style. The monumental inscription on Smitheman, in Hatton church, is a specimen of the most affecting simplicity. In this case he counted hours, from the extreme youthfulness of the deceased.

His inquiries about the person were not confined to age. He required general information about

marriage, children, fortune, station, exact dates; and generally bargained for arbitrary and uncontrouled power over the expressions, and the manner of engraving. Nor did he suffer any of his terms to be changed without vehement expostulation. There is a long correspondence about probabilis poeta,* as affixed to Johnson, and he referred to so many scholars to justify his choice of the phrase, that a volume might easily be formed out of his correspondence on this subject only. It must be confessed indeed, that his terms, phrases, and expressions, can seldom be changed without injuring the sense, or altering the turn of the whole composition. In no compositions is his exactness in thinking and expressing his thoughts, so finely displayed as in his epitaphs. Who reads the words "infelicissimi parentes," applied to a father and mother erecting a simple monument to an amiable and only son, without tears? And who does not feel that Johnson *is* magister virtutis gravissimus?

Et dum ægris in carcere inclusis
opem ferebat,
contagione ipse correptus,

is a much more affecting history of the fate of a young physician than any elaborate accumulation of panegyric.

The inscriptions are many of them illustrated by the correspondence of the parties concerned about

* Celsus, in his directions for feeling the pulse, says, "Si quis ejus metus est, eum *probabili* sermone lenire, tum deinde ejus carpo manum admovere."—Lib. iii. cap. 6.

them; and these illustrations render it unnecessary for me to expatiate longer on the subject. The best eulogy of Dr. Parr's inscriptions will be comparison. Let the inscriptions of any other scholar, whether at home or abroad, since the revival of letters, be weighed and criticised with his, and it must be acknowledged that he is superior to all but Morcelli in number of compositions, and in a close imitation of the ancient style. He has succeeded in banishing those pompous and rhetorical flourishes which so much disgrace the walls of our cathedrals, and more especially Westminster Abbey.

You know, Edward (says Parr in a letter to Dr. Maltby), that my taste compels me to disapprove of the rhetorical and pompous style in which modern epitaphs are written; and it is no less provoking than true, that in Westminster Abbey I do not know one inscription that is formed upon the models of antiquity; and even in Oxford I have met only with one which resembles them. In the Abbey there are a few attempts at conciseness, but then it is conciseness without simplicity; and there is an apparent offensive effort to grasp some vast and pompous thought into a small compass of expression. What ought to be done in Latin by us is known to me, after a careful perusal of what has been done by the ancients; and my opinions are founded upon a diligent and critical inspection of what has been published by Sponius, Reinsius, Fabretti, Gruter, Muratorius, and Morcellus. The latter has written one of the most elegant and judicious books I ever read; and he moreover has published a volume of inscriptions written by his own pen, in conformity to his own rules. None of the common classical writers are of much use, and indeed *I* venture upon monumental phraseology, for which no example is to be found in their works. I do not say that their expressions are to be neglected, but they must be chosen with care, and with great nicety must be incorporated with the peculiar and appropriate language which occurs in inscriptions, &c. &c.

The inscriptions contained in the Fourth Volume will justify my assertions; but I am impelled to dwell at greater length, on the inscription for Merton College, Oxford, from the connection of that place with some of the most interesting associations of my early life.

When the Emperor of Russia, and King of Prussia, visited Oxford with the Prince Regent in 1814, the Emperor and his august sister were stationed and accommodated in the Warden's lodgings at Merton College.

Dr. Peter Vaughan, Warden of that College, was host, and in return for the hospitality received, the Emperor presented the Warden and Fellows with a vase of Silesian jasper, for which Dr. Parr was applied to for an inscription.

The following letter displays the titles of the *αὐτοκρατῶρ*. The others give the inscription, and its history:

MY DEAR SIR, *Merton College, July* 17, 1816.

It is more than probable that this letter will reach you as soon as the one I sent from Cheltenham yesterday. In that letter I have mentioned my readiness (if you should wish it) to pay you a short visit at Hatton; but at the moment I wrote I did not recollect that my presence would be required in Merton till after eleven o'clock on Saturday morning next. I am now enabled to send you a most accurate account of the *titles* of the Emperor, taken from the diploma presented to him by the University; and from which you may select what you think proper. It runs as follows.

"Cum Princeps Augustissimus Alexander, Dei Gratiâ, Russiarum, Moscoviæ, Kirviæ, Vladimiriæ, et Novogardiæ Imperator et *Αὐτοκρατὼρ*; Casani, Astrachani, Siberiæ, et Chersonesi Tauricæ CZAR: Dominus Plescoviæ; Smolenscii, Lithu-

aniæ, Volhiniæ, et Podoliæ Dux Magnus; Esthoniæ, Livoniæ, Curlandriæ, Semigalliæ, Samogitiæ, Carelice, I'evereæ, Ingoriæ, Permiæ, Viatkæ, Bulgariæ et cæterarum Dux; Novogardiæ Inferioris, Czernihoviæ, Pelocii, Rostoviæ, Jarostariæ, Abdoræ, Vitepsiæ, et Mitishaviæ Dux Magnus; oræ totius septentrionalis Imperator; Iberiæ et Georgiæ Dominus; Circassiæ et cæterarum Princeps Hæreditarius, et Principum Summus; Norvegiæ Hæres; Slevici Holsatiensis, Stormaniæ, Dilmarsiæ, et Oldenburgi Dux: Jeveræ Dominus," &c. &c. &c.

You may depend upon the correctness of this transcript. I cannot refrain from expressing a wish, that the Emperor would have given me some little memorial, however trifling, but yet distinct from the present he may intend for the College.

If you should not be able to find the list of persons who attended the Emperor, I will endeavour, as well as I can, to supply the defect.

I heard a very pleasant account of you from Mr. Rollestone, yesterday. If I can be of no *service* by visiting you, I should be glad to continue at my post here without interruption till after the Merton election. Believe me, my dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful servant, P. VAUGHAN.

DEAR SIR, *Granby, Harrowgate, Aug. 28th*, 1814.

I am very much obliged to you for the letter which I have received from you this morning.

I will take immediate steps to get the most accurate information upon the several particulars which you have stated, and will communicate it to you, as soon as I have received it. Some of the queries I can answer without difficulty.

Alexander is the first Russian Emperor of that name.

I rather think the Duchess of Oldenburgh is the only sister of Alexander, but of this, as well as of her Christian names, I will seek further information. The King of Prussia is Frederick the Fourth. The Emperor and Duchess of Oldenburgh arrived at Merton about one o'clock in the afternoon of *Tuesday* the *fourteenth* of *June*, and left it in the afternoon of *Wednesday* the *fifteenth*.

The chamber where the Emperor slept has a *common* roof or ceiling.

The painted part of the window will occupy the *upper sash entirely*, and that *only*.

From the letter I received from Egginton a few days ago, I am willing to hope that you may have seen him, ere this; and if so, that he has submitted to your inspection the sketch of the window, &c. I will not fail to call his particular attention to your suggestions with reference to that part of the window that is not painted.

May I now ask, whether you have any particular lapidary, either in London or elsewhere, whom you would recommend as a proper person to prepare the marble tablet? I beg to be considered as having retained your village schoolmaster for his services in both inscriptions immediately.

I cannot but think it probable that John Bartlam will call upon us in his way from the north.

I believed myself to be very well when I arrived here, but I am certainly much better in every respect. Believe me, my dear Sir, your much obliged and faithful servant,

PETER VAUGHAN.

MY DEAR SIR, *Merton Coll. March* 3, 1822.

The long expected present from the Emperor of Russia is, at last, safely deposited in the centre of the entrance leading from the street to my lodgings. Notwithstanding the nature of the material, the immensity of the weight, and the distance of the journey, it is arrived without a single blemish.

It is, in truth, my dear Sir, a most magnificent present, and well worthy of an Emperor. It is a vase of Siberian jasper, manufactured on the spot where this rare mineral is found. Its form is oblong, and the workmanship excellent. The length of the vase is four feet nine inches; its width three feet seven inches; from the bottom of the pedestal to the top of the bason four feet nine inches. On two sides of the pedestal are two inscriptions, one in Latin, the other a translation of the Latin into the Russian language. On reading the Latin inscription I was grieved to find, that it did not exactly corres-

pond with what I was prepared to expect. There is an omission of a most important line. On the vase it stands thus:

Collegii Mertonensis
Custodi Sociisque
V. V. doctissimis et sanctissimis
a quibus
cum Oxonium inviseret
liberali hospitio receptus erat,
Hoc Vas
e lapide Siberiano factum
memoris gratique animi specimen
D. D.
Alexander omnium Russiarum Imperator,
anno sacro MDCCCXVI.

The inscriptions are in raised gilt letters, on a very rich gilt ground, and well executed.

I had been in correspondence with Lord Grenville and Count Lieven, about a fortnight ago, as to the best mode of transporting the vase to Oxford. Immediately after its arrival, I wrote to Count Lieven, requesting him, in my own name and that of the Society over which I presided, to take a proper opportunity of laying before his Imperial Majesty our most grateful acknowledgments for this distinguished mark of his favour, &c. &c. &c. or something to that purpose.

Before the summer wears away, I cannot but wish that something may bring you to Oxford. I shall not be satisfied till you have seen this present.

I am still suffering from my old complaint, which, I fear, I shall carry to my grave. Believe me, my dear Sir, your truly obliged and faithful servant, PETER VAUGHAN.

MY DEAR SIR, *Merton College, March* 7, 1822.

The line in the original Latin inscription, omitted in the one upon the vase, is,

"Quo suam in eos voluntatem significaret."

I will transcribe the original one, as you was so kind as to send it to me.

Collegii Mertonensis
Custodi Sociisque
V. V. doctissimis et sanctissimis
a quibus
cum Oxonium inviseret
liberali hospitio receptus erat,
quo suam in eos voluntatem significaret,
Hoc Vas
L. MM. D. D.
Alexander omnium Russiarum Imperator,
anno sacro MDCCCXVI.

Every body admires it as it now stands, and though there may be here and there a slight pause made at the word "specimen," some good reason is given for it, and the visitor walks away perfectly satisfied. I stated the circumstance slightly when I wrote to Lord Grenville, but in his reply he does not notice it.

In answer to the other plain questions I have only to add, that it will be really agreeable to me, and really convenient for me, that you should sojourn, as you propose, at my lodgings whenever you may have occasion to pass through Oxford, whether I may be absent or present.

Very little is said, and perhaps very little known here, as to the comparative chances of success between Reginald Heber and Maltby. When the subject was last discussed in my hearing, Maltby was thought the most likely to succeed. But it seemed to me a conjecture. Charles is very well, and enjoys his Secretary's life at Paris. Believe me to be, my dear Dr. Parr, yours ever most gratefully and affectionately,

P. VAUGHAN.

The inscription, of which the foregoing is the history, has introduced the name of Dr. Peter Vaughan to the reader, and I take a melancholy pleasure in this short notice of a most amiable and learned man, another companion of my early life, whom it has been my lot to survive. He gained the prize for Latin verses in the University

of Oxford when he was an Under-graduate, and successively became Fellow and Warden of Merton College. The following are the warm communications he made to Parr on his promotion to the Wardenship and to the Deanery of Chester, which he possessed till his death, in the summer of 1826. The last time I saw him was at the grave of John Bartlam, to attend whose remains was the sole purpose of a journey from Oxford to Alcester.

MY DEAR SIR, *Merton Coll. Jan.* 26, 1810.

I thank you most sincerely for your kind congratulations. I value them as I ought to do. The unanimity that marked my election in College, could not but be gratifying to my feelings, and the liberality of the Society in their proceedings since my appointment, has been such as, I trust, I shall not easily forget. If I know myself, I am sure I shall not be backward in repaying them in their own coin. When I shall find myself in the lodgings heaven only knows, but whenever that hour arrives, be assured there will always be a well-aired bed at your service.

Bartlam is just arrived, and goes into Warwickshire to-morrow. I wish he had been at a College meeting this morning. I have not yet seen him. Sir H. Halford is very well, and never fails to inquire when you mean to visit London. Charles is, I believe, on his way to Portsmouth. It was a great comfort to me to meet a large family-party in London, before Charles quitted England. Pigou and Griffith desire me to give their best compliments, and believe me, my dear Sir, ever your much obliged and faithful servant, P. VAUGHAN.

MY DEAR DR. PARR, *Merton Coll. April* 17, 1820.

I am confident I have no relative belonging to me who will receive with more heart-felt pleasure than yourself the information of my appointment to the Deanery of Chester. It is of itself, as you may be aware, of *small* value, but, in the words of Lord Liverpool's Letter, "it is one of rank and consideration,"

and as such (his Lordship hopes) it may not be unacceptable to me in the situation I hold in the University of Oxford.

If I write more I shall be too late for the post; but I could not sleep unless I had given you this little news under my own hand. Believe me, my dear Dr. Parr, your very grateful and obliged faithful servant, PETER VAUGHAN.

With Sir Henry Halford Parr was well acquainted, fully appreciating his great accomplishments, his classical taste, and his elegant suavity of manner. Parr was fond of physicians, and would have feasted with delight on the good Latin and good sense of Sir Henry's address to a royal, noble, and learned audience,* such as human society seldom presents, at the opening of the New College of Physicians. There is one letter of civility from Baron Vaughan, when, as a Barrister, he went the Midland Circuit.

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* Three Princes of the blood, Prince Leopold, the Great Captain, the Prime Minister, and a multitude,

Οἵτινες ἡγεμόνες Δαναῶν καὶ κοίρανοι ἦσαν.

CHAPTER XXII.

Queen Caroline.

The arrival of her late Majesty Queen Caroline in England, became an important era in the life of Dr. Parr. Severe reflections have been cast on the warm and eager espousal of her cause by a Divine of the Established Church, who had passed his seventieth year. But if here, as on other occasions, his prudence and discretion may be questioned; on the purity of his motives, the honesty of his zeal, the disinterested and conscientious feelings that prompted him, no suspicion has been, or ever can be, cast.

He had been presented to the Queen, and was received as a visitor at Connaught-House in 1814, when she was Princess of Wales. His venturing to expostulate with her on the indiscretion of quitting England, and the following short note, which he received in answer, prove that, at that early period, he was admitted to a considerable share of her confidence:

The Princess of Wales acknowledges the receipt of Dr. Parr's letter, and regrets that he leaves the metropolis so soon, which will prevent her from talking over the subject with Dr. Parr, to which he alludes in his note.

The Princess trusts to the Almighty, who has been her protector hitherto, and will still continue to protect her through her remaining trials.

The Princess accepts the good wishes of Dr. Parr with the best thanks.—*Connaught-House, June 29th.*

When, on the death of the late King, the name of the Queen Consort was ordered to be erased from the Liturgy, he recorded his sentiments on that subject in the Prayer-book of Hatton Church, in the following terms:

Numerous and weighty are the reasons which induce me deliberately, and solemnly, to record in the Prayer-book of my parish the following particulars. With deep and unfeigned sorrow I have read a London Gazette, dated February 12th, 1820, of which a faithful copy is here inserted:

"At the Court at Carlton-House, Feb. 12, 1820, &c. signed James Buller."

It is my duty as a subject, and an Ecclesiastic, to read what is prescribed by my Sovereign, as head of the Church of England. But it is not my duty to express my approbation, as well as to yield obedience, when my feelings as a man, and my principles as a Christian, compel me to disapprove and to deplore. If the person who, for many years, was prayed for as Princess of Wales, has not ceased to be the wife of the Royal Personage who was called Prince of Wales, most assuredly she becomes Queen when he becomes King; and Queen she must remain, till by some judicial process her conjugal relation to our legitimate Sovereign be authoritatively dissolved.

Whensoever I pray for "ALL the Royal Family," I shall include Queen Caroline as a member of it. Though forbidden to pronounce her Royal name, I shall, in the secret and sacred recesses of my soul, recommend her to the protection of the Deity. I shall pray that God may "endue her with his Holy spirit, enrich her with his heavenly grace, prosper her with all happiness, and bring her to his everlasting kingdom through Jesus Christ our Lord." Thursday, Feb. 17th, 1820.

SAMUEL PARR, LL.D. Resident Minister of Hatton for thirty-three years and eleven months.

During the interval between the death of George III. and the landing of Queen Caroline in England, Parr continued a zealous defender of her cause, and openly expressed his determination to give her every personal assistance that could be derived from his

talents, and weight of character, whensoever she might think proper to call for his services. Her arrival gave fresh ardour to his feelings; but he probably might not have taken so very prominent a station, but for an incident calculated to produce the contrary effect. A message was sent to him from a distinguished nobleman, earnestly begging that he would abstain from all interference. Ascribing this advice not to the good-will which dictated it, but to an improper officiousness in furtherance of the prosecution, he instantly had his trunk packed up, and started for London.

In defiance of frowns from the powerful, and reproaches from the servile (such was the language of Dr. Parr, in a letter addressed, about this time, to Lady Anne Hamilton), I have obeyed the dictates of my conscience in making known my judgment on the *Queen's honour*, my anxiety for her welfare, and my indignation against the multiplied, aggravated, and most unmerited injuries which she has received.

I hear, with heartfelt satisfaction, that her Majesty's courage is unshaken; and I am confident that she will, in due time, expose the wickedness and falsehood of the evidence on which her adversaries profess to rely. They have accused—they may condemn—but they cannot prove to the satisfaction of an enlightened and generous public.

Dr. Parr was assiduous in his attention to her Majesty, and frequently performed divine service at her house in Portman-street, and afterwards at Brandenburgh House. He certainly possessed considerable influence as one of her advisers, and recommended the employment of the Rev. Mr. Fellowes, well known as the writer of her answers to most of the Addresses presented. When the proceedings were closed, and her Majesty's establishment formed, Dr. Parr's name was placed, by her Majesty's desire, at the head of her list of Chaplains.

He was in constant correspondence with Alderman Wood, pending the Bill of pains and penalties in the House of Lords; and numerous letters, returned to me by the persons to whom they were written, attest the lively and indignant zeal with which he watched the events of that perilous crisis. He studied the evidence with intense anxiety; frequently tendered his counsel on the conduct which her situation seemed to require, and suggested to her legal advocates many topics for discussion in the long and numerous speeches they were called upon to make.

It is due to his memory, however, to state, that the celebrated letter to the King, published on the eve of the Parliamentary investigation, was erroneously attributed to his pen. He was even ignorant of its being written, and expressed his sentiments on its impropriety, when she herself placed in his hands the newspaper containing it, in no measured terms. It has been asserted that his remonstrance gave so much offence, that the Queen inquired upon that occasion whether he was not about to return to his parochial duties.

If, however, this slight, the probable effect of momentary irritation, induced his absence from her Majesty's little court, it diminished in no degree his attachment to her cause. He still informed himself of all that was going forward; and when the question of attending at the Coronation fell to be considered, he endeavoured to dissuade her from that unfortunate step by an eloquent but temperate remonstrance, full of good sense and feeling.

During the illness which ensued, and up to the hour of her unexpected death, his inquiries were unremitted, his solicitude always increasing, and his sorrow sincere.

I might add a multitude of interesting documents to those already before the public, detailing, at length, the views entertained by Dr. Parr and his various correspondents on almost every point in the history of this unhappy Queen, whose fate furnishes another page for the volumes already written on the infelicity of Princes. But I forbear. The angry passions attendant on the discussion have not, it seems, even yet settled into calm ; nor has the effervescence occasioned by them so much subsided as to give a clear composition fit to be deposited among the stores of history.

Even after the grave had sheltered her from the oppressor's wrong, Dr. Parr continued to defend the memory of Queen Caroline. He was wont to speak of her intrepidity, courage, and elevation of spirit enthusiastically, and as demonstrating that she was the legitimate offspring of the house of Brunswick. He always denied the right, and arraigned the wisdom, of instituting a charge for misconduct, which, even if true, and proved, would have been but a natural consequence of her deserted and unprotected condition. He deprecated the obscenity of the details, and the foul practices by which testimony was obtained. With chivalrous zeal he espoused the cause of the injured woman, and asserted the rights of the fallen Queen with unshaken and disinterested loyalty.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Journeys—Acquaintance—Correspondence.

From the beginning of Dr. Parr's life he was fond of excursions, and there is a very curious account of his own, when a boy, of a journey to Hinckley, to visit his relations, when he fought a battle in defence of his cousin Dorothy. To Oxford he was led by Mr. Roderick, and afterwards by his friend Sir William Jones, who introduced him to Dr. John Vansittart, Professor of Law, Dr. Lawrence, Professor of Modern History, and Sir William Scott, now Lord Stowell, then Tutor of University College. It would lead me too far out of my way to mention the respectful terms in which he speaks of many of the Members of this University, but he has distinguished one gentleman so much, that it would be unjust not to record his words.

Dr. Nicoll, the sensible, the very learned, the modest, the ingenuous, who having no visible patron, was, to the delight of the University, and to his own utter astonishment, suddenly and deservedly made Canon of Christ Church, and Professor of Hebrew.

In 1774 (says Parr) I by invitation visited William Sumner, Esq. brother of Dr. Robert Sumner, at Hatchlands. I preached at the Parish Church of Hatchlands, and left the

place rather suddenly, because * * * * * * would not permit me to smoke. Though often asked, I never would go again. She had played the same trick to her husband's brother, Dr. Sumner, in Great George-street, Westminster. The Doctor resisted and prevailed. Her maiden name was Holmes. Her brother was an attorney in the north. She was born in the north, and went to make her fortune in India. She died while I lived in Colchester, and, at the request of her husband, I wrote the Epitaph for her, but without much praise. In going to Hatchlands I passed by the house of Lord Keeper King, and, in several places, I saw Harrow Church. I did not meet Mr. Godschall, who lived in the neighbourhood of Hatchlands. He was a well-bred, enlightened gentleman. He was the friend of the celebrated Abraham Tucker. He visited me at Colchester, where his ward, Molineaux, was my scholar. I ought ever to be grateful to Mr. William Sumner, because, when I was driven from Harrow, after the death of Dr. Sumner, and settled at Stanmore, Mr. William Sumner not only put his two sons under my care, and co-operated with Dr. Monroe and Dr. Askew in recommending my school, but lent me two thousand pounds at the moderate interest of two per cent, and permitted me to repay by instalments, and by expences for the education of his sons.

In 1815 or 1816, I visited Lord Tamworth at Staunton Harold, the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, and Lord Scarsdale near Derby. At Lord Tamworth's I saw Sir Ralph Milbanke, his wife, and his daughter, now Lady Byron. I have twice visited the Duke of Bedford at Woburn, once Lord Tavistock, and twice Lady Madelina Palmer at Bedford. Again, again, and again I have visited my honoured Patron, Thomas William Coke, of Holkham. I once visited the enlightened and truly honourable Sir Edward Winnington in Worcestershire, and saw his fine collection of books; and there I met his relative, the Rev. Dr. Ingram, well known as an epicurean feeder upon crimped salmon; but he was a gentleman and a man of sense. Once, with Johnny Bartlam, I visited the accomplished and most respectable Mr. Hanbury at his fine seat in Gloucestershire. I visited Caroline, Princess of Wales, at

Blackheath and in Connaught-place, and when she was Queen I visited her often in Portman-street and Brandenburgh House. I visited the Princess of Wales also at the apartments given her by George the Third in Kensington Palace. I have often visited the Duke of Gloucester near Hyde-park-corner.

I saw the * * * * Tory Parson, of Abergavenny. I saw and I visited Mr. Stowton and his beautiful wife at their house and park, now belonging to Mr. Hanbury Williams. I saw Mr. Kempson, who then went under the assumed name of Kirby. He was a native of Tettenhall, Staffordshire. He had been educated at Christ Church, had been Secretary to the Duke of Richmond, and he showed me a manuscript copy of some wise and honest instructions of Mr. Fox to the Duke of Manchester, our Ambassador at Paris. Kempson had some learning, a large portion of general knowledge, much acuteness, much vanity, and strong tincture of infidelity. I did not like him, but I could not despise him. I must not forget Mr. Tudor, a rich shop-keeper, of Abergavenny, who boasted of his descent from his namesake, Henry the Seventh. I saw Squire Lewis, of Landilo, his sensible wife, and agreeable daughters. Mrs. Lewis was aunt to Mrs. Green. I was twice attended for a lame leg by Mr. Prosser, the skilful Surgeon of Monmouth. Once we went down the river Wye, and dined in the south aisle of Tintern Abbey. We went into Chepstow, and there saw the beautiful grounds of Mr. Morris; and in Chepstow Castle we saw the room inhabited by Henry Martin, the Regicide. We dined under a tent at the top of Pontypool, and there was a violent storm of thunder and lightning. I had been taken out of my bed in a blanket to marry Miss Mary Green to Mr. Freere; and one day we went up to Blorenge to see the iron forge of Mr. Freere, and to dine with him. I was much struck with the flaming torrents of melting iron. The best scholar I saw was William Powell. I knew his father and his brother Charles, who were parsons; and I also visited his mother and his sensible sisters. William Powell was nephew of my banker. He once took pupils, and lived within sight of the camp of Owen Glendower. William was a very well-behaved, well-informed man, and happily he is now Incumbent of Abergavenny. Jemmy Green and I went several times to Newland,

the seat of Mrs. Probin, in the forest of Dean. Mr. Probin was a contemporary at College with the Duke of Portland, and remained a steady Whig when the Duke had apostatized.

In my Durham tour I ought to have stated that the sensible Mrs. Clapham, with whom I sojourned at Yarm, was related to the respectable family of Slingsby. I there saw Mr. Burton, the guardian of my favourite pupil, Jockey Hall, of Hatton. I have said that I met Dr. Scott at the Durham Visitation. He was called Antisejanus, because, in the great Cambridge contest for the High Stewardship, between Lord Sandwich and Lord Hardwicke, Scott wrote some witty, acrimonious papers under the signature of Antisejanus. His dress was elegant, his demeanour was dignified, his eyes were piercing, and his nose very sharp. He was rewarded with the great government living of Simonburn, which is now wisely divided into six portions, for the benefit of Navy Chaplains.

In all these places he was induced to visit by his personal friendships or his respect for literary men; he has mentioned the names of many of them in their several places; but it is fit for me to pause awhile, and to insert the names of several of those who have distinguished themselves by their professional celebrity or their literary productions.

Manchester and Liverpool were both fertile in acquaintance of the higher order of intellectual acquirement. In Dr. Holme, of Manchester, he found a Scholar and a Philosopher, and during his long visit to this amiable man he formed most of those acquaintances marked so characteristically by him in the account of his journies. At Liverpool, the name of Mr. Roscoe stands pre-eminently forward, and I lament that I am debarred the correspondence of this elegant writer, who, by his example as well as his exertions, has decorated one of our most busy mercantile

sea-ports with some of the fairest wreaths of letters, whilst he has imbued its inhabitants with the love of books and of intellectual accomplishments. In his journey to Edinburgh and the north, his mind was almost satiated with the highest enjoyments. In Scotland, it was his delight to say, and it is my delight to repeat his words, that he had met with men, with gentlemen, with freemen, with wise men —that during the whole time of his abode there his mind had been feasted with dainties no less than his appetite, and that, in the same period of time, his soul had never been gratified in the same degree. Dr. Gregory, Mr. Dugald Stewart, Professor Young, Professors Brown, Napier, and Pillans, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Parish, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Jeffrey, Mess. Horners, the virtuous and accomplished father and brother of the ever to be lamented Francis Horner: all these, and more than my page would contain, were his companions; and it would be difficult to calculate whether, in this visit, he gave or received most pleasure.

Some of the Ecclesiastics at Durham received him with honour; and at York the polished and venerable Archbishop evinced his love of learning, and the kindness of his disposition, by receiving him with hospitality. On this visit Parr exhibited an instance of his prodigious memory and his knowledge of books. Soon after his marriage, in 1772, he visited the Mauleverers of Arncliffe, his wife's relations, and in passing through York went into the Library of the Cathedral. At the Archbishop's table, in 1819, he referred to a rare book which he had seen on that former visit, and said that at such

a page there would be found a sentence which he repeated. He was accompanied to the library next morning by one of the Canons of the Church, and some of the company, and great was the surprise of all to find that he was verbally correct.

To Birmingham his visits were very frequent. After the Charity Sermons, my brother's house was his abode: then mine, and mine continued to be his abode till the end of his life. In the Irenopolis he characterized the Clergy of the time; but his chief ecclesiastical friend, at last, was Mr. Kennedy. He was acquainted with all the Physicians, and Dr. Male was often at his birth-day. In the latter years of his life he was invited to the Bailiff's feasts, and it is needless to say that his presence added dignity to these civic meetings, at which his health was always drank with loud applause.

After Leamington became a celebrated watering-place, it was one of his favourite rides. He visited most of the distinguished strangers, and received them at his hospitable board. He has himself mentioned the names of the Princesses, and besides them, the Duchess of Gordon, and the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, &c. &c., were very gracious to him. The Duchess of Gordon, so celebrated for her knowledge of human character, and for all the agreeable qualities which adorn elevated and polished life, particularly delighted in his society. Mr. and Lady Madalina Palmer, eldest daughter of the Duke of Gordon, were kind friends of Dr. Parr. Mr. Palmer was M. P. for Reading, a true Whig, whose cause was warmly espoused by the Doctor. There are many letters of

her ladyship, written in the most easy flow of the epistolary style, and with all that frankness and kindness which distinguish the writer.

It will be seen hereafter that Dr. Parr's correspondence was so large as to render it impossible to compress it within narrow bounds. I have therefore published only such parts of it as threw a particular light on the more distinguished features of his literary or political life.

Amongst his acquaintance are some illustrious names, his school-fellows, or pupils at Harrow. The present Duke of Grafton, the Marquesses Wellesley, Hastings, and Abercorn; the Earls Pembroke, Radnor, Dartmouth, Spencer, Hardwicke, and Lord Teignmouth. But with most of these no intimacy was maintained, though there is some correspondence with the greater number.

The old Earl of Dartmouth continued Parr's patron to the end of his life; and it was that patronage which gilded his latter days with affluence. Of the other noblemen, and even some of the members of the Royal Family with whom he corresponded, the acquaintance was formed by the gradual expansion of his own public character; and I shall take pride in copying the letters of men, although illustrious in rank, yet as much distinguished by their talents and their virtues.

The letters of his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex exhibit that accomplished Prince,

("whose society is inestimable," says Parr in a letter to Mr. Coke, "because he is endowed with a masculine understanding, with a spirit quite princely, and with those salutary and sacred

principles upon which you and I look for the security of the constitution,")

in the most amiable light. The spirit of conciliation and toleration which breathes throughout; the almost enthusiastic love of learning, his condescension to his inferiors, and his attachments to his friends, display an assemblage of qualities rarely united in one character, but which particularly embellishes that of Princes. How much beloved and esteemed Parr continued to be by the Prince, was not only demonstrated during the latter part of his life, but continues even now. The Prince has placed his marble bust in that noble repository of learning, his library in Kensington Palace.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR DOCTOR,

As the 26th falls on a Monday, and that no post goes from the metropolis on a Sunday, I am under the necessity of anticipating the day, which I do most sincerely, offering you my hearty congratulations on the occasion, and at the same time reiterating to you those assurances of friendship and esteem which the longer they last the sweeter they become. The 26th is the previous day to my own festival, so that I shall contrive by some conjunction to bring them, in a nautical sense, to bear together. It affords me sincere pleasure to hear that your health continues good, but I am sadly grieved to find that we have little hopes to see you this spring in town. To have shewn you my gallery, which, thank God, is completed, and to have received your critical sanction as to the arrangement of my biblical line, would have made me both proud and happy. You would have found your own picture presiding at the head of the establishment, and our excellent noncon. dog friend Dr. Rees, fixed at the bottom of the gallery, as Vice-President.

Such are the characters with which I am to ornament my library, and although not in a situation to confer dignities, yet I am delighted in having an opportunity of paying to him and you that tribute of esteem and regard which I think you deserve, and which, were I able to do in a more splendid manner, would afford me a greater satisfaction. It is a *beautiful thing*, and well calculated for the purpose for which I intended it. It is quite full of every thing that is Christian, liberal, and good, while, of course, it contains many excrescences and discrepancies, which, for the welfare and good of mankind, I could have wished never had existed; but still, in fairness, ought to be placed in a library like mine for the philosopher and Christian to form his own conclusions.

I think, my dear Doctor, you would enjoy the sight, and you would applaud my friend Pettigrew's industry, as well as his clear head and classical decisions, which materially tend to fix the date of every book; it is a beautiful chronological series, and every department follows so judiciously on each other, that one can carry the whole with the greatest facility in one's head. Excuse these details, but my library is a child of my own creation, and, of course, one very dear to my heart. My friend Roger Wilbraham, has made me a most valuable present of Lewis's first edition of his translation of Wicliffe's New Testament, illustrated by Ames, the editor of Herbert's Typographical Antiquities. There are several scraps by way of specimens of ancient editions of the Bible and New Testament in English, some ancient engravings, and several original letters of Bishop Kennet to Dr. Lewis, and a copy of a part of a MS. Bible at Oxford, in the hand-writing of Lewis. On Wednesday last I dined at the Old Bailey with your pupil the Common Sergeant, who spoke in the most affectionate terms of his old master. What a pride to have educated such a man as Denman. Believe me, dear Doctor, with great sincerity, most affectionately, yours, AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

DEAR AND REV. DOCTOR,

Our mutual friend, my chaplain, Mr. Glover, requested of me, previous to his departure from this hospitable mansion,

that I would forward you one of his sermons lately preached for the relief of the starving Irish, and which he has printed and dedicated to the *Forty-eight Archbishops and Bishops* who *preside over the Established Church of England and Ireland.* Whether I am right or not in my designation of them, you can best tell; but I conceive that when talking of Ireland we must call the Church of England professed there the established Church, not *by justice but by law and conquest (so it ought to be).* In my humble opinion the letter is most powerful. It will be a lasting monument of his correct principles, but I fear, unless a great change should take place in the councils of the state, that he will be doomed for his life to be confined to his parochial duties. I am happy to say that he has likewise finished for me the *small work* I am about publishing, *called* the Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain, so that I may hope for its circulation previous to the meeting of Parliament, which is not likely to take place before the end of January or the beginning of February. Since my residence at this place I have made frequent visits to Mr. Coke's library, and have finally got him to agree to the one room and the two long passages being entirely dedicated to his library, by *which means* we shall be enabled to preserve that treasure from the *dilapidations of the curious, as well as from the destruction of the ignorant.* Indeed it is a most valuable collection, and had our excellent friend been persuaded at his first outset to have appropriated from £500 to £1000 a year towards completing the different compartments of it, he would now have to boast of the finest library in England. The number of first editions is quite extraordinary; in short, such a collection alone, were not Holkham standing, would be a proof of the chaste, cultivated, and luminous mind of the Earl of Leicester. About Monday next I propose leaving my excellent friend, and moving towards the metropolis, but not without making a visit of two days to Cambridge, where still one can find some liberal men and ideas. I understand that at Oxford the choice of the new master of New College, has fallen upon an intelligent and a deserving man; so far good, but it is a singular proof that even in these times *miracles do exist.* The tour which I have made through the country has been one of pleasure and of signal

gratification to myself. I have seen many valuable men, and have made the acquaintance of many others. I have satisfied myself of the loyalty of the country, and consequently I feel convinced, as I have always been, that the sovereign of these realms may be always secure of the affection of his subjects, provided he will but shew himself among them, and be persuaded that his interests and theirs *can never*, and *ought never*, to be *separated* from each other. How well O'Meara makes Napoleon to speak on the feelings of a sovereign. What a book! what an extraordinary man! what a shame for this country! Such are the impressions produced upon my mind by the perusal of a plain unvarnished history, which is by far the most interesting modern work I have read, and which bears upon the face of it *truth*, an article not very common in these days. I fear, my dear Doctor, I have run on too long, but I have been writing until I have persuaded myself that we were conversing together in my study at Kensington Palace, where I hope, *please God*, to see you in the course of a few months, and to indemnify myself for the loss of your valuable company here, *upon which I had reckoned.* Upon this subject I am a *little* angry, but I will shake it off, and congratulate you upon the marriage of your granddaughter, an event, I understand, that has met with your entire approbation, and therefore must be most satisfactory to one whose pride is to sign himself one of your warmest admirers and most sincere friends,

AUGUSTUS FREDERICK.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, and his Royal Consort, deigned also to honour Dr. Parr with their patronage. There are several very kind letters of his Royal Highness, with whom he sometimes dined at Gloucester-house. He warmly interested himself for his Royal Highness's election as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge; not only supporting him as an advocate of Whig principles, on which footing he was canvassed by Mr.

L. B. Allen, but opposing the Duke of Rutland's pretensions with all his power.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, to Dr. Parr.

DEAR SIR, *Bagshot Park, April* 20, 1811.

I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of writing you a few lines, to offer to you my sincere thanks for the warm interest you have had the goodness to take in the late contest for the Chancellorship of the University of Cambridge, that has terminated in a manner so truly gratifying and flattering to me. I have, I assure you, experienced the greatest satisfaction at seeing myself supported, on this occasion, by persons so distinguished for their superior talents and constitutional principles; and this circumstance has increased the pride and gratification I must feel at being chosen to preside over a University so conspicuous for its learning, and at receiving this mark of confidence, and this testimony of attachment from those who educated me. I am the more anxious to convey to you my warmest acknowledgements for the great exertions you were so good as to make towards forwarding my cause, and to express to you my perfect sense of your attention to me, as it affords me an opportunity of making my inquiries after your health, and of renewing to you the assurance of the high esteem and great personal regard with which I am, dear Sir, very sincerely yours, WILLIAM FREDERICK.

With the first nobility in the land, the Dukes of Norfolk, Bedford, Portland, Grafton, Gordon, Marlborough, and Devonshire, there is correspondence. He visited at Arundel, Woburn, Burlington House, and Chatsworth, and was particularly esteemed by the Duke of Bedford, some of whose kind, friendly, and excellent letters I shall copy in the Appendix to the Eighth Volume.

The Earl of Hardwicke, I have stated before, was one of the pupils at Harrow. I have only room

to insert the following letter, being obliged to refer the amusing correspondence of his lordship's relation, Philip Yorke, to the Appendix.

The Earl of Hardwicke, to Dr. Parr.

MY DEAR SIR, *St. James's-square, Sept.* 13, 1810.

When your obliging letter reached me the beginning of last month, I was so deeply engaged in the un-classical but necessary occupation of going through a long arrear of accounts with my steward, that I was obliged, however unwillingly, to delay my acknowledgments for your attention. I have since been passing some time at Holkham, from whence I fully intended to have returned you my thanks, having carried with me M. Tullii Ciceronis quæ vulgo feruntur, Orationes quatuor, &c., printed at Berlin in 1801, which I was fortunate enough to procure at Leigh and Sotheby's before I set out on my tour. I found, however, what I ought to have foreseen, that the objects of interest at Holkham, which Mr. Coke was so good as to show me in the most satisfactory manner, were so numerous in themselves, and so completely employed my time, that I was again prevented from writing. I have, therefore, now to request you to accept my apology for an apparent inattention to your kindness. I have been much entertained and instructed by reading the Introductory Address and the Prefaces that follow it, by Markland and Gessner. They are extremely interesting, particularly the Introductory Address, by Wolff, which gives a detailed account of the controversy concerning the authenticity of the Letters to Brutus, which has been long since forgotten in the University of Cambridge, as well as in other places. I have no recollection of my father's opinion on the authenticity of the Letters to Brutus being introduced in the "Considerations on the Law of Forfeiture;" but as there *possibly* may be some allusion to it, I would rather trust to the correctness of your memory than my own. There is, however, a letter on the subject, of some length, written by my father to Dr. Newcome, of Hackney, soon after the publication of Mr. Tunstall's letter to Dr. Middleton. From a passage in the letter to Dr. Newcome, it does not appear that Tunstall's ar-

gument excited much interest at the time, as I judge from the following passage:

"As I shall probably grow tedious before I have scribbled half my thoughts on those parts of the Letter (Tunstall's) to which I mean to apply myself, you may be desirous that I should enter into it without any apology '*et in medias rapere res:*' yet you must give me leave to ask pardon for presuming to commit my particular sentiments to paper upon a performance on which (as far as I can find) not even a general opinion has been formed; and which is so far from having been read with the attention it deserves, that scarcely any one has fairly read it through."

The letter itself, though my father desired Dr. Newcome not to communicate it to any body, appears to me deserving at least of being transcribed, if not of being printed. At all events, I will print off a few copies, and send you one of them as soon as I receive any from the Printer. If your opinion shall be in favour of its being printed for more general circulation, I shall have no objection to print it as a juvenile performance on a controversy that excited some interest at Cambridge between fifty and sixty years ago. The "Remarks on the Epistles of Brutus," by Markland, is not in my library, but I shall probably be able to obtain it from some of the London booksellers. The other publication you mention, viz. M. Tullii Ciceronis, quæ vulgo fertur pro M. Marcello, &c. &c., printed at Berlin, in 1802, I have never seen; but Payne will, I hope, be able to procure it for me, as well as the other; viz. Commentarius perpetuus et plenus in orationem M. T. Ciceronis, Pro M. Marcello, &c. Auctore Benj. Weiske, printed at Leipsic in 1805. It is impossible these two last publications can be difficult to procure from any other cause than the interruption of our intercourse with the Continent. As soon as I can get the letter to Dr. Newcome printed, I will send you a copy of it, as well as a copy of the defence of Demosthenes. I am very much obliged to you for your kind and friendly invitation to Hatton, of which, I assure you, I shall have great pleasure in availing myself, whether any other object should bring me that way or not. At present, my time is likely to be engaged for a few weeks by a circumstance which, I trust, will

contribute to my family happiness, I mean, the marriage of one of my daughters to Lord Caledon, who is daily expected from the Cape of Good Hope. We have known him sufficiently to justify me in being very sanguine in hoping that the connection may be productive of happiness and comfort.

I remain, my dear Sir, with every sentiment of respect and regard, your faithful and obliged servant, HARDWICKE.

With the most reverend Archbishops of the two provinces of England, Dr. Parr had some correspondence, and also with the Archbishop of Dublin.

The letter of Archbishop Moore is merely a letter of civility, excusing him attendance at Lambeth. Dr. Moore had met Dr. Parr at Canterbury. With Dr. Sutton he renewed an acquaintance at Leamington, begun at Cambridge. From Dr. Vernon, Archbishop of York, he received very marked kindness and respect. Dr. Terrick, Bishop of London, treated him harshly when he asked a licence for his school at Stanmore, and it was not till after some remonstrance that he obtained it. But the Bishop spontaneously did him justice when he was candidate for the school at Colchester.

From the great scholar, Dr. Lowth, I have already stated that Dr. Parr received that ecclesiastical benefice, which gilded his last days with affluence;—the Prebend of Wenlock's Barn, in the church of St. Paul. There is only one communication from this illustrious prelate touching on literary subjects, and which Parr has noticed in his Bellenden. The other letters concerning the Prebend have been copied.

There is a good deal of correspondence with Randolph, Bishop of London, on the prebendal business;

but his name was always mentioned with reverence by Dr. Parr, on account of his kindness to the younger Gerald, to whom he gave money when he was obliged to delay his admission into orders; into which, however, he did finally admit him with the true spirit of a Christian father. There are two letters copied in the Appendix.

The letters of Bishop Porteus simply treat of business.

With Dr. Howley, the present Bishop of London, Dr. Parr's correspondence appears to have been of the most friendly kind, embracing literary topics and subjects of benevolence, as well as matters of business. To few of Dr. Parr's correspondents, indeed, was the subject of benevolence a stranger. He never hesitated to ask charity for worthy persons, when such cases presented themselves to him at the time he was writing to the rich and the great. The Bishop's letters contain a very important recommendation to Dr. Parr to publish something philological, with many other pertinent suggestions and literary remarks.

The letters of Dr. North, Bishop of Winchester, and of Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, are merely letters of business. Let me add, that Dr. Hurd does not subscribe himself to Dr. Parr as his "loving brother," which I believe is the accustomed address of bishops to curates. And, indeed, I must confess, that the exercise of the Christian spirit must have been in unusual force, if the learned Critic, to whom the two Tracts of a Warburtonian are dedicated, could have forgiven the Editor.

Dr. Cornewall, Bishop of Worcester, could not fail to admire Dr. Parr as a scholar, being himself a sound and a good one.

I should not have copied any letter of Thurlow, Bishop of Durham, had not that in the Appendix made mention of Parr's two sermons published at Norwich.

Whether Dr. Parr's acquaintance with Dr. Pretyman, Bishop of Lincoln, first began with the following letter, I know not. But as it is a striking document, both as it relates to that learned prelate and Mr. Brooke, the person who wrote it, I insert the whole. Dr. Parr's memorandum on the letter is,

This letter was written by my admirable friend Brooke, rector of Kirby near Norwich. He was the personal friend of Pretyman, whom he describes as gay, convivial, and warm-hearted. Pretyman, Brooke, and myself, were to meet together at Norwich and at Kirby. Brooke had sense and learning. He was a Whig; he was a truly honest man. He was my very dear friend; he died of a fever; he left a widow and six children. Her maiden name was Girdlestone. I deeply lamented the loss of him. S. P.

DEAR SIR,

I have the satisfaction of assuring you, that no consequence is likely to ensue from the violence sustained by my pony yesterday, and I doubt not of your performing the journey with ease; therefore, macte animo. Should you stay longer than you now propose, I should wish you to keep the carriage, and not entrust the care of it into Norfolk to any body else. If your business will permit you to spend an hour or two with Pretyman, the letter which I shall be obliged to you to convey may serve as an introduction. He is as studious and inquisitive in private, as he appears light and thoughtless at a College feast, and unless I am much mistaken, can be serious to very good

purpose; his noisy mirth is the effect of an honest heart, and a frequent good flow of spirits. I shall rejoice to shake Dr. Parr by the hand.

The first part of Dr. Parr's acquaintance with Bishop Pretyman, drew from him two official letters. In the one he receives notice from him as the Secretary to Mr. Pitt of the respite of Matthew Barker, whose case has been mentioned before; and in the other he very kindly declines the grant of a favour. On being advanced to the Bishopric of Lincoln, his answer to Parr's congratulations is well worthy of notice; and the mention of Edward, now the celebrated Dr. Maltby, — a relation of Mrs. Pretyman, is a fertile source of reflection. There is a long correspondence of the Bishop whilst he resided at Buckden, on business; but I shall only quote two other letters, one on account of the observations contained in it on the Spital Sermon, and the other on the translation of the Bishop to Winchester.

Dr. Pelham, Bishop of Lincoln, was also Diocesan of Dr. Parr and his correspondent. The mention of the lamentable case of Mr. Morley, Vicar of Aylesbury, and his family, naturally brings to my mind the patronage exercised towards these unfortunate persons, during the whole time that they resided in Warwickshire, by Dr. Parr; and his zealous efforts to promote that subscription for them, which was crowned by the beneficence of the public with such complete success.

During his residence at Norwich, Dr. Parr was on friendly terms with the Bishops of that Diocese;

with Dr. Yonge, and especially with Dr. Bagot, as appears from the following kind letter:

DEAR SIR,

On my return to this place I was sorry to find I had lost the opportunity you were so good as to intend me, of seeing you once more before your final departure. As it so happened, I take this method to assure you of my warmest wishes for your success and happiness. Whatever may be your lot in the world, your great talents will go with you, and be employed, I trust, some way or other in furthering that cause to which I know you are zealously attached, the cause of Christian truth. It is but too evident how much your best services are wanted.

The inclosed letter came under cover on Saturday. As I understand you are to be in London, I conclude you will see something of Lord Dartmouth, and that I cannot be wrong in consigning my packet to his care. The Dean and his family are just come, and lament having so narrowly missed you. Mrs. Bagot sends her best compliments. I am, my dear Sir, with great regard, your very faithful and affectionate servant,

L. NORWICH.

Dr. Bathurst, the present worthy Bishop of Norwich, has been characterised by Parr, in many parts of his writings, but especially in his will on bequeathing his Lordship a ring:

To the Right Reverend Dr. Bathurst, Lord Bishop of Norwich, as a mark of my reverence for his learning and his wisdom; for his inflexible firmness in supporting the sacred cause of toleration, and for those pure and hallowed principles of Christian charity, which adorn every part of his character, social and religious.

Their agreement in religious and political sentiments is obvious from the letters.

Of his three Diocesans, Bishops of Peterborough, Dr. Spencer Madan, Dr. John Parsons, and Dr. Herbert Marsh, there are many letters, chiefly relating to the business of his parish, and his non-residence.

The coolness arising out of the exposure of

White's *obligations for literary assistance* in the Bampton lecture, continued between Dr. Parsons and Dr. Parr to the end. I shall quote a few letters only in the Appendix, as the connection between those two great scholars has been sufficiently displayed.

Dr. Watson, Bishop of Landaff, was the friend and correspondent of Dr. Parr. Their opinions on many political and religious subjects were the same. The following letter, it would appear, was in answer to a complimentary letter from Parr on one of the Bishop's Political Treatises, in which he at the same time announced his own publication of The Sequel.

DEAR SIR, *Great George-street, Jan.* 21, 1792.

Your letter is the letter of a friend. I accept it as such, and tender you my thanks. I expect much Tory trumpery will issue from some quarter or other. I have an aversion from controversy, and my health is infirm; if I make any reply, it will be short. Every publication of yours will be read by me with the greatest pleasure, for few men can have a higher opinion of your talents. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your much obliged servant, R. LANDAFF.

With their Lordships of Gloucester there is some Correspondence. I shall introduce one note of Dr. Beadon, on account of a significant allusion, and one letter, when he was syndic of the press in Cambridge, as it relates to Tunstall's edition of Terentian.

There is one letter from Dr. Ryder,* "the amiable and accomplished," as Dr. Parr terms him in his will, Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry.

* Vide Bibl. Parr. 567, and 603, for commendation of Bishop Ryder's works.

The respectful opinion which I entertain of many prelates, who now adorn the bench, may be known from the catalogue I have given of academical worthies in the notes subjoined to my Spital Sermon. I cannot however neglect the opportunity now afforded me for congratulating every well-wisher to the Established Church, and indeed, every man of letters in Europe, on the late elevation of Dr. Burgess to the see of Saint David's, and of Dr. Huntingford to that of Gloucester. They are universally good scholars, they are honest and amiable men, and long may they enjoy the rewards of their learning and their virtue, which, magna dantis cum laude tulerunt."

Dr. Huntingford, Lord Bishop of Hereford's correspondence, I have the power of detailing at some length. It began in 1777, and continued most confidential till Parr's death. The letters of Dr. Huntingford afford the most lively picture of an accomplished, pious, liberal, and amiable mind.

The correspondence of another Wyckamist is that of a profound and elegant scholar, and of a wise and amiable man. Dr. Gabell's name cannot be placed here by right, though it would decorate the highest station of his order. His letters prove how easy it is for good and learned men, to differ in politics and doctrines, when they agree in morals and right principles.

From "the truly learned and most exemplary Dr. Burgess, Lord Bishop of St. Davids,"* there is a large correspondence, beginning in 1788, and continuing till Parr's death. Among other works sent by Dr. Burgess, Dr. Parr notices a Catechism in the following terms:

To the patrons of Charity Schools I would earnestly recommend a very judicious catechism, which has been lately

* Dr. Parr's words in his will.

drawn up for the use of those institutions, by one of the most profound scholars and exemplary Christians of whom our country, and I will add even our age, can boast. When the illustrious editor of Dawes's Miscellanies is thus employed, his classical readers will apply to Mr. B. in Theology what Quintilian says of Aristotle, who was appointed by Philip to instruct his son in the first elements of learning, "Si non studiorum initia et a perfectissimo quoque tractari, pertinere ad summam credidisset?" The Christian will recollect with equal conviction, and greater pleasure, the similarity between Dr. Watts and our author, and will look with veneration on the writer, who is at one time combating Dawes and Bentley, and at another making a Catechism for children in their fourth year.—See Johnson's Life of Watts.

From Dr. Mansell, Lord Bishop of Bristol, there is one letter, public in point of fact, as the purport of it has transpired through many other channels; but which ought to be private from the extreme delicacy of its contents, as they relate to a learned editor of Thucydides. Whether Dr. Mansell had ever exercised his well-known satirical talents on Dr. Parr, I am not informed.

Towards Dr. Kaye, now Lord Bishop of Lincoln, he inclined with that just respect for his solid virtues and great learning which were justly due to them. Dr. Kaye's correspondence proves the reliance, even of great scholars, on this master of scholars. He asks for an epitaph upon Dr. Burney, whose pupil he had been, and for other assistance of a literary nature.

From Dr. Majendie, Bishop of Bangor, there is only one note of civility. To Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, it would appear from his Lordship's letters, he often applied for charity. The letter now copied is in answer to an application for Mr.

Eyre's family, who at Winterborn was in the Bishop's diocese.

DEAR SIR, *Palace, Salisbury, July* 28, 1815.

Our good friend, the Bishop of Cloyne, encouraged me to address a letter to you on the subject of the distressed family of Mr. Eyre.

You possibly may have heard that the present Bishop of Durham, some few years since, recovered a very large sum of money, of which he had been defrauded in the settlement of a fine upon a coal estate. The sum was £60,000. One half of which he dedicated to charitable purposes. One hundred pounds he settled upon the diocese of Salisbury, over which he had formerly presided, to be disposed of annually, at the discretion of its Bishop. Ten pounds of this sum I now send you by draft, which you will have the goodness to apply to the assistance of the Eyre family, in any way you may think most for their comfort.

I must trouble you to acknowledge the receipt of this letter, and at your leisure to give me some account of the Eyre family.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant, J. SARUM.

Three Lord Bishops of Chester enjoyed the friendship of Dr. Parr. Dr. Cleaver was less acquainted with him than either Dr. Law, or the present most learned Prelate, Dr. Blomfield. I copy the letter of Dr. Cleaver, which is only one of many on a book lent to him, to shew how extremely precise Dr. Parr was in looking up his lent books.

The letters of Dr. Law are of an interesting character; they relate to friendly intercourse, unaccompanied by any breaks or disjointures; they touch on the writings of that great metaphysician and divine, Dr. Law, late Lord Bishop of Carlisle, father of the first Lord Ellenborough, of the Bishop of Elphin, and of Dr. George Law, Dr. Parr's correspondent.

Dr. C. J. Blomfield is characterized by Dr. Parr, in his bequest of a ring, as the "most eminently learned;" and his Lordship styles Dr. Parr in one of the letters, "the profoundest scholar and the most sagacious critic of the age."

The letters will be a feast to the reader; and the banquet would be perfect, could I prevail upon the Right Reverend Prelate who wrote them to permit me to add a copy of Dr. Parr's letters, which answered them, or to which they are an answer.

Dr. Nathaniel Alexander, first Lord Bishop of Down and Connor, and then of Meath, was pupil to Dr. Parr at Stanmore, and Colchester, and his friend through life. Dr. Parr, in bequeathing a ring to him calls him his "excellent friend and pupil;" and notwithstanding the difference of opinion about politics, we shall see by the letters in the Appendix, that his pupil continued ardently attached to him, and longed to see him elevated to the episcopal station.

In another place I have recorded the friendship which subsisted between Parr and Bishop Bennet, from infancy to old age. But of the amiable and candid texture of that most accomplished Prelate's mind, his own letters will be the best evidence. It has been a delightful solace of my labour to peruse them; and if the reader receive even a small portion of the pleasure and satisfaction which I have derived from them, the name of Dr. William Bennet, Lord Bishop of Cloyne, will establish itself in his memory as one of the most agreeable and most instructive

points of his associations. It will couple the names of Parr and Bennet indissolubly together; it will make an illustrious trio by adding that of Sir William Jones to the number: and I think I may challenge the annals of modern literature to produce a fellowship, beginning with early childhood and continuing to the death of all the parties, to match it, either for strength of attachment, for rich, copious, and varied learning, for liberality of sentiment, and for all those high gifts which it has pleased God to bestow on those of his creatures, who, supereminent above others, have distinguished themselves by ardent thirst after knowledge, and by liberality in bestowing, and diffusing it—by their enlargement of heart, and their love of their kind—by their piety towards God, and their endeavour to be useful to man.

Dr. Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta, is praised by Parr in two or three places, and this accomplished divine has done justice to the great scholar. There is no letter.

Dr. Mountain, Bishop of Quebec, was one of Dr. Parr's friends while he lived at Norwich, and there are some letters, but I shall not insert them. Misunderstanding on some trifling occasion destroyed the confidence of the friends, and the inflexibility or irascibility of the Bishop prevented reconciliation.

There are many letters from the late celebrated Lord Erskine to Dr. Parr, which I shall reserve for the Appendix to the eighth volume.

Lord John Townshend, the personal friend of Mr. Fox, became also much attached to Parr. The

letters given in the Appendix to the eighth volume, form a small part of the correspondence.

Richard Brinsley Sheridan, M. P. the greatest wit, and one of the greatest orators of his day, was in the school at Harrow under Dr. Sumner, and for a short time Parr's pupil. He has been eulogised in the Bellendenus and in other places by his Master; but I see few other traces of intimate acquaintance. Sheridan's father was invited to the Stanmore play, and Mr. Tickell, his brother in law, introduced the subject, and perhaps renewed the acquaintance with Mr. Sheridan, by proposing that his son should be placed under Parr's tuition.

DEAR SIR, *Gunton Hall, Lowestoff, August 5*, 1785.

From the moment that Mrs. Tickell and I heard of your intended resignation, and subsequent plan, it occurred to us how fortunate it would be, if Sheridan's son could become one of the few scholars, whose education you would still undertake; and having in our letters mentioned the idea, I now find that it strikes Sheridan exactly in the same way. His son has very good talents, and uncommon vivacity. On the due management of the latter, the proper direction of the former will chiefly depend. He is ten years old, and, to say the truth, rather backward at present, but this has arisen merely from his being an only child, doated on by both his parents. Sheridan and Windham agree that no place could be so well calculated for the boy's advantage as placing him under your care. And Sheridan has written to me to open the matter to you. I recollect with pleasure the ardent friendship you expressed for Sheridan. And I know you are too well acquainted with his character not to value very highly the opportunity of serving him in this dearest concern. No man is more generous, more grateful, than our friend. To me it would give double satisfaction to see his son placed under your care, and new ties of friendship formed between two men who might do mutual honour to each other. If you will encourage the hope that this

matter can be arranged, I will ride over to Norwich any day next week that you appoint, to speak more particularly on the business.

Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, and Mrs. Tickell, present their best regards to Mrs. Parr and yourself. May I beg you to add mine, and to believe me, dear Sir, with the truest respect, your most obedient and faithful servant, RICHARD TICKELL.

Mr. Moore's History is so copious a record of Sheridan's life, and illustrates its early and happier, as well as its later and more calamitous, days so fully, eloquently, and veraciously, that I shall not enter into any detail, on those topics which he has introduced. Mr. Roderick, Dr. Sumner's assistant during the time that Sheridan was at Harrow, says, that he was a shrewd, artful, and supercilious boy, without any shining accomplishments or superior learning. His correspondence with Dr. Parr is unimportant, yet the following letters are characteristic. That from Crewe Hall was written when he was preparing for his great oratorical exertion on Hastings' business; the second does him honour as displaying some of his domestic affections; and the third exhibits him sinking into that gloom, the natural consequence of his irregularities and extravagance, and which spread darkness and sorrow over his closing life.

MY DEAR SIR, *Crewe Hall, January* 20.

I have twenty times meant to write to you since I saw you, and at times when I should have had more to say. At present I only take a pen to say that we threaten, Mrs. Crewe being of our party, to call at Hatton in our way to town the third or fourth of next month. You are not however to make any provision for us, for our party is such that we must sleep at Warwick, and we must not separate. I hope Spencer is with

you; he will get a letter from me which he ought to have had long since. Tom is in great disgrace with his mother. I hope he can plead diligence in other respects to atone for his neglect towards her: there was some trial or argument or speech which you pointed out to me at Crewe, and advised me to read with a view to Hastings' Trial. I have forgot what it was, pray if you recollect, favour me with a line while I am at this place. I was very busy about other matters while in town, and have been a little idle since I have been here, so that I have a truant's feeling about my India task. Have you seen a Latin poem abusing us all, which I see mentioned in the papers? All here desire to be particularly remembered to you, and we hope Mrs. Parr and your daughter are well. Dear Sir, yours most sincerely, R. B. SHERIDAN.

MY DEAR SIR, *Monday, May* 1.

It is a bad thing for one so averse in general to writing to resolve to write a very long letter. This for a long time I have meant to do in reply to a former one of yours, and so have not written at all. At present I can only send a line with the enclosed. We had a furious wrangle on the notice yesterday in the House, when Pitt steadily avowed his having in effect abandoned all his principles upon this subject. Each member of our association proposes an honorary non-resident member on Saturday next. There are those who have persuaded me that it is not improbable that we might have the sanction of your name. I cannot myself form a decided opinion whether, supposing you approved our principle and proceeding, it would be prudent to appear to do so in this manner.

I have been much occupied by the state of Mrs. Sheridan's health. She is going to Bristol. A week ago we thought there was nothing to apprehend. But my anxiety and apprehensions are greatly encreased. I leave town soon to follow her, for I can put nothing in competition with my feelings for her. Pray, my dear Sir, talk quietly to Tom on this subject, and desire him to write to her. He shall hear from me to-morrow. Yours ever most truly, R. B. SHERIDAN.

MY DEAR SIR,

My life is so irregular, and the present state of my mind so much so, that I pursue nothing almost that I ought; and among my omissions there is not one, for which I reproach myself so much as my seeming neglect towards you.

I give way unpardonably at times to gloom and fancifulness, and put off from day to day things which I ought immediately to decide upon. I am uneasy at not having a line from Tom. I send a servant for fear of further mistakes. I know not how to thank you for your goodness to Tom; but I will write when I am not so pressed for time, and explain myself more on this subject and entreat your counsel. Yours ever obliged,

R. B. SHERIDAN.

Mr. Moore has recorded the romantic passion of Sheridan for his first lady, and his chivalrous exploits to obtain her hand. That his love had not abated at the close of her life is proved by the following letter:

MY DEAR SIR, *Hotwells, Bristol, Monday morning.*

Dr. Bain of this place has just seen Mrs. Sheridan for the second time. She is certainly in a most critical state, and I feel wholly disconcerted and dispirited. The affections of habit and of so many years various trial seem stronger from the accidental interruption of past dissipation or business, when such times as these come. I know not how to act about Tom. In her low moments she is wishing anxiously to see him, and I can put no consideration in doubt with what tends to please or sooth her. We will wait a day or two more however. She has borne the journey well, and all about her are very sanguine; but though I have said but little to Bain, I fear his manner, and he is said to be very skilful. I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

R. B. SHERIDAN.

I write to Tom.

There is one letter inclosing the Inscription on Lord Nelson's monument in Guildhall, written by Sheridan, which it is unnecessary to quote.

The career of Mr. Thomas Sheridan was brilliant, but short. As a boy at Hatton none was more vivacious or more mischievous, and few more ingenuous and good-humoured. His exquisite talents for society made him the delight of his friends and his companions. "Studying behaviour more than notion, to be accomplished, rather than knowing," were his motives; and "all such as made his early vices blush, and his riper virtues shine."* His career was rapid and brilliant; but his hereditary and constitutional infirmities clouded his short life, and hurried him prematurely to the grave.

Of some other branches of the Sheridan connections there are a few letters: first, from Mrs. Lefanu and her ingenious daughter; and secondly, from Mr. Linley, Mrs. Sheridan's brother. One letter to him, when he was Manager of Drury-lane, I shall copy:

DEAR SIR, 49, *Frith Street, Soho, Jan.* 26, 1794.

I came to town late on Thursday night, and on Friday morning I did myself the pleasure of calling at your house; but with little success, for I rang three or four times, and I rapped with the knocker at the door more than twenty times, and yet I was not able either to summon the living or raise the dead. I desire that you, to-morrow, would give me permission to see the new theatre in Drury-lane, and I shall bring with me three friends, whom it may be necessary to describe. They are not incendiaries, they are not pickpockets, they are not spies. One is an orthodox divine, another is a sage philosopher, and a third is a critical templar, who writes epigrams against doctors, paragraphs against play-writers, and panegyrics upon sans culotterie. I venture to assure you that they have all talents for conversation, such as you would relish, such as Mr. Sheridan

* Lloyd's Life of Sir William Petre.

would not despise, and such as Mr. Pitt is equally unable to comprehend, and unworthy to enjoy. Still I am afraid they are three mischievous dogs, and therefore I shall have their hands pinioned, and their legs fettered; but as they wish to see the theatre, their eyes shall not be blind-folded, and as you would wish to hear, their tongues shall not be tied. Pray tell me what hour would suit you for us to wait upon you, and to be favoured with a card of admission to the theatre. It will suit us to be there about one o'clock. But we shall obey your commands. I beg my best compliments to Mrs. and Miss Linley, and I am, dear Sir, your very faithful obedient servant,

S. PARR.

It must be seen, by consulting the lists of correspondents, that 20 volumes might be filled with the letters of Dr. Parr's friends, and that only two is allotted to receive that selection appointed to accompany and to illustrate these Memoirs. Such being the stern necessity of the case, I have only to state the fact, and to express my regret that I am thus deprived of the power of paying homage to many very distinguished and excellent persons, some of them my own personal friends, and all of them friends of Dr. Parr. I shall close with a brief notice of his connection with some members of the learned professions of law and medicine, and his correspondence with certain illustrious foreigners, with ladies, and his pupils.

Dr. Parr found pleasure in the company of lawyers, principally, perhaps, on account of the warm interest he always took in the administration of criminal justice. No discussion of its leading principles, more liberal, enlightened, or just, is to be found in the English language, than in his celebrated note on Philopatris Varvicensis. His friend-

ship, and even veneration for Sir Samuel Romilly, Mr. Denman, and Mr. Brougham; his admiration of Lord Erskine's great genius; his occasional intercourse with Mr. Justice Holroyd, the late Mr. Baron Graham, Sir James Mansfield, Sir A. Pigott, Sir James Scarlett, Mr. Serjeant Lens, Mr. Serjeant Rough, Mr. Basil Montagu, Francis Hargrave, sen. and jun., Mr. Fonblanque, and Mr. Lowndes, will be seen in the correspondence. Dr. Parr's intercourse with Mr. Denman was frequent, on account of his travelling the Midland circuit. He was made acquainted with him (as well as with the present Lord Chancellor) by Serjeant Rough, and for the last ten years of his life regularly entertained him on the Assize Sunday, with other gentlemen of the circuit, including Samuel March Phillips, Esq., F. Dwarris, Esq. the Commissioner for enquiry into the abuses of West Indian Courts of Justice, Mr. Hildyard and Mr. Amos, distinguished barristers, and the latter now Professor of English law in the London University.

No dinners (Mr. Denman tells me) could be more delightful; the conversation of the host rich, animated, various, and playful, forming their principal charm. Doubtless this was the case; but the conversation of Mr. Denman himself had a peculiar charm in Parr's estimation, arising out of his mellow, impressive tone of speaking, as well as his grave, perspicuous argumentation, his luminous illustration, and, above all, that probity of mind which, though it may not always suit the intrigues of Courts, will always make him a fit advocate for a free and enlightened people.

With Mr. Brougham, Dr. Parr's acquaintance was later. At the time of what was called the Queen's trial he might have seen him, but did not correspond with him; and he had even been impressed with an opinion that he was lukewarm in her cause. His admiration was naturally increased by more intimate acquaintance. He visited him in London and at Brougham, and he sympathized and partook of the universal feeling, θαυμάζω βροῦαμ.

Dr. Parr, to Mr. Denman.

DEAR SIR,

The distinction between a wise and silly judge, in the examination of witnesses, is very well stated in what remains to us of the speech pro M. Fonteio.

The most powerful and the most copious ridicule upon Lawyers, as word-catchers, is in the speech, pro A. Cæcina. I beseech you to read the whole of it once, and then of your own accord you will read it three or four times.

Take as a specimen. "Quæ lex, quod senatusconsultum, quod magistratus edictum, quod fædus, aut pactio, quod (ut ad privatas res redeam) testamentum: quæ judicia, aut stipulationes, aut pacti et conventi formula non infirmari, aut convelli potest, si *ad verba* rem deflectere velimus: consilium autem eorum, qui scripserunt, et rationem, et auctoritatem relinquamus? Sermo me hercule et familiaris, et quotidianus non cohærebit, si verba inter nos aucupabimur." S. 18.

You will be very much amused with the description Cicero gives of your brethren, when it suited their purpose to defend things against words, and equity against the strict interpretation of law. Erskine in his happier moments could not excel the following passage. "Si contra verbis et literis, et (ut dici solent) *summo jure* contenditur: solent ejusmodi iniquitati boni et æqui nomen, dignitatemque opponere. Tum illud, quod dicitur, sive, nive, irrident: tum aucupia verborum, et literarum tendiculas in invidiam vocant: tum vociferantur, ex æquo et bono, non ex callido versutoque jure rem judicari oportere;

scriptum sequi, calumniatoris esse: boni judicis, voluntatem scriptoris, auctoritatemque defendere." S. 23.

You would be delighted, and perhaps edified, by the wrangles upon "dejeci" and "ejeci," and "unde." Every pleader, who, like yourself, has a fondness for classical learning, should, upon the approach of an election, read the speech of Tully for Muræna, and you would do well to read also a very able and animated answer to it, written by a modern scholar, Palearius. Pray get it. Now in Tully's speech, he ridicules the formulæ and carmina of lawyers, because Sulpicius was opposed to him at the time. But in his book de Oratore, he very properly defends the study of the jus civile, and he thought highly of Sulpicius, not only as a lawyer, but as an orator. I will refer you to a very common book, the works of Cicero, in two volumes folio, by Grævius. See page 144, and page 147, of part the first, which contains the Brutus, and part second, page 415, where in the speech de haruspicum responsis, &c. he pronounces a fine eulogy upon the eloquence of Sulpicius. The fourth book of Tully's letters, ad Familiares, contains several letters to Sulpicius, and among them is the charming answer, which Sulpicius wrote to Tully upon the death of his child. Now in his oration for Muræna Cicero attacks Cato for his stoical principles; and I am sure that a man of your taste and sagacity will be eager to refresh his memory with a series of luminous description, and grave derision, which Cato himself could neither resist nor resent.

During the assizes, all is hurry; but I should like to tell you in detail, what are the writings of antiquity, which an accomplished and enlightened pleader in Westminster Hall ought even to study. I hope that at some future time we shall have more leisure to converse. You will pardon me for stating, that from one Greek, and two Roman writers, I have learned far more upon the principles of evidence, than any Chief Justice could ever extract from Gilbert's treatise. Upon this curious and interesting topic, my opinions have long been the same with those of Jeremiah Bentham. He has prepared a long, and a very elaborate treatise upon evidence; and if he were to send it forth, Vickery Gibbs and Ellenborough would toss him into the pillory three times, or shut him up in Newgate

for three years. Have you seen the proem? It is printed, but not published; and when reading it, I thought I was reading my own opinion in my own words.

Pray give my best compliments to our excellent friend Mr. Dwarris. I have the honour to be, dear Sir, with great and unfeigned respect, your well-wisher, and obedient humble servant, S. PARR.

Do not forget the speech for Muræna, especially as you are candidate.

I dare not interfere with your professional engagements, but I should be most happy to see you to-morrow at 5 o'clock, if you and Dwarris can make your escape from Warwick. Pray look at the speech pro Roscio Amerino. S. 20.—there you will find the famous passage, "Simillima est *accusatorum* ratio. Alii vestrûm, anseres sunt, qui tantummodò clamant, nocere non possunt: alii, canes, qui et latrare, et mordere possunt." The force of the wit lies chiefly in some preceding allusions, and for them you must look at the context. You cannot transplant the allusions. But for the general proposition you may now and then have occasion in an English Court of justice, and perhaps in Parliament. G. is an anser, and E. is a canis.

For my way of spelling Ellenborough I say, as Cicero did about amicus, and amica, "hic semper erro."

Some account of his medical correspondents will be seen in the Appendix.

Among the Foreigners of high distinction, who corresponded with Dr. Parr, was Lucien Bonaparte. The correspondence began by a complimentary letter on the "Charlemagne" by Dr. Parr. I lament to say, that the letters are mislaid.

I shall leave the following letter of Thomas Jefferson, late President of the United States of America, to speak for itself. Mr. Gilmer purchased upwards of £4000 worth of books, specified and recommended by Dr. Parr. The negotiation with Mr. Lynes, alluded to in Mr. Gilmer's letter, was

for the library of Dr. Parr. There has been no subsequent communication respecting it.

President Jefferson, to Parr.

Monticello in Virginia, April 26, 1824.

MUCH RESPECTED SIR,

A letter addressed to you from a perfect stranger, undoubtedly requires apology. This I can only find in the character of the subject producing it, a subject cherished in every literary breast. The State of Virginia, of which I am a native and resident, is engaged in the establishment of an university, on a scale of such extent as may give it eminence on this side of the Atlantic. I am entrusted with a share in its administration and government. We are anxious to place in it none but professors of the first grade of science in their respective lines; and for these we must go to countries where that highest grade exists, and of preference to Great Britain, the land of our own language, morals, manners, and habits. For a professor of the classical languages particularly, of the highest attainments in them, Oxford necessarily offers itself as the institution most eminent in the world, in that branch of learning. And of whose judgment there, could we so much wish to be availed as that of the oldest and purest classic now living? this then, Sir, is the object which produces the obtrusion of this letter on you. It will be handed you by Mr. Francis Walker Gilmer, a gentleman of high qualifications in various branches of science, of a correct and honorable character, worthy of all confidence, and of any attention you may be pleased to bestow on him. He is authorised to select professors for us; but being an entire stranger in the country to which he is sent to make this selection, if unaided by faithful advice from others, he may be liable to gross imposition and error in distinguishing characters of the degree of science we seek, of sober and correct morals and habits, indispensable qualities in a professor in this country, and of accomodating and peaceable dispositions, so necessary for the harmony of the institution. Your knowledge, respected Sir, of persons, characters, and qualifications, may guide and guard him in this difficult research. May we venture to ask

the benefit of it, and your patronage of the mission on which Mr. Gilmer goes? to myself it would be a peculiar gratification to have an associate so eminent in the performance of offices promising so much good to those we are to leave behind us, and at an age so advanced, as to indulge us in the prospect of few remaining occasions of being useful to the generations to come. With my thanks for any good offices you can render our infant institution, be pleased to accept the assurances of my high veneration, esteem, and consideration.

THOS. JEFFERSON.

Francis W. Gilmer, Esq., to Dr. Parr.

London, August 23, 1824.

MOST LEARNED AND VENERABLE FRIEND,

I regret extremely that my delay in returning to London (I reached town only three days ago) should give even the appearance of neglect, in answering your two very flattering letters, which I received only this morning.

I pray you again to accept my most sincere thanks, and I may add, those of Mr. Jefferson, and of my country, for the interest you so kindly take in our university. The catalogue of books you have furnished, I shall not only have copied, but the original shall be deposited among the archives of the university as a precious legacy from the last scholar of Europe, who was the friend of Johnson, of Jones, of Fox, and of Sheridan; whose vast erudition and inflexible principles, have already made him known to every man of education in the United States, and whose name will naturally be connected with our university, from which we hope so much.

I shall undoubtedly thank you for the further catalogue you promise, and shall wait for it with anxiety in London. I wished you to be as full as you could, in every department of learning.

I have received with your letters, one from the Rev. Mr. Lynes, and shall answer it immediately. It occurred to me while at Hatton, that the University of Virginia should possess your whole collection of books; there they will all be useful, and may serve as the foundation of the future learning of the

country; they will be identified with it, and will form an æra in the history of American literature. They are of too great value for the funds I brought with me; but I shall certainly recommend to Mr. Jefferson, to lose no time in entering into some arrangement with Mr. Lynes for their purchase.

True, as you say, "we shall meet no more in this world," but I shall ever remember with interest, the happy hours I have passed with one whom I am proud to call my friend; one, whom I beg to assure in all sincerity, I honour and esteem most cordially. FRANCIS W. GILMER.

P. S. I am sorry I did not meet Mr. Kennedy. I heard his recitation at Cambridge with much pleasure.

Among the female correspondents of *the* scholar, are names of high account in fashion, as well as accomplishment, and a large volume could easily be selected of their letters. Dr. Parr's own remarks sufficiently characterise some of the writers, and others are too well known to require a comment. It behoves me, however, to single out Miss Emily Calcraft, on account of the elegant tribute she has paid to our friend's memory in the exact and luminous "Sketch of the Character of the late Rev. Samuel Parr, LL.D."

The correspondence of Dr. Parr with his pupils, was often too personal to admit publication, and in some instances I am forbidden to publish what would be elucidatory of character and events. Those printed in the Appendix, are selected from a large mass, with every attention that I could pay to feelings of delicacy and decorum. To have expunged every sentence of a personal nature, instead of character, would have exhibited only a caput mortuum of insipidity.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Second Marriage — Reconciliation to his Grandchildren—Habits—Manners.

The second marriage of Dr. Parr was an event contemplated by him soon after the separation of his interests from those of his grandchildren. It was not carried into execution till December 1816.

This connection with Miss Eyre, the sister of his friend the Rev. James Eyre, was much opposed by those who were intimately acquainted with Dr. Parr's internal domestic economy; by John Bartlam especially, who knew, that the entire confidence placed by Parr in his household at Hatton, and his determination not to suffer the existing arrangements to be disturbed even by a wife, could only be productive of disagreement. Fortunately, the good and amiable qualities of the second Mrs. Parr neutralized, to a considerable extent, many otherwise irreconcileable matters. Parr continued to act on his former plans, his old servants were continued in their places, and it is possible that Mrs. Parr found the part she had to act, was not always without difficulty. She maintained her part, however, with honour, and to the end did all that a good wife could do, to the entire satisfaction of Dr. Parr's true friends.

The immediate cause of Dr. Parr's reconciliation

to his grand-daughters, was the marriage of their father, Mr. Wynne. A diminished fortune, and an entailed estate, rendered a second marriage particularly desirable to a gentleman in his circumstances. But a second marriage placed two daughters, grown up to woman's estate, in a situation with a step-mother of their own age, far different from that in which they were placed with their father alone. On the event therefore of his marriage, they took shelter with their grandfather, who received them with open arms, and gave them the whole shield of his protection. Thus was his household full of gladness. His beloved grand-daughters were restored to him. Mrs. Parr received them with unfeigned satisfaction, as the natural heirs of her husband's fortunes, and in no part was her conduct more disinterestedly good, than in the generous reception of the Miss Wynnes. I am more than happy to record the fact, that they lived happily together, till Caroline became the wife of the Rev. John Lynes,* rector of Elmley Lovett, Worcestershire.

With the increase of Dr. Parr's real happiness, came the external shew of it in the increase of his fortune.

To no one had been more fully exemplified the

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* I have mentioned Dr. Hughes's name before, on the affairs of the Queen. It was he who revealed Lord Cholmondeley's opinion on that business, to Mr. Lynes.

MY DEAR DOCTOR, *Cholmondeley Castle, Oct.* 1. 1822.

Permit me to offer you my sincere and most hearty congratulations on the marriage of your amiable grand-daughter to our worthy excellent friend. I am confident, with all your eloquence, you could not express the happiness you feel on the

truth of the maxim, "throw thy bread on the waters, and it shall return to thee after many days." Struggling with narrow circumstances, and fighting for reputation, half his life had been spent in drudgery or in battle. The defeat at Harrow was the main misfortune of his life. There he had thrown his fate upon a single cast, and with too much precipitancy had declined all contest, save where the crown was in strife. This defeat led him into many errors, and above all his retreat to Stanmore.

I would repeat, that had Parr remained in his situation at Harrow, or had he taken shelter quietly at Cambridge, after the defeat at Harrow, his fortunes would have been different; that he would not have failed, as he did fail, at Stanmore; and that he would have succeeded, as he must have succeeded, *greatly*, in some other situation. Society must always want, and will always necessarily employ, such characters.

We have seen Parr rising up against all the disadvantages which tended to fix him to the ground. In early youth, arriving at great eminence for learning; then disappointed in his fondest and justest hopes; then rashly embarking in an enterprise of peril, and staking the fortune of life upon the

occasion; as I well know the high situation Mr. Lynes possesses in your esteem for honour, integrity, and true benevolence of heart. That high esteem and unalterable friendship is now cemented by a union still nearer, dearer, and most amiable.

Esto perpetua — with the venerable name of Parr. I request my best remembrances and congratulations to Mrs. Parr. I am, my dear Doctor, with high respect and sincerest esteem, yours faithfully, J. Hughes.

issue of a die: embarrassing himself with immoveable engagements; then changing his scheme again and again. At length, embarking on the sea of politics, he becomes attached to the greatest political men of the day; he is looked up to by scholars, and his learning is admitted on all sides. His political party flatter him with the phantom of preferment, and yet he is left with nothing to boast of but that he deserved preferment without possessing it. In the midst of these public disappointments, beloved by his friends, and respected even by his adversaries, his age advances. Such is the picture of his life at the period to which I have brought it—the reconciliation of his grand-daughters. I shall therefore now endeavour to trace the outlines of some parts of character, which my intimacy with him enables me to do with freedom, dare I say? with exactness.

In domestic life, Parr was too great a scholar, and too studious a man, to be the exact favourite of the drawing-room. All was to yield to his wishes, all was to be regulated by his habits. The ladies were obliged to bear his tobacco, or to give up his company; and at Hatton now and then, he was the tyrant of the fire-side. But he was so good humoured in his disposition, and was so easily led by kindness, that the cloud never lasted long, and the thunder was soon succeeded by sunshine and by calm. At table he has been called an Epicurean glutton. In society he has often been denominated a bear, and his moroseness, and impracticability, and severity, were the terror of many weak and effeminate spirits. It is not true that he was a glutton. He only loved a good dinner, as all

healthy men with good appetites, and many studious men without them, love it.

He had some peculiarities in feeding, which lasted through life. He could seldom be prevailed on to sit at table where there was salmon or cheese. And he had some likings which were equally remarkable.* These, from the habit of sitting at table with his pupils, he used to appropriate in such a manner, that to a stranger he might appear greedy; but it was not so. He had a good appetite, and ate heartily, and from the necessities of his pedagogic life, quickly. When he was living with his friends quietly, he was contented with the plainest fare; and at my table, he more than once tried to conquer his repugnances. I contend, therefore, that he was not a glutton, and that only a casual observer could have so designated his table habits. The table indeed is so much the resource of civilized life, and of refinement, that he who despises its comforts, or decries its luxuries, must be either a cynic or a hypocrite, if he be not a philosopher. One fourth of the latter part of the day is spent at table equally by the diligent and the gay; among these classes of society, therefore, it is of prime necessity. To the man of study it is a necessary recreation; and even in the most humble walks of life the spread board, the comfortable repast at night, prepared by the careful and cleanly housewife, the *nitida conjux*, is the reward of him

* Dear Parr (says the Bishop of Cloyne), send me a two-penny post letter what fish you like. I have ordered hot lobster, *grass*, and roast chicken.

who has toiled all day, and gained his bread by the sweat of his brow. I never yet saw the individual, sound in body and mind, who really despised the pleasures of the table. Providence has made the desire of food our chief need. The habits and the opportunities of individuals modify the indulgence and the manner of using the need. Still, to the healthy man, it is an indulgence as well as a need, and he will be sure to gratify it according to the demands of his appetite, or the suggestions of his prudence. Milton has made the table one of the enjoyments of heaven:

> They eat, they drink, and with refection sweet,
> Quaff immortality and joy; secure of surfeit
> Where full measure only bounds excess
> Before the all-bounteous King.

The question turns entirely on excess; and what physician will dare to account that excessive in A, who requires full measure, because B. only requires half measure? It is only the surfeited, bloated selfish gourmand, who can be truly called a glutton. And he is a poor logician or a cynical observer, who mistakes relish and appetite for epicurism and sensuality. Such was Dr. Parr's case; his frame required full measure, he took it with relish, he was not particular in his choice; his habits were not nice or exact, on account of the short time he could spare for the table when he was a schoolmaster; and hence he has been maligned in this particular. He drank wine copiously, but not profusely, at dinner, but seldom after it; and he mixed water frequently with his wine. His pipe was his excess; and to

great excess he used it. He was taught to smoke by his friend David Roderick, who brought the practice from Queen's College, Oxford, of which he was a member. In process of time, Dr. Sumner, and several of the assistants of Harrow, acquired the bad habit; and it was one of Dr. Sumner's arts, in the latter period of his life, to fill his pipe aside, again and again; at the same time begging Parr not to depart till he had finished his pipe, in order that he might detain him in the evening as long as possible. Mr. Roderick now laments that he ever introduced the pipe, from the excess in which Parr indulged in tobacco; not indeed at Harrow, but after he went to Stanmore, and during the remainder of his life.* I am not convinced that this habit was productive of bad consequence to his health, though it was often inconvenient to his friends. Tobacco has been called the anodyne of poverty, and the opium of the western world. To Parr, whose nerves were extremely irritable, and sensibility immoderate, perhaps it was a necessary anodyne. It calmed his agitated spirits; it assisted his private ruminations; it was his companion in anxiety; it was his helpmate in composition. Have we not all seen him darkening the air with its clouds, when his mind was labouring with thought?

His pipe was so necessary for his comfort, that he always left the table for it, and the house of the

* Wolf, in Litt. Anal. iv. 553, states incorrectly, "Er soll es manchmall an einem Abend, bis zu 20 pfeifen gebracht haben." Perhaps a fourth part of the number would be nearer the mark.

person he visited, if it was not prepared. His pipe produced another inconvenience at table. At one time he selected the youngest lady to light it after the cloth was drawn; and she was obliged to stand within his arms and to perform various ludicrous ceremonies. Latterly his best friends persuaded him to decline this practice.

Another peculiarity of habit was, to open the windows of the dining-room for air, as he termed it; thus exposing ladies, when dressed, to the cold current of air. This inconvenient practice, he was often persuaded to modify, but never entirely to abandon.

To the lady of the house, though a ceremonious, Dr. Parr was sometimes a troublesome guest. When he was thwarted or attacked, or in company of those he disliked or suspected, he certainly had the power of being most exquisitely disagreeable.

His fondness for ringing, and knowledge of bells is well-known. I find among his papers various notices of his ringing certain bells; the tenor here and there; and he could tell the weight and tone of almost every great bell in Europe. He was accustomed to ring peals on bells at Harrow. All his personal friends knew, and paid for, his attachment to the little peal of bells in Hatton church. In 1794 there was a subscription, and in 1807 another. The bells cost upwards of £300, and Parr himself gave the tenor, which weighs upwards of 13 cwt. I shall only copy one letter from the Rev. B. Chapman, of Caius College, on this subject:

DEAR SIR,

The Master gave me your letter; the whole of it I have not been able to make out, even with his assistance. We were able however, to understand the peal you are desirous of ringing; and I shall inclose a *note* towards it; it is not a bob-major, but as it is according to your own suggestion, I trust it will harmonize properly. Such as it is, I send it with great pleasure. I am very fond of bells; and moreover in these times, we Tories are glad of an opportunity of supporting church or steeple. Believe me to remain, dear Sir, yours very faithfully,

B. CHAPMAN.

The liberalities to the church of Hatton were not confined to the bells. The pockets of his friends were twice taxed for the painted windows, and twice for other decorations. He also instituted a little choir, and himself endowed it with an organ.

He was fond of the pomp and ceremony of cathedral worship, and was led by it probably, to attend oratorios, rather than by love of music. For though he listened for a short time, he always joined his own chords in songs, seldom very happily. He was soon tired, and I never observed in him that wrapt feeling described by Petrarca, as the effect of music,

> che nell' anima si sente
> L'andar celeste, e'l vago spirto ardente
> Ch'ogni dur rompe, et ogni altezza inchina.

Had that high feeling of the elevated and the sublime, which constantly was marked by manner and expression, on his hearing or reading the heroic deeds and magnanimous sentiments of the great and the good, been excited in his mind by

music of any kind, it must have been observed; for he never concealed his feelings. When he chose to enlarge on the powers of music, no man could do it more copiously or more appropriately. In like manner his speech was rich in illustration of every kind, on every subject; and he could be apophthegmatic, or sententious, or vehement, according as he wished to impress his hearer, or awe his antagonist, by some sudden burst of massive or gorgeous declamation. On these occasions he never wielded the light arms of the skirmisher, but always stept forth with his Herculean club. His merriment was never light.

Laughable images sometimes played about his fancy: he was happy, he was gay, he was merry; but his gaiety was boisterous, his merriment was not hearty long. He soon relapsed into the grave, didactic, and the conversational; and if he discharged a witticism, it was a sarcasm. He thought with Martial,

> Dulcia cum tantum scribas epigrammata semper,
> Et cerussata candidiora cute,
> Nullaque mica salis, nec amari fellis in illis
> Gutta sit; o demens, vis tamen illa legi.

His conversation, like his writing, had plenty of grains of salt, and drops of bitter gall.

His greatest powers, even greater often than those exhibited in his laboured compositions, were called forth by conversation. In society, where he chose to display himself, he neither was nor could be equalled. Of course he was not always agreeable in common and general society. Those who were

fond of display could not bear being out-displayed, and I have seldom seen him in company that he bore contradiction without indignation.*

It was in his cheerful hour when, in the society of men and women he respected, or who looked up to him for improvement; when his spirits were calm, his temper unruffled; when the atmosphere around him was genial and placid; when no one dogmatised, or dictated, or contradicted, or uttered sentiments derogatory from truth: in the society of those whom he did not suspect, his mind, grave and collected, then showed the amplitude of its power, and his heart the depth of his goodness. He would then pour forth the stores of his understanding in language pure as that of Plato, and utter truths worthy of Socrates. Sometimes he would playfully illustrate the wild or sweet fancies of poesy; sometimes link together the mingled facts of history; and sometimes, in his graver moments, enter into the sanctuary of truth itself, and expound the weighter matters of the law. Then, would he display the intrinsic worth of his character; his deep and devoted piety, his unsullied purity of mind, his probity, his integrity, his mighty intellect, his unrivalled accomplishments, his supreme com-

* Smarting under the lash (he said) I sometimes brandish against dullness combined with conceit and ignorance, hardened by effrontery. Blockheads have imputed to me literary pride. Insolent and low-minded sciolists have murmured against me for having a churlish temper, when they themselves had insidiously and wantonly, but not with impunity, provoked me.—Remarks, p. 44.

mand over language—then, like an angel would he instruct. Often and often, have I at such times listened to him with rapture, and caught eagerly every syllable that passed from his lips; and as long as I live, or at least, as long as I have reason, I believe that no hour will pass over my head, in which I cannot trace from recollection or association, some advantage derived from his precepts, his writings, or his conversation.

Against such a character as Dr. Parr's the nature of human infirmity does not permit us to suppose, but that prejudices must have been formed and encouraged. Against so sturdy a political partizan, political partizans on the other side, equally sturdy, would necessarily conflict—nor is such warfare, fairly carried on, entirely to be deprecated. But the creatures and sub-ministers of political faction are not always kept in restraint by their leaders. The under dogs of war will growl and chafe, even when the chase is over. We have seen how Parr was pursued during the perilous times of the French war by political animosities. Indeed, he was so much dreaded, or hated, on account of his politics at that time, that some persons thought it almost a crime to meet him in society, and most narrowly was he watched by political bigots, and sometimes even his most innocent expressions were misstated or mistaken.

A ludicrous instance of the perversion of his meaning, occurred when he was dining at Mr. Cox's of Wootton, with the Rev. Robert Sumner, vicar of Kenilworth, father of the learned and highly preferred Dr. Sumner of our own day, and nephew to

his beloved preceptor the master of Harrow. After dinner, some Cambridge topics were discussed, of a literary kind, on which Mr. Sumner differed from Parr, who good humouredly said, " Pooh! Sumner, you are a King's man, you have a licence to be a fool." This speech was soon circulated through the neighbourhood, and interpreted of course in a political sense, as if Dr. Parr had applied this expression to every friend of the King: whereas he merely meant (and that only in good-humoured playfulness) to allude to the exemption of the members of King's College, of which Mr. Sumner had been a fellow, from the usual Senate House examination for their degrees, they having a right to demand their degree, and succeeding of course to a fellowship at their college without examination, as vacancies occur. Perhaps he alluded to Bentley's parody on a well-known Greek epigram, when, speaking of Nicholas Hardinge.

" Regii mali sunt, non unus et alter ; omnes præter Hardingium, et Hardingius Regius est."

That Parr did not apply this in a bad sense, may be inferred from the estimation in which he held his learned friends, the present Provost of King's, and Master of Eton—as well from the praises he has poured forth on Doctors George, Barnard, Heath, Barford, and Mr Gaches, and his particular approbation of Eton, as a seminary of learning. It was said in playfulness, of a college which he really held in honour, to a person for whom he had sincere esteem.

On the score of discipline he was often attacked,

not only as an Orbilius, but as one who transgressed against the liberal views of the enlightened age in which he lived. At a public dinner in Liverpool a gentleman, more distinguished for his worth than for his courtesy and politeness, cried out to him from one end of the table to the other, "I hope, Dr. Parr, that you have given up that abominable system of flogging which you were formerly so fond of." Parr did not choose to hear him, upon which he in a still louder tone repeated the remark, and insisted on being informed of his opinion on discipline, and whether he did not think it a good thing. Parr then put down his pipe, and solemnly addressing Dr. C. said,

"Yes, Sir, I do think discipline a good thing; for it is discipline that makes the soldier, it is discipline that makes the scholar, it is discipline that makes the gentleman. And, Sir, it is the want of discipline, which has made you what you are."

My excellent friend Mr. Joseph Strutt, of Derby, was present on the occasion, and related to me the anecdote.

On his first settling in Warwickshire, Dr. Parr's acquaintance was with the High Church Party, and we have seen how he was associated with them against the repeal of the Test laws. The change of his opinions, and his avowed declarations concerning the French Revolution, soon connected him with other associates. In the borough of Warwick he was an active partizan against the Castle, and even obtained a vote to oppose it. Yet was he acquainted intimately with many Tories of the country. Mr. Court Dewes, senior, of Wellesbourne, was not

only his visitor, but his correspondent; Mr. Bromley, of Bagington, Dr. Bree, of Stratford, Mr. Lewis, of Malvern, Mr. Leigh, of Stoneleigh, Mr. Wise, of the Priory, Mr. Webb, of Sherburne, were some of his friends, and all of them his visiting acquaintance. Mr. Greatheed, of Guy's Cliff, Mr. Willes, of Newbold, Mr. Gaches, of Wooton, Mr. Knight, of Barrels, Mr. Ferrers, of Baddesley, the Lords Dormer, formed a circle about him of true friends, who valued and could appreciate his qualities. The kind hearted, high principled, and true country gentlemen, Mr. West, Mr. Middleton Biddulph, and Mr. Canning, of Foxcote, though less within reach, gladly embraced all opportunities of showing him respect; and his friends at Warwick, Kenilworth, and Leamington, were constantly his associates when he migrated from home, and not to the distance of Birmingham, or Alcester, or Shrewsbury, or finally of Elmley. There are many names not inserted here to whom I should wish to pay that tribute of respect, which is due to every friend of Dr. Parr from me, but I believe that some mention has been made of every one in the course of these memoirs.

The correspondence will have shown that Dr. Parr celebrated his birth-day regularly, either at his own house, or at some one of the houses of his friends, for many years previously to his death. At Dr. E. Johnstone's house, at Lady Wood, he celebrated it in the year 1803; and successively at my house, at Dr. Butler's, at Mr. John Bartlam's, at Mr. Dealtry's, at Lord Tamworth's, and elsewhere was the feast held. The company consisted of those friends, who

were within visiting distance, and varied accordingly. At Hatton, during the four last years of his life, it was attended by Lord Dormer, Mr. Leigh, and Mr. Chandos Leigh, Mr. Hanbury Tracey, Mr. Talbot, the present Earl of Shrewsbury, Mr. Greatheed, Mr. Willes, of Newbold, and Mr. Edward Willes, Mr. Holyoake, of Studley Castle, Mr. West, the Mr. Parkes, of Warwick, Mr. Archdeacon Butler, the Rev. Mr. Brooks, of Coventry, the Rev. Mr. Podmore, of Monk's Kirby, the Rev. Mr. Kendall, of Warwick, the Rev. Rann Kennedy, of Birmingham, Mr. Canning, of Foxcote, Dr. Male, Dr. Middleton, Dr. Hill, Dr. Bourne, Dr. Marsh, with many other occasional guests from a distance and the neighbourhood. The feast was sumptuous, the wines were rich and various, and the master was always in his glory. I shall copy* two or three lists of toasts, and it will be amusing to the reader to observe how delicately the choragus introduced his own political sentiments into a company, materially differing in their opinions. The waters of the Rhone and the Arve never passed in current together more equably without mingling, than did these meetings, notwithstanding. But upon these occasions the company was called upon more than once to witness an exertion of his fortitude. In the year 1821, from the same causes which produced his ultimate disorder, Parr was afflicted with incipient mortification of the fingers of his right hand. Two days before the feast even his safety was doubtful. But the sphacelating

* Appendix.

process was stopped, and in spite of the intreaties of myself, Dr. Hill, Dr. Middleton, and Dr. Male, he resolved to appear among his friends. And he did appear. He was dressed out in his best apparel —his fullest wig—his velvet coat, with the scarf bound in the frogs—his hands were muffled and enveloped in ferment, and one of the servants attended to feed him. In this apparel he conversed as usual with gaiety; nor was it obvious, except to a few who knew him best, that the tone of his mind was more sober, and more grave. To the common class of readers it is impossible to convey the ideas that pervaded such a mind as his, under such circumstances; or to show how little it is under the command of those who are deemed responsible for their advice. Even in the dying hour it is not obedient to common rules, and I could mention my own father as an example of like conduct. When labouring under mortal dyspnæa six and thirty hours before his death, no persuasion could induce him not to undertake a long professional journey during my absence. It can only be said that he did not die in his carriage.

On the occasions of Dr. Parr's birth-day his table was most abundantly supplied with game, and provisions, and delicacies, from all quarters. The supply from Holkham was worthy of the donor. The Duke of Sussex, the Duke of Bedford, many of his old pupils, many of the followers of the Queen, and many of his own neighbours, were the contributors. The Episcopal Park at Hartlebury supplied him with venison several times, and the present was accom-

panied in January 1825 with a Latin epistle from the learned and dignified prelate who now adorns the see of Worcester, written in a style and with a purity, which Bentley would have been compelled to praise in his fellow Johnian. Dr. Parr did not live to read it, and I lament to say that I am not permitted to publish it.

It was said that a great statesman objected to the promotion of Dr. Parr to ecclesiastical dignity, because he was not popular in his profession. The time will come, when all rivalry is silenced by the unconquerable leveller, that this subject may be discussed without passion and without prejudice—when the hireling aspirant shall be dumb, and his malignant services, and the high rewards he received for them, shall be forgotten; and when the hypocritical time-server shall give an account, not to corrupt masters, but to a righteous judge. In the mean time I assert that, except to such characters, Dr. Parr was not unpopular among his own brethren. Let me call the cloud of witnesses, bishops, priests, and deacons, who bear witness to his merits by their written testimony.* In his own neighbourhood he was courted by the main body of the clergy, he was the patron of all the needy, and the friend of the learned and the good. Prejudice or humour offered occasional exceptions; but I speak of the main body, and with pleasure do I pronounce the names of the Rev. Daniel Gaches, of Messrs. Kendal, Howel, Evans, Wise, Roberts,

* Appendix—Correspondence,

Short, Blyth, Barker, Ellis, Wren, Palmer, Heath, Rufford, Annesley, Carleton, Dolben, Cormouls, Webb; the Mr. Williams, Dr. Davenport, Dr. Wade, Mr. Cattell; Messrs. Langhame, Woodington, Leigh, John Morley, and James Eyre. He had an altercation with Mr. Boudier, and entertained prejudices against some of the Birmingham clergy; but in general, whether high or low church, Whig or Tory, Tros Tyriusve, he was respected by his brethren.

As a Parish Priest he said of himself, "I have in two instances made Dryden's 'Good Parson' my model.

> I've preach'd the joys of heav'n and pains of hell:
> And warn'd the sinner with becoming zeal;
> But on eternal mercy lov'd to dwell.
> I've taught the Gospel rather than the Law;
> And forc'd myself to drive, but lov'd to draw.

These, and various other quotations from Dryden's "Good Parson," he adopted as his own sentiments. But I must descend to particulars to make his qualities as a Parish Priest more distinctly understood.

When he first came to Hatton, in a letter to Homer, dated July 3, 1786, he writes thus:

> I have an excellent house, good neighbours, and a Poor, ignorant, dissolute, insolent, and ungrateful beyond all example. I like Warwickshire very much. I have made great regulations, viz. bells chime three times as long; Athanasian Creed; Communion Service at the altar; Swearing Act; children catechised every first Sunday in the month; private baptisms discouraged; public performed after second lesson; recovered £100 a year left the poor, with interest amounting to £115, all of which I am to put out and settle a trust in the spring; examining all the charities.

He endeavoured to make himself acquainted with every individual in his parish; and he would have been friendly to all, had he not been somethwarted by the churlish, or the avaricious. But these were merely exceptions, and even these exceptions were rare. From the beginning to the end he was generally on the best terms with all his parishioners. He visited them all; he attended their clubs; he went into their cottages, and smoked his pipe with the meanest of them. At the table of Mr. Bellamy, his most opulent neighbour, he was a very frequent and welcome guest; and after his decease, at the board of his most excellent and sensible widow. It would be unjust, indeed, to this lady not to remark that, as Miss Wilson, Mrs. Bellamy, and now Mrs. Edwards, she was the friend and companion of Mrs. Parr and her daughters; and held in the highest estimation by the doctor.

Parr was the father of his parish. His manner of instructing them was affectionate and familiar, and well adapted to the meanest capacity. He explained as he went along; and if any particular occurrence in regard to morals or discipline, had taken place during the week, he was sure to notice it.

In contingent emergencies he was zealous for, and watchful over the interests of his parishioners, nor did any local occurrence, involving guilt, or even faultiness, of a higher class, escape his public notice. From the desk or the pulpit, in the more atrocious cases, he even mentioned the parties by name, and always designated them and the fault

that had been committed, in such a way that the picture could not fail of being recognized. How much he was observed in the discharge of his clerical duty by zealots on all sides, I have before remarked; and fortunate it is for his biographer, that his own written documents can be always produced to vindicate his conduct.*

Of his manner of performing the service, the recollection cannot yet have passed away. After Leamington became a popular watering place, many of the visitors there were frequently allured to his church, and few Sundays passed without some other strangers being led to it by the celebrity of the minister.

Political subjects were never introduced into his discourses, except on those days appointed by the government for Thanksgiving or for Fasts. But on two occasions he departed from his general rule. Before he read the prayer appointed in the service on the escape of the Regent in 1817, he explained his own opinions on the danger incurred, and on the necessity of introducing it among the devotions of the sanctuary. The omission of the Queen's name in the Liturgy, on the accession of her husband to the throne, induced him to make an entry in the Prayer Book of Hatton church. On other occasions of a more personal and private nature, either in the bidding prayer, or the prayer of supplication, or thanksgiving, his introduction of the topics was marked by that fervency and unction,

* See the Appendix, at the close of vol. VIII.

which always filled his mind when sacred matters were the theme.

On his recovery in 1821, from the sphacelation of his fingers, he thus addressed himself:

For reasons which you will hear presently, your minister desires publicly to return thanks to Almighty God:

Particularly for the late recovery of me, thy suppliant, upon whom, amidst many imperfections, Thou hast vouchsafed to bestow:—the advantages of a learned education; the sweet and hallowed pleasures of friendship with wise and virtuous men; an early and unfeigned love of sincerity and conscious integrity, as far preferable to the allurements of worldly profit, and worldly honours; a spirit too well disciplined by serious reflection to be either swollen with pride in the sunshine of prosperity, or crushed into despondency under the pressure of adversity; principles of candour and moderation towards the teachers and members of all churches, and all sects, professing to bow the knee in the adorable name of our common Redeemer; an earnest desire to obtain, by Thy aid, that gift of charity which is the very bond of peace and of all virtues, and therefore which the apostle pronounces to be more excellent than the knowledge of mysteries, and even the faith which can remove mountains; sympathy to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions; promptness to relieve the indigent; firmness to defend the calumniated, and to succour the desolate and oppressed; a competency for the support and comfort of old age; the enjoyment of bodily health, rarely interrupted; the use of intellectual faculties, hitherto little impaired; and such a continuance of existence, that at the close of January last I, under Thy protection, completed a sixth year beyond the three score and ten, which the Psalmist describes as the usual term of human life.

Parent of Good, it is a joyful and a pleasant thing to be thankful for these Thy blessings, temporal and spiritual.

It is very meet, right, and my bounden duty to meditate upon them in the closet, and to declare them in the sanctuary. May I then hope to be so guided and governed by Thy holy spirit, that

as long as I have any being, so long with my voice, and in my heart, I may sing praises unto Thee in this world; and that in the world to come, I, through Thy mercy, may be admitted into the glorious company of archangels, angels, and just men made perfect; and bending before Thy throne, may join with them in extolling

"Thee first, Thee midst, Thee last, and without end."

Furthermore they who now hear me, as well as myself, do bless Thee for our creation, preservation, &c.

And at the end of his Sermon on the death of George III. he has beautifully enlarged on this topic.

During Assize times, and seasons of public or private happiness or calamity, he offered up prayers adapted to the occasion:

Prayer for Assize time.

And at this solemn season appointed for the administration of public justice, more especially we supplicate Thee in behalf of those unhappy fellow-creatures, who by the tremendous severity of the laws are doomed speedily to die. Take from them, we beseech thee, all ignorance and hardness of heart. Pour on them that spirit of humble resignation and penitence unfeigned, which may console them amidst the gloom of dungeons and under the pressure of chains. Support their drooping spirits in the hour of death, and of thy infinite goodness and mercy forgive their sins in the awful day of judgment.

Dr. Parr's duties as a parish priest did not end in the pulpit or in the church. What he did there was done with dignity, and with the most emphatic devotion. He was the Patriarch addressing his children—he was the Seer declaring the will of his Maker—he was the Apostle dispensing the gracious promises of his Redeemer. If he had any defect, it was the same that Mr. Roderick complained of in

his instruction of youth. His capacity was too high, and elevated above that of his congregation; and though he endeavoured to descend and adapt himself to his hearers, his intellect was not proximate enough to theirs to make him always understood. On this account he often took a printed book of practical discourses into the pulpit, but seldom adhered to his text. He flew off from the text before him, and let loose a torrent of illustration from his own recollections and associations. His enunciation too, was sometimes defective. The lisp which naturally belonged to his speech, marred the distinctness of his public speaking at all times, and when he was warmed, he was too emphatic.

In the administration of the charities, he was watchful and impartial. In his attendance on the poor, he was unwearied and humane. The sick were fed from his table, and the necessitous relieved by his bounty. In no part of his character indeed was his goodness more conspicuous, than in the manner in which he performed his religious duties as a pastor, and his social duties as a neighbour; and were his reputation to rest only on these two points, we must be compelled to pronounce that he was of the number of those τῶν εἰδότων ἃ δεῖ πράττειν καὶ λέγειν, καὶ πρὸς θεοὺς καὶ πρὸς ἀνθρώπους.—Plat. Alc. II.

CHAPTER XXV.

Latter days—Death.

In the year 1822 Dr. Parr continued to take his usual excursions, and to visit among his friends. He dined at Fishmongers' Hall, meeting Lord Erskine and Lord St. Vincent, during his visit to the metro polis that summer, and there seemed no tendency to decay, and certainly there was no failure in his memory. The following year his feebleness of body began to manifest itself; but though his friends watched him with anxious and affectionate interest, no one could dare to say that his intellect waxed old. His habits were as industrious as ever, and he corresponded with his usual punctuality, and in his usual style.

In the summer of 1824 Dr. Parr's strength visibly declined—he lost his appetite, and, in part, his spirits; but the diminution of a certain portion of the buoyancy of his spirits added interest to his conversation, by giving a deeper and a graver tone to it. He went to the music meeting in Worcester, and though refreshed by the honours and kindness which were paid in homage to his character and learning, it was still obvious that his strength was declining. To Worcester he went in his coach and four, with

all the proper appointments and state. With this incumbrance he had embarrassed himself the year before on the increase of his prebendal income. That income, with the resources of his fortune, gave him upwards of three thousand a year, and it was one of the very early aspirations of his vanity, or love of pomp, to keep a coach and four. He now possessed what he wished for, but was not to enjoy it long. He came to me in October extremely debilitated, but in some measure recovered his appetite during his abode under my roof. Fifteen years before he had laboured under vertigo, the effect of his anxiety, not of repletion. He had been subject occasionally to erysipelatous eruptions: once he had a carbuncle; and I have stated before that in 1821 his hand had mortified. From this tendency to diseased action of the skin, he was easily affected by cold, and it was always a main endeavour with me to guard him as much as possible against its influence. Notwithstanding the coach and four, in the last month of 1824 he had been too fond of using a little open carriage, when he went to Warwick, or about the neighbourhood.

On the 16th of January 1825 Dr. Parr was as well as he had been for a long time before; he ate, he drank, he laughed, he enjoyed, he studied, he instructed. On that Sunday he did the whole duty in the church at Hatton, prayed, preached, christened a child, and, alas! buried a corpse. In this last duty he was probably overcome by fatigue, and probably benumbed by cold. For in the succeeding night he was seized with a long con-

tinued rigor, followed by fever and delirium. On the 18th appearances of erysipelatous inflammation spread over the right foot, the fever and delirium recurred, and on the 19th some tendency to sphacelus manifested itself in the skin of the heel. Prostration of strength, loss of appetite, and all the worst constitutional symptoms accompanied the local disorder, and in the progress of it, though the sphacelation did not spread, and though the left leg was affected by inflammation only, the powers of nature did not rally, the decline was gradual, and after the lingering of a month some of those local maladies incident to long illness and confinement to bed, contributed to render the case hopeless and remediless. Yet there were gleams of reason and consciousness, which would have been incredible in any other person. Even his delirium partook of his wonted elevation of mind, his courage was unsubdued, his piety increasing; and though he prayed for the release of death, he seldom murmured at pain. There appeared in the middle of February to be some chance from the longer cessation of delirium. About this time he called his wife, his grandchildren, and servants around him, and by a strong effort of voice and of mind, endeavoured to make his death-bed a place of instruction and of moral recollection. He confessed his weaknesses and his errors, and asked their forgiveness for any pain he might have inflicted upon them by petulant expressions, and haste of temper:

"I wished to be just and kind, as you know. My aim has been to make all about me happy. Pardon the infirmities

which have sometimes prevented me from carrying my intentions into effect. From the beginning of life I am not conscious of having fallen into a crime; my life, even my early life, was pure; and I believe I was never false, though I have been faulty. This conviction is now my main consolation. I trust in God through Christ for the pardon of my sins. I wish to die, though I am afraid to complain of my sufferings; I hope when I am gone that you will reflect upon these my last words, and that my blessing may be blessed to every one of you."

His voice before scarcely articulate, was audible and intelligible during this discourse, and the manner in which it was spoken was such, that a seer of Israel could hardly have rendered it more impressive.

During fifty days of suffering, and during which time he was more helpless than the new-born babe, it needs no great flight of the imagination to conceive that his fortitude and magnanimity were drawn upon to the utmost. Except, indeed, when his position was obliged to be moved, and the cry of anguish could not be repressed, he never repined, he never complained. Ejaculations of pious hope, and unfeigned confidence, frequently broke from him in murmurs of thankfulness or prayer: and his countenance, except when he was tortured with pain, had that pleasing expression which usually attended his calm and more agreeable conversations. From the first he was attended professionally by his friend Dr. Middleton, of Leamington, whose unwearied kindness and professional skill were successfully exerted to mitigate a part of those evils which it did not belong to medicine to cure. To Dr. Middleton he was warmly attached; under his advice he frequently used the baths of Leamington, and the

medicated waters, and visited him familiarly. Dr. Parr was under the surgical care of Mr. Richard Jones of Leamington, and gratefully did he acknowledge the humane and skilful treatment of this worthy practitioner. On Sunday the 6th of March the approach of death became more manifest; the pulsation of the artery at the wrist was imperceptible, yet he awoke conscious, spoke to Mrs. Lynes, and knew those around him. Gratefully affected by the attention I endeavoured to shew him, he appeared, from his attitude, repeatedly to bless me, and with the utmost emphasis of his dying voice, saluted me as his *most* dear friend. The expression of his countenance during the greater part of the day was almost divine. He could take no food, yet with short intervals of delirium had the most complete possession of his intellect. Not a murmur of impatience escaped him, except the words of kindness he whispered to those about him; all he uttered was devotional; and such was his frame of mind till five minutes before his death. He then became insensible, and departed by an inaudible expiration at six in the afternoon. Dr. Maltby attended the death-bed of his old master, and performed the duty in Hatton church on one of the Sundays when his condition had become hopeless. The impression of such a pupil praying for such a master, in that place where that master was never to appear again, may be more readily conceived than described.

On the 26th of January, his birthday, Archdeacon Butler came; I took him to the bed-side of

his dying friend, whose countenance beamed with joy at his approach. The manner in which he clasped our hands together and blessed us, as the two friends whom, next to his own grand-children, he loved best on earth, can never be forgotten by Dr. Butler or myself.

Dr. Parr was buried at Hatton on the 14th of March 1825, and the funeral was attended by Mr. Belcher, Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Jones, Rev. Mr. Langhane, Dr. John Johnstone, Dr. Middleton, and Dr. Bourne, Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Archdeacon Butler, D. D.; pall-bearers, Rev. Mr. Field, Rev. Mr. Newby, Rev. Dr. Wade, Rev. Mr. Kendall, Rev. Mr. Webb, Rev. Mr. Palmer, Rev. Mr. Podmore, Rev. Mr. Brooks; mourners, Rev. John Lynes, Mr. Harding, Mr. Eyre, Mr. Barnitt, Mr. Cotton, Mr. Bellamy, Mr. Aston, Mr. Thomas Ball, Mr. Abraham Ball, Mr. Payne, Mr. Morris, sen., Mr. Barnitt, Mr. May, Mr. Cattle, Mr. Morris, jun. Mr. Sturly, Mr. Styles, Mr. Chandler, Mr. Stowell.

Shortly before his death he wrote to Dr. Butler himself:

DEAR AND LEARNED NAMESAKE, *Nov.* 2, 1824.

This letter is important and strictly confidential. I have given John Lynes minute and plenary directions for my funeral. I desire you, if you can, to preach a short unadorned funeral sermon. Rann Kennedy is to read the lesson and grave service, though I could wish you to read the grave service also. Say little of me, but you are sure to say it WELL." * * *

In consequence of this letter, Dr. Butler preached the funeral sermon, and the Rev. Rann Kennedy read the burial service with affecting solemnity, and

with a mind tuned for his sacred office. The sermon was one of those impressive discourses, which, independent of the scene around, and the particular occasion, both almost awful in their solemnity, filled the mind with a mingled feeling of admiration, respect, and regret.

It was impossible not to lament the occasion. Though our friend had fallen ripe, and in due season, he had left no one behind to fill his place. No Parr was to be counted among the living. The preacher himself was not only a dear and confidential friend, but a distinguished scholar and divine, qualified to appreciate the powers and accomplishments of the mighty dead. He did appreciate them justly. He weighed his virtues and his piety in the balance of the sanctuary. He took gauge of his failings, and shewed where our friend was most a mortal man. He taught us where to respect and honour, and where to take warning. He, himself a superior scholar, taught us to reverence this master of scholars. In fine it was no common spectacle to view Samuel Butler in the pulpit of Samuel Parr, the mantle of the Elijah on the shoulder of Elisha, committing that prophet's body to the earth, and telling the people what was true concerning him, and instructing them with Gospel lessons, and fixing those lessons in their hearts, by the charms of his eloquence.

Dr. Butler was charged with introducing too many defects, and resting upon them too long, in his delineation of Dr. Parr's character. It was without reason that this blame was cast upon the

sermon. To have eulogized only, might have been stigmatized as sycophancy or partiality. When speaking from that pulpit; when looking into that grave, he might have exclaimed with Fléchier; "Oserois-je employer le mensonge dans l'éloge d'un homme qui fut la vérité même? ce tombeau s'ouvriroit, ces ossemens se ranimeroient pour me dire; pourquoi viens-tu mentir pour moi, qui ne mentis jamais pour personne?" He could not have dared to equivocate, nor did he colour the defects too highly. The praise was appropriate; the blame was just. He plainly discovered himself to be the friend, though not merely the panegyrist, of the departed. The estimation of character was fair and impartial; the composition was perspicuous, and elegant; the topics were appropriate, and the delivery manly and affectionate; and though there was no aim at pathos, or affectation of tenderness, so really affecting was the conduct of the whole ceremony, that many a sob was heard, and every eye was moist, and every bosom heaved with emotion.

This Memoir must have failed entirely in its purpose, if it has not already placed the character of Dr. Parr in a strong light before the reader. Gifted by nature with a vigorous and capacious mind, his appetite for knowledge enabled him to provide for the gigantic growth which it attained.

In his fourteenth year, his talents placed him at the head of his schoolfellows in a large seminary; and the fortunate coincidence of such a master as Dr. Sumner, and such juvenile friends as Sir William Jones and Bishop Bennet, gave a form to his

character, which was only checked in its palmy towering by poverty and misfortune. When first launched on the ocean of life, he suffered shipwreck, but was not destroyed. He rose up in spite of a hasty marriage and indiscreet settlement, and gradually toiled his way to celebrity, though not to riches. Again he suffered shipwreck, by mingling too fiercely in political discussion; and by a strange chain of events never received even the pittance of the refuse of the spoil, which usually falls to the lot of those, who are only followers of the political army. But time did that for him which fortune refused to do,—his little barrel of meal and his little cruise of oil did not fail, and old age met him in abundance, and even affluence.

But it is necessary that I descend from these generalities to survey his character under those peculiar aspects, in which it was most conspicuously useful. As a teacher, I have already enlarged on those qualities, which placed him at the head of that most important part of the community —his profound knowledge—his accurate taste—his command of language—his authority over the minds of those he instructed, and his power of stirring up capacity and forming intellect, and his increasing endeavour to employ and redeem time.

Among the other powers of his mind, his memory was to the last conspicuous. Not that kind of memory which retained volumes of trifles, and poured out page after page of recollected matter indiscriminately, whether from a novel, a farce, or a sermon. Not a memory of detail, if the expression is fair,

but a memory of fact; the faculty of recollecting all the abstract knowledge of a subject, of the controversies about it, and of the writers upon it. Every conversation of his was in some sort a lecture; he declared the matter, he expounded it, he illustrated it, and nothing that bore the slightest relation to it was either unknown to him or forgotten by him. It was impossible not to be lost in admiration, whilst hearing him declaim on some topic started without premeditation, which was deemed remote from his usual course of study, at the profundity of his knowledge, the copiousness of his diction, and the richness of his illustration.

Of the peculiar faculties of his mind, judgment was not the most conspicuous, "magis magnos clericos, non esse magis magnos sapientes," and I think no other proof of this assertion is required, than the publication of Bellendenus. If the praise of the Coalition was the object, and this object seems to have been anxiously followed up from the republication of Rapin to the actual publication of the preface to Bellendenus, there were many better ways of conciliating the regard of a patron, and the esteem of a party, than fulsome praise or unqualified blame. The direct panegyric is as coarse, as the direct attack is virulent; and though both are flavoured with the salt of classic lore, they are too highly seasoned to be perfectly attic. Yet do I believe that he was not seduced by envious or sordid motives to this attack, for he was utterly "exempt from all the secret throbs, all the perfidious machinations, and all the mischievous meannesses of envy."

The consciousness of his own unrivalled superiority saved him from this base passion. No man ever acknowledged the merit of other men with greater alacrity and warmth, or was less susceptible of damning with faint praise the talents with which he himself was not endowed. He loved learning and piety, and cherished and encouraged their growth wheresoever he found them; but was somewhat jealous of those who had passed him in the race of preferment, with qualifications less, or not greater than his own. Hence his injustice to Paley; and hence too his constant exactions from Bishop Bennet and his more fortunate schoolfellows, of never-failing observance and respect; and hence too that suspicion which was a cloud hanging over his character, and often darkening his partiality for those persons who, in their attempts to soar, forgot any one of their old friends or former opinions.

Of his skill in saying all that could be said on every side of every question, the comparisons of Warburton, and Hurd, and Fox, and Pitt, are striking examples; but this power of antithesis is conspicuous throughout all his compositions:

ἐπέων δὲ πολὺς νομὸς ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα·

The putting of questions in all shapes and positions was his delight, as to think vigorously and accurately was his talent. But of all his powers, sagacity was the most extraordinary. When he had considered a question dispassionately and thoroughly, his determination was wise and just, and the terms in which it was conveyed somewhat ora-

cular. How frequently have I heard him predict, without effort, and by a sort of inspiration, the certain consequences of certain actions or events, and the fate of the actors. Others knew as well as I do, this faculty of Dr. Parr, and could relate many instances of the fulfilment of his predictions. But this biographical sketch is not intended to be the vehicle of anecdote; I shall therefore content myself with stating the fact.

It may be, however, useful to pause awhile, to consider this remarkable faculty, remarkable as it was in him, from his instantaneous perception of the common effect of causes; for it cannot be supposed that I assign to it any thing supernatural, or any thing out of the ordinary progress of human effort. Sagacity, in its general acceptation, is a sharp insight, an acute penetration, a quickness of understanding and of discovering. Locke says, sagacity finds out the intermediate ideas, to discover what connection there is in each link of the chain whereby the extremes are held together; or, in other words, sagacity sees at once the whole chain of the reasonings on a specific subject, and the connection that holds it together. It is the pont-volant of the mind, which carries thought by a quick progress over the stream of speculation. Whence arises this faculty? Is it common to men of learning and accomplishments? How is it generated? Who are those who possess it?

Of the sagacity of Dr. Parr I do not speak in the sense of worldly feeling—of being wise in his generation. Certainly he was one of the children of light

in this particular. No man ever knew so little how to apply his mighty talents to a great purpose. He was perpetually combating shadows; his skiomachy became proverbial. He was not wise in his generation. His original education, the fondness of his mother, the oddities of his father, his genius, his conformation, his studies urged on from infancy, then intermitted and interrupted by his occupation in his father's shop, then begun again, and pursued with redoubled ardour; his intimate connection with Jones and Bennet; his emulation, his pride, the praises of Dr. Sumner, the ambitious views encouraged by him: all these, intermingled with his defective academical education, and the excitement of a college life, from which he was withdrawn by necessity and poverty, formed a web and woof of character so strangely diversified, that no wonder the pattern was confused, the general effect of the whole fabric spoiled, and that a man of the world was not wrought out of the discordant materials. Dr. Parr, affecting, as he always did, this character, was quite remote from it. He had no tact, no giving way, no yielding property of mind. He was Dr. Parr wheresoever he was; and though, as John Bartlam used to say, he frequently imagined himself only a mouse in a corner, his roar was ever heard, he could not be concealed.

But though he was not acquainted with himself, though he pursued not his own private and personal interests, though the least accommodating of men, when he imagined himself the most so, yet when knowledge of certain kinds was concerned, he was

transcendent. In classical literature he was supreme. In theology, in history, in metaphysics, he was more knowing than most men. As a teacher of youth, he knew the wayward character of man in the early stages of the formation of his intellect; he knew all the trickery, the wild wit, the invention of childhood. From his own earliest life he had been occupied as a teacher, and as the companion of boys, so that in estimating the quality of actions and their consequences, he acquired almost an intuition. The same has been the invariable character of great generals, and great statesmen; they saw at a glance, without apparent reflection. It has been also remarked of celebrated physicians, that they had a sort of instinctive knowledge of diseases, that they saw at a glance, without much meditation. This has been often the fact; but it has been only the fact where the mind was acute, where it was well-informed, where it had been early informed, where the opportunities of seeing disease and studying it had been many, and the opportunity constantly employed. Under such circumstances the character of Hippocrates, of Radcliffe, of Sydenham, and of Boerhaave were formed. By such an education the accuracy and quickness of observation became almost instinct—an electric dart to the conclusion, without any apparent stop at intermediate reasoning. They perceived in an instant what other persons were obliged to acquire the knowledge of by long looking, their optics having been cleared, their visual nerves of intellect purged by early training and application.

In no way was this sagacity more frequently exercised by Parr, than in detecting aberrations from truth or consistency. Of all men I ever knew, he was the greatest truth-thinker and truth-teller. He never suffered in conversation a falsehood even in joke; and hence arose, not uncommonly, his embarrassment in understanding jokes, bon-mots, and equivoques. Against falsehood he made war ad internecionem, and many of his misunderstandings and quarrels may be traced to this principle, and to the castigations he gave his dearest friends, when he suspected them of tergiversation.

Such was Dr. Samuel Parr: fit to be the companion of the mighty, and the instructor of the wise. Half his life was wasted in the drudgery of a pedagogue and a preceptor.

Had be been trusted with a high station, there is no doubt that he would have filled it with high actions, for his learning exceeded that of any one of his contemporaries, and the works he has left behind him will bear comparison with the classical compositions of antiquity, for elegance of style; and of our own or any other country, for purity of sentiment.

The great bulk of Dr. Parr's property depended on the beneficial lease of his prebendal estate. His Norfolk estate had been settled on the marriage of Mr. Lynes with Miss Wynne. He had left legacies to the amount of near £6,000. The library was to be sold for a smaller sum if it could be kept together; so that the provision he had made for Mrs. Parr would have swallowed up every thing, had not the lease been valid. In the construction of this

lease Dr. Parr had taken the utmost pains to secure its validity. He had consulted the Bishop of London, who had referred him to his Secretary, Mr. Hodgson, for advice how to render it valid. The lease had been renewed every year, and yet, after Parr's death, we had the mortification to find that by the 80th clause of an Act of Parliament passed in 1820, for another purpose, prebendal leases were rendered voidable under certain circumstances connected with the purchase of the land-tax, and that the lease granted by Dr. Parr was exposed to some peril by the ignorance, or the neglect of the provisions of this Act. Though it cannot be conceived that advantage could, or would, have been taken after such an appeal as that I have stated to the patron of the preferment and his confidential agent, still it became the duty of those to whom Dr. Parr had intrusted the security of his property, to provide against all possible failure. It was a painful dilemma to which they were reduced, but they were advised by wise and honourable men to run no risk, to avoid litigation, and the consequences which result from the uncertainty of law. No less a sum was sacrificed, in pursuance of this advice, than £9000, the price demanded for the renewal of a lease for twenty-one years. This sum was actually paid to Dr. Parr's successor, the present Prebendary of Wenlock's Barn, in the Cathedral of St. Paul's. It will be gratifying to the lovers of learning, and to the surviving friends of Dr. Parr, to learn that his wishes and intentions were not finally frustrated by this unforeseen demand. In consequence of an Act

of Parliament which enables the Prebendary of Wenlock's Barn to grant building leases, the lease granted to Dr. Parr's executors was bought under legislative sanction for £29,000 out of the money which had been paid by the Regent Canal Company for some of the prebendal land, and thus we have been relieved from vexatious litigation, great expenditure has been spared, and Dr. Parr's estate has received benefit to the full amount originally contemplated.

The sale of the library is now the only remaining source of anxiety. The premature disclosure, and surreptitious publication, of some of Dr. Parr's private memorandums, are very vexatious; but the explanation which has already appeared in the Catalogue will, I trust, exonerate us from blame. As a library on sale, it would have been a foolish attempt to suppress all the entries; nor would the Catalogue have answered the purpose he himself intended, had the notices inserted by himself in the books been cut out. Many were erased which tended to asperse the characters of individuals, and three, by accident, were retained which were intended to be omitted. This library, founded by himself, is alone a monument of the intellectual courage and capacity of Parr. It was begun when he was a boy at College, and when the price of a book deprived him of some other need or comfort; it continued to accumulate when he was bowed down by penury and opposition; whatever else he wanted, he always found money to buy books, and the sums he expended in

the year 1824, when his life was waning, shew that his ardour in the cause of letters was inextinguishable.

ERRATA.

Page 198, line 21, *for* a part, *read* apart.
393, — 27, *for* reputation, *read* representation.
493, 5 from bottom, *for* "he, pray, escape that leap?" *read* "the prey escape that leap," &c.
686, *note*, *for* Paü *read* Parr.
687, line 27, *read* "veracity of the Divine verity,"—a quotation from Chillingworth.
688, last line, after Christ place a —
703, *dele* "whose first work he had some intention of publishing."
828, line 3, *for* some *read* sometimes.
847, — 17, *dele* a before high.

THE END.

J. B. NICHOLS AND SON, 25, PARLIAMENT-STREET.

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Memoirs

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